Guarini (G B)

IL PASTOR FIDO:

THE

Faithful Shepherd.

1482 bb 17

With an Addition of divers other

POEMS:

Concluding with a ſhort

DISCOURSE

OF

The Long Civil Wars of *ROME.*

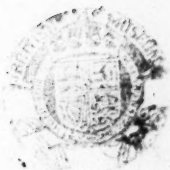
The Second Edition.

---

by the Right Honourable, Sir *Rich. Fanſhaw*, Knight.

Patiarque vel inconſultus haberi, Horat.

London, Printed for *Richard Bently*, *Jacob Tonſon*, *Francis Saunders*, and *Tho. Bennet*, 1692.



TO THE

HOPE and LUSTRE

Of *Three Kingdoms*,

CHARLES,

Prince of *Wales*, Duke of *Cornwal*, &c.

SIR,

YOur Gracious Reception of Pastor Fido, *when he was first Presented to You by Your Servant, shewing that Your* Highness *doth not*

not deſpiſe the meaneſt Shepherd, *i* Faithful; *is that which gives him bold neſs at this time, not only to* come again *but alſo (being ambitious to advance h* Kindred *with* Himſelf) *to bring h Brothers* (*the* Additional Poems) *t partake the ſame Honour.*

They are by Him *as the elder an better* Courtier, *coming out of th School of* Guarini, pre-inſtructe *to approach Your* Royal Highneſs, *not without* Ruſticity, *yet without* Irre verence: *And, to take up and miniſte ſuch* Diſcourſes *in Your Preſence*, *a* (*for the* Subject-matter *thereof, thoug in no other reſpect*) *may be in ſome ſor fit for a Prince of Your high Birth an Hopes to entertain vacant Hours with at leaſt, that may not with any* ſcurri

lity

ity *offend at once both Your* Dignity *nd Your* Vertue. *In fine,* SIR, (*such s they are*) *he casts both* them, *and* imself, *with all humbleness at Your Princely Feet. As doth also*

Your Highness

Most Faithful, and ever Dutiful,

and Obedient Servant,

Richard Fanshawe.

To

To the most Illustrious and most Hopeful PRINCE,

CHARLES,
PRINCE of WALES,

SIR,

WHilst I had the Honour to serve your *Highness*, I did it (how weakly soever) with that Fidelity and Dutiful Affection to your Person, which found your Gracious Acceptance, together with some Encouragement from your own Mouth, to hope a new and more fixt Relation to you in the future; the only Suit I was bold to make; as having ever esteemed that to serve your *Highness*,

A would

would of it ſelf be an abundant Reward for having ſerved you.

In the mean time I hold my ſelf bound to pay your *Highneſs* ſome Tribute of my Hours of Vacancy, preſenting to your Princely View for the preſent this *Italian Paſtoral*, into which the no leſs wiſe than witty *Guarini* (having grown unprofitably grey in *Travel*, *Univerſities*, and *Courts*, as out of the fifth Act, where he perſonates himſelf under the Name of old *Carino*, may be collected) infuſed whatſoever of excellent, ſo eminent *Schools* could teach ſo apt a *Scholar*. His ſcope therein being to make a *Dernier effort*, (as the *French* call it) or General Muſter of the whole Forces of his Wit, before his Princely Maſter, (the then Duke of *Savoy*)

and

and withal to insinuate and bring into that Awful Presence, in their Masking Clothes (as I may say) such Principles of Vertue and Knowledge, *Moral*, *Political*, and *Theological*, as (peradventure) in their own Grave Habits, out of the Mouths of Severer Instructers, would not have found so easie Admittance to a Prince in the heat of his Youth, heightned with the Pomp and Flatteries that attend on Greatness, and with the Glorious Triumphs and Felicities of his Royal *Nuptials* then Celebrating: though this was the same *Charles Emmanuel*, who proved afterwards in his Riper Years, by his Councils and by his Prowess, the *Bulwark* indeed of *Italy*, against the Puissance of the Great *HENRY* of *France* himself, your

Highneſs moſt Renowned Grandfather.

Your *Highneſs* may have ſeen at *Paris* a Picture (it is in the Cabinet of the Great *Chancellor* there) ſo admirably deſign'd, that, preſenting to the Common Beholders a Multitude of Little Faces, (the Famous Anceſtors of that Noble Man) at the ſame time, to him that looks through a *Perſpective*, (kept there for that purpoſe) there appears only a ſingle Portraict in great of the *Chancellor* himſelf; the Painter thereby intimating, that in him alone are contracted the Vertues of all his Progenitors: or perchance by a more ſubtile Philoſophy demonſtrating how the *Body Politick* is compoſed of many *Natural Ones*; and how each of theſe, intire in it ſelf, and conſiſting

of

of Head, Eyes, Hands, and the like, is a Head, an Eye, or a Hand in the other: as alſo, that Mens *Privates* cannot be preſerved, if the *Publick* be deſtroyed, no more than thoſe little Pictures could remain in being, if the great one were defaced: which great one likewiſe was firſt and chiefeſt in the Painters deſign, and that for which all the reſt were made.

Juſt ſo our Author (expoſing to *Ordinary View* an Enterlude of Shepherds, their Loves, and other little Concernments, with the ſtroke of a lighter Pencil) preſents through the *Perſpective* of the *Chorus*, another and more ſuitable Object to his *Royal Spectators*. He ſhews to *them* the Image of a *Gaſping State*, (once the moſt Flouriſhing in the World) *A Wild*

Boar (*the Sword*) Depopulating the *Country*: the *Peſtilence* Unpeopleing their *Towns*: their Gods themſelves in the Mercileſs *Humane Sacrifices* exacting Bloody Contribution from *both*: and the *Prieſts* (*a third Eſtate of Miſery*) bearing the burthen of *all* in the *Chorus*, where they deplore their *own* and the *common* Calamity. Yet in the *Cataſtrophe*, *the Boar is ſlain*; the *Peſtilence* (but this was before upon that Miſerable Compoſition with their Gods) *ceaſed*; *the Prieſts* above all others *exulting* with Pious Joy: and all this Miraculous Change occaſioned by the preſaged Nuptials of two of Divine (that is, Royal) Extraction; meaning thoſe at that time of the *Duke* of *Savoy* with the *Infanta* of *Spain*, from which Fortunate Conjunction,

junction, he Propheſies a Final Period to the Troubles that had formerly diſtracted that State: *ſo much depends upon the Marriages of Princes.*

I am not ignorant (SIR) that this famous *Dramatick Poem* muſt have loſt much of the Life and Quickneſs, by being poured out of one Veſſel (that is, one *Language*) into another, beſides what difference may be in the Capacity and Mettle of the Veſſels themſelves, (the *Italian* being tranſcendently both Copious and Harmonious) and beſides the unſteadineſs of the Hand that pours it; And that a *Tranſlation* at the beſt is but the *Mock-Rainbow* in the Clouds, faintly imitating the True One: into which *Apollo* him-

ſelf had a full and immediate influence.

Yet becauſe it ſeems to me (beholding it *at the beſt Light*) a *Landskip* of theſe Kingdoms, (your *Royal Patrimony*) as well in the former Flouriſhing, as the preſent Diſtractions thereof, I thought it not improper for your Princely Notice at this time, thereby to occaſion your *Highneſs*, even in your Recreations, to reflect upon the ſad *Original*, not without hope to ſee it yet ſpeedily made a perfect *Parallel* throughout; and alſo your ſelf a great Inſtrument of it. Whether by ſome happy Royal Marriage, (as in this *Paſtoral*, and the caſe of *Savoy*, to which it alludes) thereby uniting a miſerably divided People in a Publick Joy; or by ſuch other ways

and

and means as it may have pleased the *Divine Providence* to ordain for an *End of our Wo*; I leave to that Providence to determine.

TO

To the

AUTHOR

Of this

Tranſlation.

SUch is our Pride, our Folly, or our Fate,
That few but ſuch as cannot Write, Tranſlate
But what in them is want of Wit, or Voice,
In thee is either Modeſty or Choice.
Whiles this reſtor'd Work at thy command
Caſts off the blemiſh of an Artleſs hand.
Secure of Fame, thou juſtly doſt eſteem
Leſs honour to create, than to redeem.
Nor ought a Genius leſs than his that writ,
Attempt Tranſlation; for tranſplanted Wit,
All the defects of Air and Soil doth ſhare,
And colder Brains like colder Climates are:
In vain they toil, ſince nothing can beget
A vital Spirit, but a vital heat.

That

That ſervile path thou nobly doſt decline,
Of tracing word by word, and line by line.
Thoſe are the labour'd births of ſlaviſh Brains,
Not the effects of Poetry, but pains.
Cheap Vulgar Arts, whoſe narrowneſs affords
No flight for thoughts, but poorly ſticks at words.
A new and nobler way thou doſt purſue,
To make Tranſlations, and Tranſlators too.
They but preſerve the Aſhes, Thou the Flame,
True to his ſenſe, but truer to his fame.
Coording his current, where thou find'ſt it low
Let'ſt in thine own to make it riſe and flow.
Wiſely reſtoring whatſoever grace
It loſt by change of Times, or Tongues, or Place.
Nor fetter'd to his Numbers, and his Times,
Betray'ſt his Muſick to unhappy Rimes,
Nor are the Nerves of his compacted ſtrength
Stretch'd and diſſolv'd into unſinewed length:
Yet after all (leſt we ſhould think it thine)
Thy Spirit to his Circle doſt confine.
New Names, new Dreſſings, and the Modern caſt,
Some Scenes, ſome Perſons alter'd, had out-fac'd
The World, it were thy work; for we have known
Some thank'd and prais'd for what was leſs their
own.

That

That curious Hand which to the life can trace
The Airs, the Lines, and Features of a Face,
May with a free and bolder ſtroke expreſs
A varied poſture, or a flatt'ring Dreſs;
He could have made thoſe like, who made the reſt,
But that he knew his owm deſign was beſt.

JOHN. DENHAM.

An INDEX of the ſeveral Things contained in this BOOK.

PASTOR FIDO.

TWo Copies of Verſes to the Prince, upon ſeveral occaſions. 201, 203

An Ode upon His Majeſties Proclamation, Anno 1630. *for the Gentry to reſide in their ſeveral Countrys.* 209

The Eſcurial in { *Latine.* 216 / *Engliſh.* 217

The Soveraign: His Majeſties Great Ship in { *Latine.* 228 / *Engliſh.* 229

Maius Lucanizans. 236

Tell me, Lucretia, &c. *A Copy of Verſes by Mr.* T. C. 238

Put into Latine. 239

Farewel fair Saint, &c. *by the ſame Mr.* T. C. 252

Put into Latine. 253

A Canto of the Progreſs of Learning. 254

A Ruby ſet about with Diamonds. 262

The INDEX.

A Friends Wedding: 26
The Rich Fool. 26
On Hope. 26
Conſtancy. 26
The Fall. ibid
A Roſe. 26
A Picture. ibid
Sonnets tranſlated out of Spaniſh. 26
The Loves of Dido *and* Æneas, Virgils *Fourth Book* 27
A happy Life out of Martial, *in Latine and Engliſh* 290,29
Earl of Straffords *Tryal.* 29
The Civil Wars of Rome. 29

Th

The Scene ARCADIA.

The SPEAKERS.

Silvio, Son to *Montano*, and contracted to *Amarillis*.
Linco, An old Man, Servant to *Montano*.
Mirtillo, In love with *Amarillis*.
Ergaſto, Friend to *Mirtillo*.
Coriſca, A wanton Nymph, in love with *Mirtillo*.
Montano, The chief Prieſt, Father to *Silvio*.
Titiro, Father to *Amarillis*.
Dameta, An old Man, Servant to *Montano*.
Satyr, An old gotiſh Fellow, in love with *Coriſca*.
Dorinda, In love with *Silvio*.
Lupino, A Goat-herd, Servant to *Dorinda*.
Amarillis, Daughter to *Titiro*.
Nicandro, Chief Miniſter to the Prieſt.
Coridon, In love with *Coriſca*.
Carino, An old Man, ſuppoſed Father to *Mirtillo*.
Uranio, An old Man, Friend to *Carino*.
Meſſenger.
Tirenio, A blind Prophet.

Chorus of { *Shepherds*. *Huntſmen*. *Nymphs*. *Prieſts*.

IL

ALFLO. F.

IL PASTOR FIDO.

THE PROLOGUE,

Spoken by *Alfeo*, a River of *Arcadia*.

IF from old Fame, and peradventure not
Believ'd at all by you, or elſe forgot,
O'th' Amorous Brook ye heard the wonder ever,
Which to purſue the coy and flying River
Of his beloved Arethuſa, *ran*
(O force of Love!) piercing the Ocean,
And the Earth's hidden bowels, to that Iſle,
Where underneath the huge Etnean *Pile,*
Upon his back the kicking Giant lies,
Spitting deſpightful flames at hoſtile Skies,
And leaves it doubtful to the World that's under,
If Heav'n at him, or he at Heaven thunder:
That Brook am I. Though what you have been told
Ye may, your eyes ye cannot doubt. Behold!
Leaving my loved Nymph, and thridding back
That well-known way where I had made a track
Through the great Waters, I in perſon riſe,
And view (with tears of gladneſs in mine eyes)
That ancient and that venerable Earth,
From whoſe cold Entrails I receiv'd my birth,

Not thrall'd and plundered (as of late) but free,
And beautiful as it was wont to be.
O my dear Mother! O Arcadia, *known*
By me thy ſon, though ſo long abſent! own
Thy dear, and (being improv'd by travel) now
Thy great Alfeo, *and as fam'd as thou.*
Theſe be the Streets once ſo renown'd, theſe be
The Woods where the old ruſſet Honeſty
Did live and dye: unto this only Nook
O'th' Iron World, when ſhe her flight had took
From ſinful men, the Golden Age retir'd.
Here (that which elſewhere is in vain deſir'd)
Freedom unſtrain'd, and from ſuſpicion free,
Flouriſh'd in peace and ſweet ſecurity.
An unarm'd people had for their defence
A Wall of Vertue, and of Innocence,
Stronger than that whoſe living Stones were laid
About great Thebes, *whilſt he that built it plaid.*
For when tumultuous War flam'd moſt in Greece,
And other her more Warlike Provinces,
Arcadia *arm'd, to this bleſt part alone,*
This Sanctuary, there was never known
The leaſt Alarum, the leaſt ſound to come,
Or of a friends, or of an en'mies Drum.
And ſo much Corinth, Thebes, Mycene *hop't*
To triumph o're their foes, as they were propt
By this good people, and their care were held,
Who were the care of Heav'n, whom Heav'n upheld.
A bleſſed mutual Bulwark they did prove,
Thoſe to theſe here, and theſe to thoſe above:

Thoſe fought with Weapons, and theſe fought with Pray'r,
Nor though each here a Shepherds habit were,
And bore the name; yet either in his meen,
Or exerciſes, was the Shepherd ſeen.
But ſome would place themſelves as Spies, to pry
Into the Stars and Elements, (the high
Secrets of Heav'n and Nature) others here
Were wholly giv'n to chaſe the fearful Deer;
Others, whom glory had inflamed more,
T' encounter with a Bear, or tusked Boar.
Some ſwift in running, ſome were terrible
At Barriers, ſome in wraſtling did excel;
One threw a Dart, another drew a flight,
Both hit with cunning the intended white:
Some one thing, ſome another did affect,
(Each as his mind and fancy did direct)
The ſacred Muſes moſt, Virgins of yore
In high eſteem, though now deſpis'd and poor.
But how tranſported hither where the Po
Falls into Dora, *is* Arcadia *now?*
This is the Cloyſter ſurely, this the Cave
Of ancient Erycina, *and that brave*
Aſpiring Temple, yonder is the ſame
Was conſecrated to great Cynthia's *Name:*
How then remov'd? What new-come Power can ſo
Tranſplant a Land, and all the People? O
Royal Infanta, *but a Child in age,*
Yet ev'n already as a Matron ſage!
The vertue of your Name, power of your Blood,
Great Catharina *(now 'tis underſtood)*

Wrought this; from that great Houſe deſcended, which
New Kingdoms daily, and new Worlds enrich.
Thoſe great effects which we as wonders view,
Are natural and uſual things with you
As by that Sun which from the Eaſt doth riſe,
So many excellent Varieties,
Are brought into the World, Herbs, Flowers and Trees,
So many Beaſts, Fowl, Fiſh, in Earth, Air, Seas:
So by the living Sun of your bright Eyes,
(Which in the now-more worſhipt Weſt did riſe)
New Provinces from every Clime about,
New Realms, new Laurels, and new Trophies ſprout.
Low as my bottom then I bow to you,
Majeſtick Daughter of that Monarch, who
Enjoys an Empire, ſo Auguſt, ſo great,
That Phœbus *in it doth both riſe and ſet:*
And Wife of him, to whoſe Breaſt, Hand and Wit,
Heaven did the Walls of Italy *commit.*
But Alpian *Rocks are needed now no more,*
Bulwarks, nor horrid Cliffs to ſtand before
Fair Italy, *ſecurer in your Guard,*
Than in thoſe Hills which have her entrance barr'd.
That Bulwark ſo invincible in War,
You make ſoft Peace's Temple, where from far
Men come to worſhip her. Long Live as one,
Ye Royal Pair; this fair Conjunction
Preſages Chriſtendom again ſhall boaſt
Thoſe many Eaſtern Scepters ſhe hath loſt.
This is a Field worthy of none but You,
(Magnanimus CHARLES*) and a Field trodden too*

By your brave Anceſtors. This Land is great,
Great are your Names, great Blood in you is met;
Great your Deſigns, your Minds, and your Aſpects,
Great Off-ſpring too, and Deeds the World expects.
But whilſt I propheſie, and Fate prepares
Circles of Gold to crown your Silver Hairs,
Diſdain not (mighty Souls) *this Flowry Wreath,*
Gather'd on Pindus *by thoſe Maids that breathe*
Life in Dead Men. Poor Off'ring (*I confeſs*)
Yet ſuch as, if Devotion it expreſs,
Even Heaven it ſelf diſdains not: And if from
Your ſmiling Heaven a fav'ring Gale ſhall come,
This Lute, which from its gentle warbling ſtrings,
Sending ſtill Muſick to your Ears, now ſings
Soft Loves, and pleaſing Hymeneal Rites,
Shall turn a Trumpet to proclaim your Fights.

Actus Primus.

Scena Prima.

Silvio, Linco, *with Huntſmen.*

Silvio, Linco.

GO you that lodg'd the Monſter, as y'are wont
Amongſt the neighb'ring Sheepcoats, raiſe the Hunt.
Rowſe eyes and hearts with your ſhrill voice & horn;
If ever in *Arcadia* there were born
A Shepherd, who did follow *Cynthia*'s Court,
As a true lover of her rural ſport,
Within whoſe Quarry-ſcorning mind had place
The pleaſure or the glory of the Chaſe,
Now let him ſhew that courage and that love,
By following me, where in a little Grove,
To Valour a large Field doth open lye,
That dreadful Boar, I mean, that Prodigy
Of Nature and the Woods, that huge, that fell,
And noted'ſt Tyrant that did ever dwell,
And reign in *Erimanthus*; the Fields Mower,
The Mowers terrour: Go you then before,

And do not only with your early Horn (*ſounding*
Anticipate, but wake the drowſie morn.--*Exeunt Hunt*
We, *Linco*, will to prayers, this perilous Chaſe
(Heav'n being our guide) we may more boldly trace
" That work which is begun well, is half done,
" And without Prayer no work is well begun.

Lin. Thy worſhipping the Gods I well commend,
But not thy troubling them who do attend
The Gods: The Prieſts as yet are all aſleep,
To whom day ſprings yet later, where the ſteep
Surrounding Hills a ſhort Horizon make.

Sil. To thee whoſe heart is hardly yet awake,
The whole world ſleeps. *Lin.* O *Silvio*, *Silvio*,
Why did frank Nature upon thee beſtow
Bloſſoms of beauty in thy prime, ſo ſweet
And fair, for thee to trample under feet?
Had I thy freſh and blooming cheek, Adieu
I'ld ſay to beaſts, and nobler game purſue.
The Summer I would ſpend in feaſts and mirth
In the cool ſhade, the Winter by the hearth.

Sil. How's this? Thou art not *Linco* ſure, for he
Such counſel never us'd to give to me.

Lin. " Counſel muſt change as the occaſion doth;
If I were *Silvio*, ſo I'ld do inſooth.

Sil. And I, if I were *Linco*, would do ſo;
But as I am, I'll do like *Silvio*.

Lin. Fond Youth, for a wild Beaſt ſo far to roam,
Whom thou muſt hunt with danger: when at home
One's ſafely lodg'd! *Sil.* Doſt thou ſpeak ſeriouſly?
How near is it? *Lin.* As thou art now to me.

Sil.

Sil. Th'art mad. *Lin.* Thou art. *Sil.* In what wood doth
Lin. *Silvio*'s the wood, and cruelty the beaſt. (he reſt?
Sil. Mad I was ſure! *Lin.* To have a Nymph ſo fair,
(Rather a Goddeſs of perfections rare)
Freſher and ſweeter than a Roſe new blown,
Softer and whiter than an old Swans down,
For whom their lives not at this day a Swain
So proud 'mongſt us, but ſighs, and ſighs in vain:
To have, I ſay, this matchleſs Paragon
By gods and men reſerv'd for thee, nay, thrown
Into thine arms without one ſigh or tear,
And thou (unworthy) to diſvalue her?
Art thou not then a beaſt? a ſavage one?
Rather a ſenſleſs clod, a ſtock, a ſtone?
Sil. "If not to be in love be cruelty,
"Then cruelty's a vertue: Nor do I
Repent, but boaſt, I lodge him in my breaſt,
By whom I've conquer'd Love, the greater beaſt.
Lin. How couldſt thou conquer (ſilly Idiot)
Whom thou ne'er try'dſt? *Sil.* In that I try'd him not.
Lin. O hadſt thou try'd him, *Silvio*, and once found
In mutual Lovers what true joys abound,
I know thou'ldſt ſay, O Love, the ſweeteſt gueſt,
Why haſt thou been an Alien to this breaſt?
Love, leave the Woods, leave following beaſts, fond Boy,
And follow Love. *Sil.* *Linco*, I take more joy
In one beaſt caught by my *Melampo* far,
Than in the love of all the Nymphs that are.
Keep they thoſe joys unto themſelves alone,
That find a ſoul in them; for I find none.

Lin.

Lin. No ſoul in love (the worlds great ſoul)? But fool,
Too ſoon (believe't) thou'lt find he is all ſoul:
(Perchance too late;) for "he'll be ſure before
"We die, to make us all once feel his power.
And (take my word) "worſt torment none can prove,
"Then in old limbs the youthful itch of love:
"All tampring then will but exaſperate
"The ſore. If Love a young man wound, he ſtraight
"Balms him again, hope holds up ſorrows head,
"And ſmiles revive him, if frowns ſtrike him dead;
"But if an aged man thoſe flames endure,
"Whoſe own defects his own repulſe procure,
"Then, then the wound is unſupportable
"And mortal; then the anguiſh is a Hell:
"Then if he pity ſeek, it is a curſe
"To go without it, and to gain't a worſe.
"Ah! haſten not before th' appointed day
"The curſe of days; for if when thou art gray,
"Thou learn to love, 'twill breed a double ſenſe,
"Of thy youths pride, and ages impotence.
Leave, leave the Woods, leave following Beaſts, fond Boy,
And follow love. *Sil.* As if there were no joy,
But theſe Chimera's in a Lovers head,
Of ſtrange *Eliziums*, by his Feaver bred!
Lin. Tell me if in this jolly Month of *May*,
When Earth is clad in all her beſt array,
In ſtead of bladed fields, brooks uncontroul'd,
Green woods and painted meeds, thou ſhouldſt behold
Bald fields and meads, brooks bound with Ice, the Pine,
The Beech, the Aſh, the Oak, the Elm, the Vine,

And

And Poplar, like inverted Sceletones,
Stand deſolate, ratling their naked bones;
Wouldſt thou not ſay, Nature is out of tune,
The World is ſick, and like to die in *June?*
Now the ſame horrour which thou wouldſt receive
From ſuch a monſtrous novelty, conceive
At thine own ſelf, "The all-diſpoſing Heav'n,
To ev'ry Age hath proper Humours giv'n:
And as in old men love abſurdly ſhows;
So young men enemies to love oppoſe
Nature and Heav'n. Look *Silvio* round about,
Examine the whole Univerſe throughout:
All that is fair or good, here, or above,
Or is a Lover, or the work of Love.
Th' all-ſeeing Heav'n, the fruitful Earth's a Lover,
The Sea with love is ready to boyl over.
Seeſt thou yon Star of ſuch excelling hew,
The Suns Poſtillion? That's a lover too:
Nor is exempted from her own Son's laws,
But feels that paſſion which her beauties cauſe.
Perchance this very hour too ſhe did part
From her ſtoln ſweets, and Him that keeps her heart.
Mark what a wanton eye ſhe has! In woods
Rough Bears, the crook-backt Dolphin loves in floods,
And ſluggiſh Whales; That little Bird which ſings
So ſweetly, and ſo nimbly plays the wings,
Flying from Tree to Tree, from Grove to Grove,
If he could ſpeak, would ſay, *I am in love.*
But his heart ſays it, and his tongue doth ſay't
In language underſtood by his dear Mate;

And *Silvio*, heark how from that wilderneſs
His dear Mate anſwers, *And, I love no leſs.*
The Cows lowe in the Valley; and what's this,
But an inviting unto amorous bliſs?
The Lyons roar in ſolitary Groves,
Not for their prey, but for their abſent Loves.
All things that are, but *Silvio*, are in love,
The burthen's that: Here, round us, and above,
No ſoul but *Silvio* is a foe to joy.
Leave, leave the Woods, leave following beaſts, fond Boy
And follow Love. *Sil.* Had I my tender years
Committed to the care of thy gray hairs,
That thou ſhouldſt thus effeminate my heart
With love? Know'ſt thou who I am? who thou art
Lin. Thou art a man, (or ſhouldſt be one) and
Another; what I teach Humanity.
And if thou ſcorn that name, (which is my pride)
Take heed, in ſtead of being deifi'd,
Thou turn not beaſt. *Sil.* That monſter-taming King
From whom my lofty Pedegree I bring,
Had never grown ſo valiant, nor ſo fam'd,
If firſt the Monſter Love he had not tam'd.
Lin. See, fooliſh Youth, how idly thou talk'ſt now
Had great *Alcides* been no Lover, how
Hadſt thou been born? Rather, if he orecame
Monſters and men, to Love impute the ſame.
Know'ſt thou not yet, that to comply with fair
Amphales humour, he not only ware
(In ſtead of the fierce Lyons rugged skin)
Womens ſoft Robes, but taught thoſe hands to ſpin,
And

And hold a feeble Diſtaff, which did bear
The knotty Club? His Interludes, theſe were
Between his Acts; and when his ribs were beat
With dear-bought Conqueſts, he would then retreat
Into her lap, (the Bay of ſweet delight)
As in Love's port to be new-built for fight.
"His ſighs from his paſt toyls ſweet breathings were,
"And ſpirits ſtrengthning him new toyls to bear.
"For as the Iron, of it ſelf too rough,
"And of a harſh unmalleable ſtuff,
"Softned with fire, and gentler metal, ſtrength
"From weakneſs gathers, and becomes at length
"Fit for the nobleſt uſe: ſo hearts untam'd,
"(Which their own ſtifneſs often breaks) enflam'd
"With generous Love, and with his ſweets allay'd,
"Are clearer, apter for great Actions made.
If th'art ambitious then to imitate
Great *Hercules*, and not degenerate
From thy high ſtrain, ſince Woods thou doſt affect,
Follow the Woods, but do not Love neglect;
I mean ſo lawful and ſo worthy Love
As that of *Amarillus*. I approve
(So far from blaming that as cruelty)
Thy ſhunning of *Dorinda*: For in thee
Who ſtand'ſt upon thy Blood, 'twere double ſhame
To ſcorch thy breaſt with an unlawful flame,
For injuring thy Spouſe. *Sil.* What ſay'ſt thou man?
She is not yet my Spouſe. *Lin.* Was there not than
A promiſe ſolemnly receiv'd and given?
Take heed, proud Boy, how thou provokeſt Heav'n.

Sil.

Sil. "Man's freedom is heav'ns gift, which doth no
"Us at our word when forced Vows me make. (take
Lin. I, but (unleſs our hopes and judgments fail)
Heav'n made this Match, and promis'd to entail
A thouſand bleſſings on't. *Sil.* 'Tis like that there
Is nothing elſe to do; a proper care
To vex the calm reſt of the gods above!
Linco, I like not this, nor t'other Love.
I was a Huntſman, not a Lover bred;
Thou who art all for love, go back to bed.
Lin. Thou ſprung from Heav'n, harſh boy? nor of
Can I ſuppoſe thee, nor of humane Line. (divine
Alecto's poiſon thy cold limbs did faſhion;
Sweet *Venus* had no hand in thy creation.

SCENA SECUNDA.

Mirtillo, Ergaſto.

Mirt. O *Amarillis*, Authreſs of my flame,
(Within my mouth how ſweet now is thy name,
But in my heart how bitter!) *Amarillis*,
Fairer and whiter than the whiteſt Lilies,
But crueller than cruel Addars far,
Which having ſtung (leſt they ſhould pity) bar
Their ears, and flie; If then by ſpeaking I
Offend thee, I will hold my peace and dye.
I'll hold my peace, but what will that do good,
If Hills and Dales roar for me, and this Wood

Which

Which thy dear Name can ne're forget, from me
So often heard, and carv'd on every Tree?
The Winds ſhall ſigh for me, the Fountains ſhed
Abundant tears, grief mourn, and pity plead.
Or couldſt thou bribe whole Nature with a fee
To ſilence, laſtly Death ſhall ſpeak for me:
He'll thunder 't out, and to the World proclaim,
I dy'd a Martyr in my True-Loves flame.
Erg. Mirtillo, "Love is a great pain at beſt,
"But more by how much more it is ſuppreſt.
"For as hot Steeds run faſter at the check,
"Than if you laid the reins upon their neck;
"So love reſtrain'd augments, and fiercer grows,
"In a cloſe Priſon, than when looſe he goes.
Why hidſt thou thy flames cauſe ſo long from me,
When the effect could not concealed be?
Mirtillo burns: how often have I ſaid?
But inward burns, and will not call for aid.
Mirt. Courteous *Ergaſto*, out of my reſpect
To her (alas) I did my ſelf neglect:
Nor would my feſtring paſſion yet unfold,
But that neceſſity hath made me bold.
I hear a buzzing rumour every where,
(Which to my heart finds paſſage through my ear)
That *Amarillis* ſhortly weds; nor dare
Ask more, leſt ſo I ſhould my love declare,
Or prove my fear too true. Full well I know,
(Nor hath Love ſtrook me blind) that in my low
And ſlender fortunes, it were ſimple pride
To hope a Nymph ſo ſhap't, ſo qualifi'd,

So

So rais'd in wealth, in ſpirit, and in blood,
Above all theſe, ſo gentle, and ſo good,
Can ere be mine: No, I have tane the height
Of my unhappy Star, my ſullen Fate
Made me for fewel only, born to ſmother
In fires, I cannot kindle in another.
Yet ſince Fate's pleas'd I ſhould affect death more
Than life, at leaſt I'ld have her know before,
That ſhe's beholding to me for my death,
And deign when I ſigh out my lateſt breath,
To caſt her fair eyes on me, and ſay *Dye.*
This reaſonable boon obtain would I,
That ere ſhe go to make another bleſt
In having her, ſhe'd hear me ſpeak at leaſt,
But once, my dear *Ergaſta.* Now if love
Or pity of me thy ſoft entrails move,
Procure me this, this phyſick only lend,
To make the paſſage eaſie to my end.

Erg. From one that loves, a juſt, from one that dies,
A ſmall requeſt; yet a hard enterprize.
Wo be to her, ſhould her ſtern Father hear
That to ſtoln pray'rs ſhe ere had lent an ear!
Or if ſome baſer pick-thank ſhould diſcloſe
It to the Prieſt her Father-in-law! Who knows
But out of theſe reſpects ſhe may eſchew
Thy company, and yet affect thee too?
"For women are more prone to love than men;
"But to conceal't have more diſcretion then:
And if 'twere true that ſhe did love thee, what
Could ſhe do leſs than ſhun thee for all that?

"She

"She that wants power to help liſtens in vain,
"And flies with pity, when her ſtay breeds pain;
"And I have heard 'tis ſtill the wiſeſt courſe
"To quit that ſoon, which one muſt quit perforce.
Mir. O were this true, and could I think it ſo,
Sweet were my pain, and fortunate my wo!
But, dear *Ergaſto*, (hide it not from me,
So help thee *Pan*) who may this Bridegroom be,
So lov'd of all the Stars? *Erg.* Doſt thou not know
(I'm ſure thou doſt) that famous *Silvio*,
Silvio the rich, the gallant and the fair,
The Prieſt *Montano's* only Son and Heir?
'Tis he. *Mir.* O happy youth, whoſe joy appears
So ripe for harveſt in his ſpring of years!
Pardon me, gentle Swain, I envy not
Thy happineſs, but mourn my own hard lot.
Erg. Indeed there is no reaſon to envy,
Rather to pity him. *Mirt.* To pity? Why?
Erg. Becauſe he loves her not. *Mirt.* And hath he wit?
Hath he a heart? Is he not blind?——And yet
When I conſider with what full aſpect
Her ſtarry eyes their influence direct
Into my breaſt, ſhe cannot have a dart
Let in her quiver for another heart.
But why do they a gem ſo precious throw
To one that knows it not, and ſcorns it ſo?
Erg. Becauſe the Heav'ns did through this Marriage
Unto *Arcadia* long ago preſage
Deliverance. Haſt not thou heard that here
Is paid to the great Goddeſs ev'ry year,

Of a Nymphs guiltleſs blood a cruel and
Unconſcionable tribute by this Land.
Mirt. 'Tis news to me; nor let that ſtrange appear,
Since I my ſelf am but a ſtranger here,
And ſince I came (by Fate's decree and Love's)
Almoſt a conſtant Burgeſs of the Groves.
But what ſtrange crime deſerv'd ſo ſharp a doom?
How could ſuch monſtrous cruelty find room
In a Cœleſtial mind? *Erg.* Of me then know
From the firſt head the torrent of our wo:
A Story that would tears of pity wreſt
From heart of Oak, much more from humane breſt.
Whilſt yet the Prieſthood was not ty'd to age,
A youthful Swain of Noble Parentage,
Then *Dian*'s Prieſt, (*Aminta* was his name)
The Nymph *Lucrina* did with love enflame.
All Creatures of her Sex exceeded ſhe
As much in beauty as unconſtancy.
She long requited, or at leaſt to ſight
(If looks and eyes have tongues) ſhe did requite
The pure affection of the Love-ſick Lad,
And fed his hopes whilſt he no Rival had.
But when a Ruſtick Swain her favour ſought,
(See now a perfect Woman!) in a thought,
She left the former, with one ſigh was ſhook,
With the faint batt'ry of one amorous look:
Her hearts new gueſt now takes up all the room,
Diſlodg'd *Aminta* ere he knew for whom.
Hapleſs *Aminta!* who from that day forth
Was ſo abhorr'd, held of ſo little worth,

By

By that ungrate whom he did ſtill adore,
That ſhe ſhould neither hear nor ſee him more.
If this unkindneſs cut the wretch to th' heart,
If he ſigh'd, wept, and rav'd, to thee who art
Acquainted with Love's pangs, I leave to gueſs.
Mir. O 'twas a torment no man can expreſs!
Erg. When then his tears and prayers he had caſt
After his heart, to *Dian* turn'd at laſt;
If ever with pure heart, Goddeſs, (quoth he)
And guiltleſs hand I kindled flame to thee,
Revenge my faith, which a perfidious Maid,
Under ſafe conduct of her ſmiles betraid.
The Goddeſs (gentler than the Nymph was) hears
The faithful Lovers and her Servant's tears
And pray'rs: and pity kindling her juſt ire,
By oppoſition did augment the fire;
Her powerful bow into her hand ſhe took,
And in *Arcadia*'s wretched boſom ſtuck
Arrows of death and catching Peſtilence
Inviſible, and therefore without fence.
Without remorſe they execute her rage,
Without reſpect on every Sex and Age.
Nor Antidotes nor Med'cines here avail'd,
Nor flying now; weak Art her Maſter fail'd:
And oft, whilſt he the remedy apply'd,
Before the Patient the Phyſician dy'd.
The only hope that's left is from the Sky,
So to the neareſt Oracle they fly,
Which ſoon return'd an anſwer clear enough,
But above meaſure terrible rough;

That Cinthia *was incenſt, but that the Land*
Might be reliev'd, if by Aminta's *hand,*
That faithleſs Nymph Lucrina, *or ſome one*
For her, of the Arcadian Nation,
Were as an off'ring to Diana *ſlain.*
So ſhe, when long ſh' had pray'd, long wept in vain,
And long expected her new Lovers aid,
To th' holy Altars like a Bride array'd,
And with what pomp Religion could deviſe,
Was led a miſerable Sacrifice.
Where at thoſe feet from which hers fled ſo faſt,
(The feet of her Idolater) at laſt
Bending her trembling knees, ſhe did attend
From the offended youth a cruel end.
The ſacred Knife he boldly did unſheathe,
Rage and revenge his noſtrils ſeem'd to breathe,
His eyes to ſparkle; turning then to her,
Said with a ſigh, (death's hollow meſſenger)
Whom thou haſt left *Lucrina*, and whom took,
Learn by this blow: And with that word he ſtrook
Himſelf, and plung'd the knife in his own breſt
To th' haft: In one both Sacrifice and Prieſt
Fell bleeding at her feet, whilſt ſhe (amaz'd
To ſee that dire unlookt-for object) gaz'd
As one 'twixt life and death, nor yet did know
If grief had ſtabb'd her, or the threatned blow.
But when ſhe found her tongue again, and knew
Diſtinctly what was acted there, O true,
O brave *Aminta*, (bathing in a flood
Of tears) ſhe ſaid! O Lover, underſtood

Too

Too late! who by thy death doſt give to me
Both life and death. If in forſaking thee
I ſinn'd; lo, I redeem that ſin of mine,
Wedding my ſoul eternally to thine.
This ſaid, that knife freſh reeking with the gore
Of the now lov'd in death, and purpled ore,
She drew from his pale breſt, and in her own
Sheath'd it again; then willingly ſunk down
Into *Aminta*'s arms, who yet had breath,
And felt perchance that lightning before death.
Such was this pair of Lovers tragick fall,
'Cauſe he kept too much faith, ſhe none at all.

Mir. O hapleſs Swain, yet happy in his Love,
Having ſo rich occaſion to approve
His ſpotleſs faith, and dying to revive
That ſpark in her he could not being alive!
But what became then of the poor diſeas'd?
Did the plague ceaſe? was *Cynthia*'s wrath appeas'd?

Erg. It did relent, but was not quite put out:
For the ſame month (the year being wheel'd about)
It burſt out with more fury, and did make
A dire relapſe: This forc'd us to betake
Our ſelves unto the Oracle agen;
Which utter'd now a ſadder doom; *That then*
And yearly, we to Nights-offended Queen
A Maid or Wife ſhould offer, paſt fifteen,
And ſhort of twenty; by which means the rage
Which ſwallow'd thouſands, one death ſhould aſſwage.
Moreover a hard Law, and weighing well
The nature of that Sex, impoſſible

To keep; a law in bloody letters writ
On wretched women was impos'd by it;
That whatſoever Maid or Wife ſhould prove
In any ſort a Changling in her love,
Unleſs ſome friend would pay the penalty
In ſtead of her, ſhould without mercy die.
This dire, this National Calamity,
The good old man hath hope to remedy
By means of this deſired Match; becauſe
The Oracle after ſome little pawſe,
Being ask'd again what end our wo ſhould have,
To our demand this punctual anſwer gave;
Your wo ſhall end when two of Race Divine
Love ſhall combine;
And for a faithleſs Nymphs apoſtate ſtate,
A faithful Shepherd ſupererogate.
Now there are left in all *Arcadia*,
Of heavenly Stock no other ſlips this day
But *Silvio* and *Amarillis*; She
From *Pan* deſcended, from *Alcides* He.
Nor had there ever (to our much regret)
Of thoſe two Lines a Male and Female met,
As now there do: whence the believing Father,
Great hopes of good not without cauſe doth gather,
For though the things foretold by th' Oracle,
Be not fulfill'd yet in each particle,
This is the fundamental point; the reſt
Is ſtill reſerv'd in Fates own ſecret breſt,
And of the Marriage one day ſhall enſue.

Mir. And all this do *Mirtillo* to undoe?

VVhat

What a long ſwing is fetcht! what Armies band
Againſt one heart half murther'd to their hand!
Is't not enough that cruel Love's my foe,
Unleſs Fate too conſpire my overthrow?

Erg. Alas, *Mirtillo!* grieving does no good,
"Tears quench not Love, but are his milk and food.
'T ſhall ſcape me hard, but ere the Sun deſcend,
This cruel one ſhall hear thee, Courage friend:
"Theſe ſighs refreſh not (as thou doſt ſuppoſe)
"Thy burning heart; but rather are like thoſe
"Impetuous winds, which in a Town on fire,
"The bellows are to blow and fan it higher:
"Love's whirlwinds, bringing to poor Lovers ever,
"Black clouds of grief, which ſhowers of tears deliver.

SCENA TERTIA.

Coriſca.

WHoever ſaw, what heart did ever prove
So ſtrange, fond, impotent a paſſion? Love,
And cold Diſdain (a miracle to me,
Two contraries ſhould in one ſubject be
Both in extreams!) I know not how, each other
Deſtroy, and generate; enflame and ſmother.
When I behold *Mirtillo*'s every grace,
From his neat foot to his bewitching face,
His unaffected carriage, ſweet aſpect,
Words, actions, looks, and manners, they eject

Such flames of love, that every paſſion
Beſides ſeems to be conquer'd by this one.
But when I think how dotingly he prizes
Another woman, and for her deſpiſes
My almoſt-peerleſs face, (although I ſay't)
On which a thouſand eyes for alms do wait,
Then do I ſcorn, abhor, and loath him more,
Than ever I did value him before,
And ſcarce can think it poſſible that he
Had ever any intereſt in me.
O if my ſweet *Mirtillo* were mine own,
So that I had him to my ſelf alone!
(Theſe are my thoughts ſometimes) no mortal wight
More bliſs could boaſt of than *Coriſca* might!
And then I feel ſuch kindly flames, ſo ſweet
A vapour riſe, that I could almoſt meet
His love half way; yea, follow him, adore
His very ſteps, and aid from him implore:
Nay, I do love him ſo, I could expire
His ſacrifice in ſuch a pleaſing fire.
Then I'm my ſelf again: And what (ſay I)
A proud diſdainful boy! one that doth fly
From me, and love another! that can look
Upon this face of mine, and not be ſtrook!
But guard himſelf ſo well as not to die
For love! Shall I, that ſhould behold him lie
Trembling and weeping at theſe feet of mine,
(As many better men have done) incline
Trembling and weeping at his feet? O no!
And with this thought into ſuch rage I grow

Againſt

Againſt my ſelf, and him, that ſounding ſtraight
Unto my eyes, and fancy a retreat,
Mirtillo's name worſer than death I ſeem
To hate, and mine own ſelf for loving him;
Whom I would ſee the miſerableſt Swain,
The moſt deſpiſed thing that doth remain
Upon the earth; and if I had my will,
With mine own hands I could the Villain kill.
Thus like two Seas encountring, Hate and Love,
Deſire and Scorn in me dire battel move:
And I (the flame of thouſand hearts, the rack
Of thouſand ſouls) languiſh, and burn, and lack
That pity I deny'd to others. I
Who have in Cities oft been courted by
Gallants and wits, to whom great Lords have bent,
And yet withſtood vollies of complement,
Squadrons of Lovers, jeer'd their idle fires,
And with falſe hopes deluded their deſires;
And now enforc'd t' a ruſtick Swain to yield
In ſingle fight t' a fellow that's unskil'd!
O thou moſt wretched of all womankind,
Coriſca! Where couldſt thou diverſion find
Hadſt thou no other Lover? how aſſwage,
Or by what means deceive thy amorous rage?
Learn women all from me this houſewifery,
Make you Conſerve of Lovers to keep by.
Had I no Sweetheart but this ſullen Boy,
Were I not well provided of a joy?
"To extream want how likely to be hurl'd
"Is that ill houſwife, who in all the world

" But one Love only, but one Servant hath?
Coriſca will be no ſuch fool. " What's faith?
" What's conſtancy? Tales which the jealous feign
" To awe fond Girls: names as abſurd as vain.
" Faith in a woman (if at leaſt there be
Faith in a woman unreveal'd to me)
" Is not a vertue, nor a heavenly grace,
" But the ſad penance of a ruin'd face,
" That's pleas'd with one, cauſe it can pleaſe no more.
" A handſom woman ſought unto by ſtore
" Of gallant youths, if pleas'd with one alone,
No woman is, or is a fooliſh one.
" What's beauty (tell me) if not view'd? or view'd,
" If not purſu'd? or if purſu'd, purſu'd
" By one alone? Where Lovers frequent are,
" It is a ſign the party lov'd is rare,
" Glorious and bright. A womans honour is
" T' have many Servants: Courtly Dames know this,
Who live in Towns, and thoſe moſt practiſe it,
Who have moſt wealth, moſt beauty, and moſt wit.
'Tis clowniſhneſs (ſay they) to reject any,
And folly too, ſince that's perform'd by many
One cannot do: One Officer to wait,
A ſecond to preſent, a third to prate,
A fourth for ſomewhat elſe; ſo it doth fall
Out oft, that favours being general,
No favours ſeem: or jealouſie thus thrown
To whet them, all are eaſier kept than one.
This merry life is by great Ladies led
In Towns, and 'twas my fortune to be bred

With

With one of them; by whoſe example firſt,
Next by her Rules, I in Loves art was nurſt
Up from my childhood: ſhe would often ſay,
"*Coriſca*, thou muſt uſe another day
"Thy Lovers like thy garments, put on one,
"Have many, often ſhift, and wear out none.
"For daily converſation breeds diſtaſt,
"Diſtaſt contempt, and loathing at the laſt.
Then get the ſtart, let not the ſervant ſay,
H'as turn'd his Miſtreſs, not ſhe him, away.
And I have kept her rules: I've choice, and ſtrive
To pleaſe them all: to this my hand I give,
And wink on him; the handſom'ſt I admit
Into my boſom; but not one ſhall get
Into my heart: and yet I know not how
(Ay me!) *Mirtillo*'s crept too near it now;
He made me ſigh, not ſigh as heretofore
To give falſe fire, but true flames to deplore;
Robbing my limbs of reſt, my eyes of ſleep,
Ev'n I can watch till the gray morning peep,
(The diſcontented Lovers truce;) ev'n I
(Strange change!) to melancholy walks can fly;
And through the gloomy horrours of this Grove,
Trace the ſweet footſteps of my hated Love.
What wilt thou do, *Coriſca?* ſue? my hate
Permits not this, nor ſtands it with my State.
Wilt thou then flie him? that would ſhew more brains,
But Love ſays, No, to that: What then remains?
Firſt I will try allurements, and diſcover
The love to him, but will conceal the Lover;

I'll

I'll uſe deceits, if that avail me not;
And if thoſe fail me too, my brain ſhall plot
A brave Revenge: *Mirtillo* ſhall partake
Hate, if he ſpurn at Love; and I will make
His *Amarillis* rue, that ſhe was ere
A Rival unto me, to him ſo dear.
Laſt I will teach you both what 'tis to move
A woman to abhor where ſhe did love.

SCENA QUARTA.

Titiro, Montano, Dametas.

Tit. I Speak, *Montano*, what I know is true,
And ſpeak to one who knows more than I do.
"Your Oracles are ſtill obſcurer far
"Than we imagine: and their anſwers are
"Like knives, which if they warily be caught
"By that ſafe part which for the hand was wrought,
"Are uſeful; but if raſhly they be tane
"By th' edge or point, one may be hurt or ſlain.
That *Amarillis* (as thou argu'ſt) ſhould
By Heav'n be deſtin'd for the gen'ral good
And ſafety of *Arcadia*, who ſhould rather
Deſire and joy, than I who am her Father?
But when I mark the words of th' Oracle,
Methinks with thoſe the ſigns agree not well.
If love muſt join them, and the one doth flie,
How can that be? How can the ſtrings which tie

The

The True-loves knot be hatred and diſdain?
"That cannot be oppos'd which Heav'ns ordain.
Since then we ſee ſuch oppoſition here,
That Heav'ns did not ordain it, is moſt clear.
Had they been pleas'd that *Silvio* ſhould have had
My *Amarillis*, they would him have made
A Lover, not a Huntſman. *Mont.* Doſt not ſee,
He's young, not yet ſeventeen? In time ev'n he
Will feel the dart of love. *Tit.* A Dog hath got
His love: I know not why a Nymph ſhould not.
Mont. "Youth's are inclined more to recreation.
Tit. "And is not love a nat'ral inclination?
Mont. "Before the time 'tis an unnat'ral thing.
Tit. "Love is a bloſſom which adorns our Spring.
Mont. "Your forward bloſſoms ſeldom come to good.
Tit. "They ſeldom fail where froſts nip not the bud.
But came I hither to diſpute with thee,
Montano? I nor can, nor fits it me.
Yet I'm a Father too of a moſt dear
And only Child; and (if love do not blear
My eyes) a worthy one; ſuch (under favour)
That many woo'd me, and ſtill do, to have her.
Mont. Were not this Marriage made in Heav'n by (Fate,
'Tis made in Earth by Faith, to violate
Which (*Titiro*) were raſhly to prophane
The Godhead of great *Cynthia*, in whoſe Fane
The ſolemn Oath was taken. Now how ready
She is to wrath, and how incens'd already
Againſt this Country, thou art not to learn.
But I profeſs, as far as I diſcern,

And

And a Prieſt's mind rapt up above the Sky,
Into th' Eternal Counſels there can pry,
This knot by th' hand of Deſtiny was knit,
And all thoſe ſigns which ſhould accompan' it,
(Have thou but Faith) will fall out jump and right
In their due time. I'll tell thee more; this night
I in my dream a certain thing have view'd,
Which my old hopes hath more than ere renew'd.
Tit. "Dreams are but dreams: but well, what didſt thou
Mont. Thou doſt remember, I preſume, (for who (view?
Amongſt us all is ſuch a ſtupid wight
As to forget?) that lamentable night
When ſwelling *Ladon* (weary of his yoke)
The banks with his rebellious waters broke;
So that where Birds were wont to build their neſts,
Uſurping Fiſhes ſwam, and Men, and Beaſts,
And Flocks, and Herds promiſcuouſly tane
Th' impartial deluge ſwept into the Main
That very night (O bitter memory!)
I loſt my heart, or rather that which I
More dearly priz'd, a Child, a tender one
In ſwathing bands, and then my only Son.
Both then and ſince (though he be dead) as dear
To me, as if my only Son he were:
The cruel torrent raviſh'd him away
Before the people of the houſe, (who lay
In darkneſs, fear and ſleep buri'd alive)
With any timely ſuccour could arrive:
We could not find the empty Cradle neither,
But (as I gueſs) that and the Child together

Were

Were ſwallow'd by the flood. *Tit.* What elſe can be
Suppos'd? I think I've heard (perchance from thee)
This loſs of thine before, in very truth
A miſerable one, and full of ruth;
And I may ſay, of thy two ſons the Floods
Have ſwallow'd one, the other's loſt i'th' Woods.
Mont. Perhaps kind Heav'ns in the ſurviving bro-
Will make me rich amends yet for the other: (ther,
"'Tis always good to hope. Now liſt me out:
'Twas at the dawning of the morn, about
That mungrel hour which gotten betwixt night
And day, is half an Ethiop and half white,
When having watcht out all the night almoſt,
With various fancies of this Marriage toſt,
Quite overcome at length with wearineſs,
A gentle ſlumber did mine eyes oppreſs,
Which with it ſuch a lively viſion brought,
That though I ſlept, I was awake. Methought,
On fam'd *Alfeo*'s bank I angling ſate
Under a ſhady Beech, there came up ſtraight
A grave old man, down to the middle bare,
His chin all dropping, and his griſled hair;
Who with both hands, and countenance benig'ne,
Put a nak'd weeping infant into mine,
Saying, *Lo here thy Son, and take good heed*
Thou kill him not; then div'd into the reed.
With that, black clouds obſcur'd the Heavens round,
And threatning me with a dire tempeſt, frown'd.
I to my boſom clapt the babe for fear,
And cry'd, Shall then one hour both give and bear

Away

Away my joy? Straight all the welkin turn'd
Serene, and thunderbolts to aſhes burn'd,
Fell hiſſing in the River, with bows broken,
And ſhafts by thouſands, ſigns which did betoken
Extinguiſht vengeance; then a ſhrill voice brake
From the riv'd Beech, which in his tongue thus ſpake,
Believe Montano, *and thy hope ſtill nouriſh,*
Thy fair Arcadia *once again ſhall flouriſh.*
So ever ſince in my eyes, mind, and breſt,
The pleaſing figure of this dream's impreſt,
Standing before me ſtill in every place;
But above all the courteous meen and face
Of that old man (me thinks I ſee him wet)
Which made me coming now, when thee I met,
Directly to the Temple, there with pure
And holy Sacrifice my Dream t' inſure.

Tit. "Truly *Montano*, Dreams are Hiſtories
"Of what is paſt, rather than Propheſies
"Of what 's to come: meer fragments of ſome ſight,
"Or thought of the paſt day, which prints at night
"A vain reflection of it ſelf, like thoſe
"Which in a Cloud the Sun oppoſed ſhows.

Mont. "Not always with the ſenſes ſleeps the ſoul:
"Rather when ſhe is free from all controul
"Of couſening forms, which do the ſenſes blind,
"Whilſt they're aſleep, more wakeful is the mind.

Tit. In ſhort: how Heav'ns have deſtin'd to diſpoſe
Of our two children, neither of us knows:
But this is clear to both of us, thine flies,
And againſt *Nature*'s Law, doth *Love*'s deſpiſe.

And mine (as 't proves) is ty'd; her ſelf yet hath
No benefit of her engaged Faith.
Nor do I know whether ſhe love or no:
That ſhe makes others love full well I know;
And can I think it probable that ſhe
Should others wound, and go her ſelf ſtill free?
Me thinks of late ſhe's alter'd in her cheer,
Who us'd all mirth and jollity t' appear.
"But to put Maids in mind of marrying,
"And then not marry them, is an ill thing.
"As in a curious Garden a fair Roſe,
"Which (cloyſtred up in leaves) did late repoſe
"Under the ſable Canopy of night
"Upon its mother-ſtalk, with the firſt light
"Raiſes its head, then opes its tender eye,
"Whence whiſp'ring Bees ſuck Nectar as they fly;
"Then to the Sun which on its form doth gaze,
"Its purple and perfumed breſt diſplays:
"But if it be not gather'd then, and ſtay
"Till it be kiſt by the Meridian Ray,
"Before the Sun to th' other world be fled,
"Upon its mourning ſtalk it hangs the head;
"So pale, ſo ſhrunk, ſo without life it ſhows,
"That one can hardly ſay, This was a Roſe.
"So a young Virgin, whilſt her Mothers care
"Shuts and preſerves her from the blaſting air,
"Shuts her own boſom too againſt deſire:
"But if ſhe find ſome amorous youth to eye her,
"And hears him ſigh, ſhe opes him ſtraight her heart,
"And in her tender breſt receives Love's dart.

" Then if by fear, or elſe by Maiden ſhame,
" She be with-held from ſhewing of her flame,
" (Poor ſoul!) Concealment like a worm i' th' bud,
" Lies in her Damask cheek ſucking the bloud:
" So all her beauty's gone, if that fire laſt,
" And all her Lovers when her beauty's paſt.

Mont. Take courage, *Titiro*; do not embaſe
Thy ſoul with mortal fears, but nobly place
Thy hopes above; " Heav'n favours a ſtrong faith,
" And a faint pray'r ne'er clomb that arduous path.
" And if all men ſhould pray to Heav'n at need,
" And pray with hope, much more ſhould Heav'ns own ſeed.
Our Childrens Pedigree it is Divine,
" And Heav'n that ſhines on all, will ſurely ſhine
" On its own Progeny. Come, *Titiro*,
Together to the Temple let us go,
Together offer, thou a he-goat there
To *Pan*, and I to *Hercules* a Steer.
" The Gods who bleſs the herds, will bleſs no leſs
" Them, who the Gods do with thoſe bleſſings bleſs.
Truſty *Dametas* go, and quickly cull
From my fair herd the beſt and gentleſt Bull,
And bring him to me to the Temple ſtraight;
Come by the hill, the neareſt way is that.

Tit. And good *Dametas*, from my herd bring one
Of the beſt goats. *Dam.* Both ſhall with ſpeed be done.
May the high Gods pleas'd in their goodneſs be
To bleſs (*Montano*) this thy Dream to thee,
Ev'n to thy utmoſt wiſh: this memory
Of thy loſt Son is a good augury.

SCENA

Scena Quinta.

Satyr.

" As frosts to Plants, to ripened Ears a storm,
" To flow'rs the mid-day Sun, to Seed the worm,
" To Stags the toyls, to Birds the lime-twig; so
" Is love to man an everlasting foe.
And he that call'd it fire, pierc'd well into
Its treach'rous nature; for if fire thou view,
How bright and beautiful it is? Approacht,
How warm and comfortable? But then toucht,
O how it burns! The Monster-bearing Earth
Did never teem such a prodigious birth:
It cuts like Razors, like wild beasts devours,
And through a wood like winged lightning scowrs.
Where-e'er it fixes its imperious foot,
Cottage and Palace, all must yield unto 't:
So Love, if thou behold it in a pair
Of starry eyes, in a bright tress of hair,
How temptingly it looks! what kindly flames
It breathes! what peace, what pardons it proclaims!
But in thy bosom if thou do it keep,
So that it gather strength, and 'gin to creep,
No Tygress in Hircanian mountains nurst,
No Lybian Lioness is half so curst,
Nor frozen Snake fostred with humane breath.
His flames are hot as Hell, bonds strong as death;

He is Wrath's hangman, Pity's enemy,
And to conclude, Love void of love. But why
Accuſe I him? Is he the Author then
Of all thoſe pranks which mortal wights, not when
They are in love, but out of their wits, do?
Women, perfidious women, 'tis to you
That I impute Love's rancour; all that's naught
In him from you is by infection caught.
He of himſelf is good, meek as the Dove
That draws the Chariot of the Queen of Love:
But you have made him wild; for though ye joy
With your own hands to feed the winged Boy,
Yet do you ſhut each pore ſo of your breſt,
That in your hearts he cannot build his neſt.
And all your care, pride, pleaſure, ye do place
In the meer outſide of a ſimp'ring face.
Nor is 't your ſtudy how to pay true love,
And wager whether ſhall more conſtant prove;
To bind two ſouls in one, and of one heart
To make the other but the counter-part;
But how your ſilver hair with gold to hatch,
Then purſe it up into a net, to catch
Poor ſouls withal, and like gold valence let
Some curls hang dangling o'er your brows of jet.
How much againſt my ſtomach doth it go
To ſee you paint your cheeks, to cover ſo
The faults of Time and Nature! How ye make
Pale Feulemort a pure Vermilian take,
Fill up the wrinkles, die black white, a ſpot
With a ſpot hide, where 'tis, make 't where 'tis not.

You

You tie a thred acroſs, whereof one end
Held in your teeth, the other is ſuſtein'd
By your left hand, whilſt of the running knot,
Your right hand makes a nooſe to ope and ſhut
Like ſhaving tongs: This inſtrument you fit
To your rough downy foreheads, and with it
Shave all the down, and the wild hairs which ſhoot
Above their fellows, pull up by the root;
And all the while ſuch torment you are in,
That 'tis at once a penance and a ſin.
Nor is this all; your qualities are much
After your faces, and your faith is ſuch
As are your works. For what is there in you
That is not counterfeit and painted too?
Do your lips ope? before ye ſpeak ye lye;
And if ye ſigh, ye lye moſt damnably.
Falſe lights your eyes are, and falſe weights your ears;
Your hearts falſe meaſures, and falſe pearl your tears:
So talk, or look, or think, or laugh, or cry,
Seem or ſeem not, walk, ſtand, or ſit, ye lye.
Nay, there's more yet, your couſening thoſe
Moſt who on you do moſt repoſe;
Your loving moſt thoſe who do leaſt love you,
And chuſing to die rather than be true;
Theſe are the arts, theſe are the ways
That make Love hateful in our days.
All his faults then we may moſt juſtly lay
On you; or rather on our ſelves: for they
Sin that believe you. Then the fault 's in me
(Perjur'd *Coriſca*) who did credit thee;

Come hither only for my bane (I think)
From *Argos* wicked ſtreets, of vice the ſink.
Yet th'art ſo ſly, and play'ſt ſo well the Scout,
To keep thy deeds and thoughts from tracing out,
That 'mongſt the chaſteſt Dames thou jett'ſt it now,
With honeſty ſtampt on thy haughty brow:
What ſcorns have I receiv'd, what diſcontent
From this ungrateful woman! I repent,
Yea, bluſh I was ſo fond. Example take
By me, unskilful Lovers, how ye make
"An Idol of a face, and take 't for granted,
"There's no ſuch Devil as a Woman ſainted.
"She thinks her wit and beauty without peer,
"And o'er her ſlaviſh ſoul doth domineer
"Like ſome great Goddeſs, counting thou wert born
"(As a thing mortal) only for her ſcorn;
"Takes all that praiſe as tribute of her merit,
"Which is the flatt'ry of thy abject ſpirit.
Why ſo much ſerving? ſo much admirations?
Such ſighs, ſuch tears, ſuch humble ſupplications?
Theſe are the Woman's arms: Let us expreſs
Ev'n in our Loves valour and manlineſs.
Time was when I (as luſty as I am)
Thought tears and ſighs could womans heart enflame:
But now I find I err'd; for if ſhe bears
A ſtony heart, in vain are ſighs and tears.
We muſt ſtrike fire out of her breſt by dint
Of ſteel: what fool us'd bellows to a flint?
Leave, leave thy tears and ſighs, if thou wouldſt make
A conqueſt of thy Dame; and if thou bake

Indeed

Indeed with unextinguiſhable fire,
In thy hearts center ſmother thy deſire
The beſt thou canſt, and watch thy time to do
That which both Love and Nature prompt thee to:
"For Modeſty's the Charter of the Woman,
"Who will not have her priviledge made common;
"Nor though ſhe uſes it her ſelf with men,
"Would ſhe have them to uſe't with her agen:
"Being a vertue for the admiration
"Of them that court her, not their imitation.
This is the plain and natural way of Love,
Indeed the only one that I approve.
My coy *Coriſca* ſhall not find of me
A baſhful Lover (as I us'd to be)
But a bold Foe; and ſhe ſhall feel I can
Aſſault her with the weapons of a man,
As well as with the womans arms. Twice now
I've caught this Eel, and yet I know not how
She hath ſlipt through my hands; but if ſhe come
A third time near my Boat, I'll ſtrike ſo home
Through both her gils, that I ſhall mar her flight.
Here ſhe comes forth to Rellief ev'ry night,
And I like a good hound ſnuff round about
To find her track: If I do ſent her out,
Have at her coat; O how I mean to be
Reveng'd upon her! I will make her ſee
That Love ſometimes (though he appear ſtark blind)
Can from his eyes the handkerchief unbind:
And that no woman (though ſhe may a while)
Can glory long in perjury and guile.

Chorus.

O Powerful Law, which Heaven or Nature,
Writ in the heart of every Creature!
Whoſe amiable violence,
And pleaſing rapture of the ſenſe,
Doth byas all things to that good
Which we deſire not underſtood.
Nor the exteriour bark alone,
Subject to th' ſenſe of every one,
Whoſe frail materials quickly muſt
Reſolve again into their duſt;
But the hid ſeeds and inward cauſe,
Whoſe ſubſtance is eternal, moves and draws.
And if the ever-teeming world bring forth
So many things of admirable worth,
If whatſoever Heaven's great eyes,
The Sun and Moon, or his ſmall ſpies
The Stars behold, doth own a ſoul
Whoſe active pow'r informs the whole;
If thence all humane ſeed have birth,
All Plants and Animals; if th' Earth
Be green, or on her wrinkled brow it ſnows,
From that immortal and pure Spring it flows.
Nor this alone: On mortal Crown
Whatever reſtleſs Spheers rowl down;
Whence all our actions guided are
By a happy or unhappy Star;
Whence our frail lives their Qu receive,
This Stage to enter, and to leave.

Whatever thwarts, whatever ſtills
Our froward, and our childiſh wills
(Which ſeeming to be Fortune's Play,
To give and take our things away,
The world aſcribes to her) hath All
From that high vertue its original.
Soul of the World: if it were thou didſt ſay
Arcadia ſhould have reſt and peace one day,
And like a Snake renew her youth,
What man dares queſtion ſo Divine a Truth?
If what the famous Oracle
Of two whom Fate ſhould couple did foretel,
It ſpake but as thy mouth, if fixt it be
In the eternal depth of thy Decree,
And if the Tripods do not falſhoods vent,
Ah! who retards thy wills accompliſhment?
Behold, a ſcornful Boy, a foe
To Love and Beauty: He (although
Extract from Heav'n) with Heav'n contends!
Behold another youth offends
In love as much, (in vain deſerving
To be preferr'd for humble ſerving)
And with his flame thwarts thy Decree!
And the leſs hope he hath to ſee
His ſervice and his true loves hire,
The clearer burns his faith and fire;
And he now for that beauty dies,
Which t'other (whom 'tis kept for) doth deſpiſe.
Is Jove *divided then about his doom?*
Hath doubtful Fate Twins ſtrugling in her womb?

Or,

Or doth man's mountain-hope, unleveld yet,
New impious Giants in rebellion ſet
On both ſides ta aſſault the Tow'r of Jove,
By loving, and by ſhunning Love?
Have we ſuch ſtrength? and o'er the Pow'rs above
Shall two blind Pow'rs triumph, Diſdain and Love?
But Thou high Mover of the Orb that rid'ſt
The Stars and Fate, and with thy Wiſdom guid'ſt
Their courſe, look down upon our tott'ring State,
And reconcile Diſdain and Love with Fate.
That ice, this flame, thaw, quench with heavenly de
Make one not flye, another not purſue.
Ah! let not two mens obſtinacy ſtand
Betwixt thy promis'd Mercy and a Land.
And yet who knows? what we imagine is
Our greateſt croſs, may prove our greateſt bliſs.
" *If on the Sun no humane eye can gaze,*
" *Who then can pierce into* Jove's *hidden ways?*

Actu

Actus Secundus.

Scena Prima.

Ergaſto, Mirtillo.

Erg. O What a walk have I had! At the Race,
The mead, hill, river, fountain, wraſtling-place
ve been to ſeek thee: Heav'n be prais'd, at laſt
ve found thee here. *Mi.* What news requirs ſuch haſt?
ring'ſt thou me life or death? *Erg.* The laſt's a thing
Which if I had for thee, I would not bring:
he former, though I have not for thee yet,
hope to bring. But why art thou o'er-ſet
Vith thy own ſighs? If thou wouldſt overcome
nother, overcome thy ſelf at home:
reathe, and revy 't again——. But to proceed
o that which made me ſeek thee with ſuch ſpeed;
he matter's this: Know'ſt thou (who doth not
rmino's Siſter? rather tall than low (know?)
he is of ſtature, cherry-cheekt, her hair
nclin'd to red, and of a ſprightly air.
Mirt. What is her name? *Erg. Coriſca. Mir.* Yes, I do
now her, and have converſed with her too.
Erg. Know then that ſhe (ſee the good luck on't!
ath been the means to work it I know not, (What

Or

Or on whoſe ſcore it comes) is grown of late
With *Amarillis* very intimate.
Which I perceiving, a relation made
Of thy affection unto her, and pray'd
Both her aſſiſtance and her ſecrecy
Therein, which ſhe accorded readily.
Mirt. O bleſt a thouſand thouſand times and mo
Than all (*Mirtillo*) that e'er lov'd before,
If this be true: But prethee, did ſhe ſay
Nothing at all unto thee of the way?
Erg. Nothing as yet, and I will tell thee why:
Coriſca ſaid, ſhe could not certainly
Determine of the way till ſhe might know
Some circumſtances of thy love, that ſo
She might be better able to diſcern
The inclination of the Nymph, and learn
How to addreſs her ſelf, with ſubtilty,
Or with intreaties; what 'twere beſt to try,
Or what to leave: This was the cauſe made me
To come ſo haſtily in ſearch of thee.
Therefore from firſt to laſt thou ſhalt do well
Thy Love's whole ſtory unto me to tell.
Mirt. I'll do it. But know, Friend, to ſtir agai
The bitter memory of Love in vain,
Is like the toſſing of a torch about
Ones head i'th' air, thinking to ſhake it out,
When agitation kindles it, and makes
The flame cling faſter to the melting wax.
Or like the tugging of a deep-fixt dart,
By which the wound's made greater, and the ſmart
Mo

Moſt true it is, I ſhall a tale relate,
Which will demonſtrate the unſure eſtate
Of Lovers hopes, and that howe'er the root
Of Love be ſweet, it bears a bitter fruit.
In that fair ſeaſon when Day's wheels out-run
The Night's('twas juſt a twelvemonth ſince) this Sun
Of Beauty, this fair Pilgrim came to bring
With her approach as 'twere a ſecond Spring
To my then only rich and happy neſt,
Elis and *Piſa* with her preſence bleſt;
Brought by her Mother in thoſe ſolemn days,
When Sacrifices and Olympick Plays
Through all the world ſo famous are kept there,
In honour of the mighty Thunderer.
Shows worthy ſure of thoſe fair eyes; But thoſe
Fair eyes themſelves were far the worthier ſhows.
Whence I, who till that inſtant never knew
What flames of Love did mean, at the firſt view
Of thoſe bright lamps, yielded, and never fought
One ſtroke againſt her; for I felt (me thought)
Two fiery balls fly whizzing through my Liver,
And Beauty (a bold thief) cry'd, *Stand*, *Deliver*
Thy heart, *Mirtillo*. *Erg*. O Love's piercing ſteel,
Which they alone can underſtand that feel!
Mir. But now to ſee what cunning Love ſuggeſts
Ev'n to the youngeſt and the ſimpleſt breſts!
I made a dear young Siſter of mine own
Who was my cruel Nymphs Companion
Whilſt ſhe in *Elis* and in *Piſa* ſtaid)
Acquainted with my pain. This ſilly Maid

Was

Was all the Council Love allotted me
For managing my amorous bus'neſs: She
With her own garments decks me in great order,
And imps my ſhort hair with a borrow'd border,
Then braids it all with flow'rs, hanging a Bow
And Quiver by my ſide, and laſt doth ſhow
How I ſhould frame my words and count'nance, whe
No footſteps of a beard did then appear.
The hour approached, ſhe conducted me
Where my Nymph us'd to play; and there found
Some Noble Megarenſian Maids, whom Blood
And Love linkt to her, as I underſtood.
'Mongſt them was ſhe like Royal Roſe 'mongſt lo
Born Violets: And when as they had ſo
For a good ſpace without more paſtime ſtaid,
A Megarenſian Virgin roſe, and ſaid;
VVhat, at a time for paſtime ſo renown'd,
Shall we without our ſports be idle found!
And have not (Siſters) we our weapons then
To make mock-fights withal as well as men?
By my advice we'll practice our arms now
Againſt our ſelves in jeſt, as we muſt do
In earneſt one day againſt men: Let's kiſs,
And wage a kiſſing war; and ſhe that gi's
The beſt and ſav'reſt one, ſhall have for meed
This curious wreath. All laught, and cry'd, Agre
Forthwith, not ſtaying for the word or ſign,
Theſe eager Amazons in battel joyn:
No ranks they kept, no colours knew, nor ſide,
But all confuſed, and each each defi'd.

T

The Megarenſian this perceiving, ſtraight
To the diſordered Troops ſounds a retrait;
And after ſaith, Let her deſervedly
The Judge of all our kiſſes be
Whoſe mouth is faireſt. VVith one voice
Of peerleſs *Amarillis* they made choice.
She ſweetly bending her fair eyes,
Her cheeks in modeſt bluſhes dyes,
To ſhew through her tranſparent skin
That ſhe is no leſs fair within
Than ſhe's without; or elſe her countenance
Envying the honour done her mouth perchance,
Puts on her Scarlet Robes, as who
Should ſay, And am not I fair too?
Erg. Bleſt man to be transform'd at ſuch a time,
As if this accident thou couldſt divine!
Mirt. The fair Judge takes her ſeat, and now renews
The amorous fight, according to the uſe
Of war; by lots they march up one by one,
To try their mouths by hers, (the Paragon
Of ſweetneſs) or (as I may term it well)
Of Orient Pearls a perfum'd Indian ſhell,
And the two lips a two-leav'd Coral-door
VVith honeyed lock, to ope and ſhut with more
Facility upon the pearly treaſure.
O my *Ergaſt'* that I could tell the pleaſure
Of thoſe ſweet kiſſes! But do thou hence gheſs it,
That mouth which taſted it, cannot expreſs it.
Extract then all the ſweetneſs which remains
In Hybla-combs, in Cyprian Sugar-canes,

It will be nothing to that world of bliſſes
I ſuckt from thence. *Erg.* O happy theft! ſweet kiſſes
Mirt. Sweet, but yet lame; the better half was miſſing
The ſoul, which gives perfection to kiſſing:
For though Love gave them, Love reſtor'd them not
Erg. But hadſt thou not ſome fear when 'twas thy lot
To kiſs? *Mirt.* My heart *(Ergaſto)* to ſay true,
VVas at my mouth, and my ſoul ſhrunk into
A narrow volume; 'twas one kiſs, whence all
My limbs ſtood tott'ring like an ill propt wall.
And when I came under the battery,
And within aim of her ſure killing eye,
I fear'd the Majeſty of that bright look,
Leſt in the very act I ſhould be took
Of theft and guile which I was then about.
But ſtraight her count'nance clearing me that doubt
By a ſerene and unſuſpected ſmile,
I ventur'd boldly on. Love ſtood the while
(Ergaſto) like a Bee hid in the leaves
Of her lips Roſes; and whilſt ſhe receives
The kiſſes of my mouth with hers unmov'd
And paſſive, I the honey only prov'd.
But when ſhe active likewiſe grows,
And thruſts out this and t' other roſe,
(VVhether her gaiety of heart it was,
Or my good luck, for 'twas not love alas)
VVhen our two mouths ſnapt like a bone well ſet,
And like two tallies that are brothers met,
(O my dear ſweet and num'rous treaſure!
Do I out-live ſo great a pleaſure?)

Then,

Then, then I felt the ſharp ſweet dart,
The amorous ſting piercing my heart.
Which was (it ſeems) reſtor'd me then,
That I might have it hurt agen.
I then, as ſoon as I had found
Her lips had giv'n me my deaths wound,
Was ready, like ſome deſperate gaſping wight,
The weapon which had wounded me to bite:
When ſuddenly her ſweet breath, like the blaſt
Of an inſpiring Deity, did caſt
An holy damp upon my ſaucy blood,
Which all immodeſt and wild heat withſtood.
Erg. O Modeſty, the block and Remora
Which ever lies in the true Lovers way!
Mirt. Now all of them had had their turns, and come
With thoughts ſuſpended to attend the doom,
When *Amarillis* judging mine t' exceed
All th' others kiſſes, plac'd the Victors meed
(That curious wreath) with her own ſnowy hand
Upon my head. But O! no Lybian ſand
Beneath the Syrian Dog ere broyl'd ſo much,
When he both barks and bites; his rage is ſuch,
As my whole heart was then on fire
Betwixt fruition and deſire.
And (being never conquer'd half ſo much
As when I was a Conqu'ror) ſuch
My boldneſs was, that from my head
I reacht the wreath to her, and ſed,
This is thy due, for thee 'tis meet,
Who with thy mouth haſt made my kiſſes ſweet.

And ſhe moſt courteouſly accepting it,
For her fair hair made it a Coronet,
And crown'd mine with another, which before
Upon her own divine temples ſhe wore:
Which is the ſame I now do bear, and ſhall
(Heav'n willing) to my Funeral,
Wither'd as 'tis, to keep in memory
That happy day; but moſt to ſignifie
My wither'd hopes.

Erg. Thy caſe doth pity, and not envy claim,
Mirtillo: or hereafter let thy name
" Be *Tantalus*; for he that jeſts with Love,
" Or plays with fire, ſhall pain in earneſt prove.
Poor youth! thou took'ſt up tranſitory treaſure
At too much uſe, and of thy theft the pleaſure
And puniſhment together didſt receive.
But did ſhe never the deceit perceive?

Mirt. I know not that, *Ergaſto*; this I do,
Whilſt ſhe thought *Elis* worthy of her view,
She was ſtill bounteous to me of her eye,
And gracious ſmiles. But my hard deſtiny
Snatching her thence, unawares to me almoſt,
I ſtraight came flying hither, where thou know'ſt
My Father, though he ſojourn'd long abroad,
Yet ſtill retains his wonted poor aboad.
I came and ſaw (O ſight!) my day begun
In ſuch a fair and ſmiling morn, now run
To its long Weſt. When I appear'd in place,
The lightning of diſdain flaſh'd in her face;
Then did ſhe bend her eyes, and turn'd away,

Theſe Meteors boad my death, then did I ſay.
Mean while, that I ſhould ſo by ſtealth depart,
My tender Father took deeply to heart;
And with the grief on 't an infirmitie
So terrible, that he was like to die.
This forc'd me back, which prov'd (alas!) in one,
Health to the Father, ſickneſs to the Son.
For half a year of a Love-cauſed-Feaver
I languiſht, and I think had languiſht ever,
If my indulgent Father had not ſought
In time the Tripods Counſel; whence he brought
This Anſwer, *That th' Arcadian Air alone*
Could make me well again. I thereupon
Return'd (*Ergaſto*) to reviſit her
(O fallacy of that grand Sophiſter,
The Oracle!) who made my body whole,
To cauſe eternal ſickneſs in my ſoul.

Erg. Thou haſt related a ſtrange tale in truth,
Mirtillo, a caſe worthy of much ruth
Without all doubt. "But oft a deſperate ſtate
"Hath prov'd the cauſe that cures as deſperate,
"Have ſav'd the ſick. Aud now 'tis time I go
To tell *Coriſca* what from thee I know:
Expect me at the Fountain, there will I
Ere long be with thee. *Mirt.* Go on proſperouſly;
And Heav'n at need that pity ſhew to thee,
(Courteous *Ergaſto*) which thou ſhew'ſt to me.

SCENA SECUNDA.

Dorinda, Lupino, Silvio, *ſhe bringing in* Silvio's *Dog*.

Dor. FAithful and fortunate, delight and care
Of my fair *Silvio*, and as proud as fair:
Thrice fortunate *Melampo*, that I were
Unto thy cruel Maſter half ſo dear!
With that white hand with which he gripes my heart,
He ſtroaks and he feeds thee. He doth not part
From thee by night, nor part from thee by day;
Whilſt I that ſo much love him, in vain pray,
And ſigh in vain. And that which worſe I bear
Than all the reſt, he gives to thee ſuch dear
And luſhious kiſſes, one of which would make
Me rich, and I too kiſs thee for his ſake
Happy *Melamp'*; O Dog ſent from above,
To ſteer the erring footſteps of blind Love!
Lead on, ſure Guide, whither Affection me,
But Nature only, and Inſtinct draws thee.
But liſt a little, doth not a Horn blow
In this near Thicket? *Sil.* Sogh *Melampo*, Sogh!
Dor. That is (if Love delude me not) the ſound
Of *Silvio*'s voice, who ſeems to call his hound
About theſe woods. *Sil. Melampo*, Sogh, hogh, hogh.
Dor. It is the very voice of *Silvio*.
Happy *Dorinda*, to whom Heav'n hath ſent
The ſelf ſame thing in ſearch whereof I went!

I'll

I'll hide the dog; with that he holds ſo dear,
I may chance buy his love. *Lupino!* *Lup.* Here.
Dor. Go take this dog, and hide thee hereabout:
Conceiv'ſt thou me? *Lup.* I do. *Dor.* But come not out
Until I call. *Lup.* I wo'nt. *Dor.* Nay, quickly man.
Lup. And do thou quickly take ſome order than,
That if the dog ſhould have a hungry fit,
He may not ſwallow me up at a bit. (ſtee.
Dor. A Coward? Hence. *Sil.* O whither ſhall I
My wretched ſteps to follow thee my dear
Faithful *Melampo?* over hill and plain,
Till I am tir'd and foundred, I in vain
Have hunted for thee. Curſed by the Doe
Thou follow'dſt. But behold, a Nymph may know
Some news of him! O vile encounter! This
Is ſhe, who with her importunities
Torments me ſtill: but there's no remedy
Save patience now. Fair Nymph, didſt thou ſee my
Faithful *Melampo*, whom I ſlipt while-ere
After a Doe? *Dor.* I (*Silvio*) fair? I fair?
Why doſt thou call me fair, if that I be
Not fair in thy eyes? *Sil.* Fair or foul, didſt ſee
My dog? Anſwer me that: if not, I go.
Dor. So harſh to her adores thee, *Silvio?*
Who would believe in that ſweet ſhape could neſt
So ſowr a ſoul? Thou follow'ſt a wild beaſt
That flies thee, over rocks; and for a Cur
Vexeſt thy body and thy mind: but her
That follows thee, and thy content doth prize
Above the world, thou fly'ſt and doſt deſpiſe.

Ah! do not follow a wild flying Doe,
Let not a tame one (caught already) go.
Do not unbind her. *Sil.* Nymph, I came in ſearch
Of my *Melampo*, not to hear thee preach.
Adieu. *Dor.* O fly not, cruel *Silvio:*
I'll tell thee news of thy *Melampo.* *Sil.* Go,
Thou mock'ſt *Dorinda.* *Dor.* By that love I ſwear
That makes me *Silvio*'s ſervant, I know where
He is. Thou ſay'ſt he did a Doe purſue.
Sil. He did; and ſtraight I loſt them both from view.
Dor. The Dog and Doe then at this preſent time
Are in my power. *Sil.* In thy power? *Dor.* Yes, in mine,
'Twas that I ſaid: Doſt thou think much that ſhe
Should love thy Dog (ungrateful) who loves thee?
Sil. My dear *Dorinda*, give 'em to me ſtraight.
Dor. Out Shittle-cock, I'm come to a fine ſtate,
When beaſts endear me to thee. But indeed
(My heart) thou gett'ſt them not without ſome meed.
Sil. And reaſon good, I'll give thee; Let me ſee---
(I'll cozen her.) *Dor.* What wilt thou give to me?
Sil. Two fair Queen-apples I will give to thee,
Which my own fairer Mother gave to me
The other day. *Dor.* For apples, I want none:
I could give thee two fairer of my own,
And ſweeter too, but that thou careſt not
For what I give. *Sil.* Then wouldſt thou have a Goat?
Or Lambkin? (but my Father will not let
Me make ſo bold with what is his as yet.)
Dor. Nor Goat, nor Lambkin, do I care to have:
Thee only, *Silvio*, and thy love I crave.

Sil.

Sil. My love? No more? *Dor.* No more. *Sil.* I g'it thee, ſo,
Give me my Dog, (dear Nymph) now, and my Doe.
Dor. Ah, thou that knew'ſt the worth of what thou art
So bounteous of, and ſpak'ſt now from thy heart!
Sil. Nymph, mark my words: I find thou talkſt to me
Still of a thing call'd Love; what this ſhould be
I know not: thou wouldſt have me love thee; and
I do (as far as I can underſtand)
With all my heart: thou call'ſt me cruel; I
Am ignorant of what is cruelty. (poor
How ſhould I pleaſe thee? *Dor.* In whom hop'ſt thou,
Dorinda? whence doſt thou expect thy cure?
From ſuch a beauty as hath felt as yet
No ſpark of that which doth all Lovers ſet
On fire? Art thou my flame, and art not hot?
Doſt thou breathe Love, and what it is know'ſt not?
That gentle Goddeſs whom the Cyprians honour,
Took a moſt beauteous humane ſhape upon her
To bring thee forth: Firebrands thou haſt and dart,
Witneſs my flaming and my bleeding heart.
Add wings, another *Cupid* thou wilt prove,
At leaſt want nothing to be Love, but love.
Sil. What is this Love? *Dor.* When I behold thy
It is the light of Paradiſe: (eyes,
But mine own heart conſider'd well,
It is the very fire of Hell.
Sil. Nymph, what a prating is here with thee?
Give me my Dog and Doe, now prethee.
Dor. Give me the love firſt that I bargain'd for.
Sil. Have I not gi'n it thee? Fie, what a ſtir

There is to pleaſe this woman! Take it: do
What thou wilt with it. Who forbids thee? who
With-holds it? On what trifles doſt thou ſtand?
Dor. Wretched *Dorinda*, thou doſt ſow the ſand,
And fondly undertak'ſt labour in vain. (pain?
Sil. What dream'ſt thou of? why hold'ſt thou me in
Dor. When thy deſire's once granted, thou wilt go
And leave me ſtraight, perfidious *Silvio*. *Sil.* No
Indeed, fair Nymph. *Dor.* Give me a pawn then.
Sil. Name
The pawn. *Dor.* Alas! I dare not. *Sil.* Why?
For ſhame.
Sil. But how then can I give it thee? *Dor.* I would
Fain without naming it be underſtood.
Sil. If th'art aſham'd to name it, thou mayſt be
Aſham'd to take it. *Dor.* Promiſe it to me,
And I will name it. *Sil.* I do promiſe it: (hit
But thou muſt name it firſt. *Dor.* Canſt thou not
My thoughts then? I ſhould have conceiv'd thee,
If thou hadſt ſaid but half ſo much to me.
Sil. Thou haſt more wit than I, *Dorinda*. *Dor.* I
Have more love, *Silvio*, and leſs cruelty.
Sil. Truth is, I am no Witch: if thou'dſt have me
To underſtand thee, ſpeak. *Dor.* O miſery!
That which I beg of thee, is one of thoſe
Things thy kind Mother upon thee beſtows.
Sil. A box o'th' ear? *Dor.* To one that loves thee ſo?
Sil. Thoſe things my Mother doth on me beſtow.
Dor. Nay, that's not ſo: But doth not ſhe give thee
A kiſs ſometimes? *Sil.* She neither kiſſes me,

Nor

Nor would have others kiſs me. Is 't a kiſs
Thou doſt deſire of me? It is, it is,
Thy bluſh betrays thee Come, I'll give it thee:
But firſt my Dog and Do. *Dor.* Doſt promiſe me?
Sil. I promiſe thee. *Dor.* And with me wilt thou ſtay?
Sil. Why doſt thou vex me thus? Did I not ſay
I would? *Dor.* Come forth, *Lupino*, doſt not hear,
Lupino? *Lup.* Ogh! ogh! what a brawling's there?
Who calls me? O I am come. It was not I
That ſlept, it was the Dog ſlept verily.
Dor. Look, *Silvio*, there's thy Dog, that might to (thee
Have read a Lecture of Humanity.
Sil. How over-joy'd am I? *Dor.* Upon this breſt
Which thou deſpiſeſt ſo, he came to reſt.
Sil. (O my ſweet true *Melampo.*) *Dor.* Setting by
My ſighs and kiſſes. *Sil.* (I will certainly
Kiſs thee a thouſand times, poor Cur! But haſt
Thou got no harm at all, thou ran'ſt ſo faſt?)
Dor. Fortunate Dog, that I might change (alas!)
Eſtates with thee; I'm come to a fine paſs
To envy a Dogs life. Bend thou thy gate
Homewards, *Lupino*, I will follow ſtraight.
Lup. Miſtreſs, I go.

SCENA

SCENA TERTIA.

Manent Silvio, Dorinda.

Sil. (IN fine, th'aſt got no harm.) Now let me ſee
Where is this Doe which thou haſt promis'd me,
Dor. Alive or dead would'ſt have her? *Sil.* Strange de-
Alive after the dog hath kill'd her? *Dor.* And (mand!
If the dog kill'd her not? *Sil.* Alive is ſhe?
Dor. Alive. *Sil.* The dearer then the prey to me:
And had my dear *Melampo* ſo much art
As not to hurt her? *Dor.* Only in the heart
She had a little prick. *Sil.* Either th'art mad,
Dorinda, or doſt mock me. If ſhe had
A prick i'th' heart, how can ſhe live? *Dor.* The Doe
I ſpeak of, I am, cruel *Silvio:*
Hurt by thee, without being hunted; Take me,
I am alive; but dead, if thou forſake me.
Sil. Is this that Doe? that prey? *Dor.* Ev'n this: why
Art thou ſo diſcontented? Doſt not thou (now
Love a Nymph better than a beaſt? *Sil.* My hate
Thou art, brute, lyar, vile, importunate.
Dor. Is this the guerdon, cruel *Silvio?*
Is this the meed thou doſt on me beſtow,
Ungrateful youth? Take thy *Melampo* free,
And me and all, ſo thou come back to me:
The reſt I do remit. Let me be plac't
But in the Sun-ſhine thy fair eyes do caſt.
Truer than thy *Melampo* I will trace
Thy ſteps, and when th'art wearied with the chaſe,
I'll

I'll wipe thy ſweating brow, and on this breaſt
(Which cannot reſt for thee) thy head ſhall reſt:
I'll bear thy arrows, and thy quiver bear
Through theſe rough woods; and if there want game
Shoot at *Dorinda*'s boſom. At this white (there,
Set thy good bow, when ere it ſhoots not right.
For I'll be both the prey (if thou think fit)
To keep in ure, and drudge to carry it;
Thy arrows, quiver, and their Butt to hit.
But to whom do I talk? Alas! to thee
That hear'ſt me not, and fly'ſt away from me?
But whereſoe'er thou flie (curs'd *Silvio*)
Dorinda will flie after thee; although
To hell it ſelf, if any hell there be
Worſe than my Love is, and thy Cruelty.

SCENA QUARTA.

Coriſca.

FOrtune beyond my wiſh hath favoured me.
"And fit it is that they ſhould favour'd be,
"Who not with wiſhings only ſeek her favour.
"Pow'rful ſhe is; and men with reaſon have her
"In reputation of a Goddeſs. But
"We muſt go meet her then, wait a foot
"To find her humours; and muſt uſe our own
"Judgment in playing of our game: a Drone
"Seldom or never doth prove fortunate.
Had not my induſtry made me the Mate

Of

Of her by whom under the name of friend,
I have fit means and ſafe to work my end,
Where had I been? Some fool would now be ſhie,
And view her Rival with a jealous eye,
Bearing the open tokens of ill will
Writ in her forehead; and ſhe would do ill:
"For open foes are eaſier to evade,
"Than ambuſhes that are in friendſhip laid.
"Wiſe Mariners by rocks hid in the Sea
"Are oft deceiv'd: She knows not how to be
"An enemy, that knows not how to ſeem
"A friend. *Coriſca*'s skill ſhall now be ſeen
In both: Nor am I yet ſo ſimply dull
To think ſhe doth not love. Well may ſhe gull
Others with this, not me; who am gone out
A Miſtreſs in the Art. A tender ſprout
New peept out of the bark, within whoſe breſt
There's built for love already a ſoft neſt,
Long woo'd, and woo'd by ſo compleat a Lover,
And (which is worſt) kiſt too over and over,
And yet hold tyte? Believ't for me) that liſt.
But my good *Genius* doth me aſſiſt;
For look if *Amarillis* come not here
As ſent? I'll walk as if I did not ſee her.

SCENA

SCENA QUINTA.

Amarilla, Coriſca.

Am. DEar happy Groves, and you ye ſolitary
And ſilent horrors where true peace doth (tarry,
With how much joy do I review you? And
Had my Stars pleas'd to give me the command
Over my ſelf, that I might chuſe my lot,
And my own way of life, then would I not
For the *Elizian* groves, about which range
The happy ſhades, your happy ſhades exchange:
"For what we fooliſh mortals *Goods* do call,
"If rightly underſtood, are Evils all.
"He that hath moſt of them, in truth hath leaſt,
"Nor is ſo much poſſeſſor as poſſeſt;
"Not riches, no, but of our freedom ſnares.
"What boots it in the ſpring-time of ones years
"To have the attributes of Fair and Good,
"In mortal veins to lock celeſtial blood,
"Graces of body and of mind, here fair
"And laughing fields of Corn, rich meadows there,
"In fruitful paſture-grounds more fruitful flocks,
"If with all theſe the heart contentment lacks?
Happy that Shepherdeſs, whom ſome courſe ſtuff
Obſcurely cloaths, yet clean and juſt enough!
Rich only in her ſelf, and bravely dreſt
With Nature's Ornaments which are the beſt;

VVho

Who in ſweet poverty no want doth know,
Nor the diſtractions which from riches grow:
Yet whatſoever may ſuffice the mind,
In that eſtate abundantly doth find:
Poor, but content! with Nature's gifts retrives
The gifts of Nature, Milk with Milk revives,
And with the ſweet which from the Bee ſhe gets,
Seaſons the Honey of her native ſweets:
One Fountain is her Looking-glaſs, her drink
Her bath; and if ſhe's pleas'd, what others think
It matters not; ſhe heeds not Blazing-Stars
That threaten mighty ones: Wars or no Wars,
It is all one to her; her battlement
And ſhield is that ſhe's poor: *Poor, but content!*
One only care ('tis a ſweet care) doth keep
Her heart awake; ſhe feeds her Maſters ſheep
With pearled graſs, and with her lovely eyes
Some honeſt Swain, that for her beauty dies:
Not ſuch as men or Gods chuſe to her hand,
But ſuch as Love did to her choice commend;
And in ſome favour'd ſhady Mirtle-grove
Deſires, and is deſir'd: Nor feels of Love
One ſpark which unto him ſhe doth not ſhow,
Nor ſhows one ſpark with which he doth not glow
Poor, but content! True life! which till the breat
Forſakes the body, know'ſt not what is death.
Would Heaven had made me ſuch an one!--But ſee
Coriſca! ſweet *Coriſca.* *Cor.* Who calls me?
My *Amarillis?* dearer than mine own
Eyes, or life to me, whither ſo alone?

Am. No farther than thou ſeeſt; nor any where
Could I be better, ſince I meet thee here.
Cor. Thou haſt met her that never parts from thee,
Sweet *Amarillis*; and now, credit me,
Was thinking of thee, ſaying in my heart,
If I'm her ſoul, how can ſhe live apart
From me? When ſtraight I ſaw thee here:—but go,
Thou car'ſt not for *Coriſca* now. *Am.* Why ſo?
Cor. Why? doſt thou ask the queſtion? thou doſt wed
To day *Am.* I wed? *Cor.* Yes; and thou keep'ſt it hid
From me. *Am.* How can I tell thee that which I
Am ignorant my ſelf of? *Cor.* Do, deny,
And wear a mask to me. *Am.* Still jeſt with me,
Coriſca? *Cor.* I am jeſted with by thee. ('tis ſo,
Am. But ſpeak'ſt thou this for truth? *Cor.* I'll ſwear
And know'ſt thou nothing of 't indeed? *Am.* I know
I'm promis'd: but that I ſhould be a wife
So ſoon, is news to me upon my life. (Brother,
But from whom know'ſt it thou? *Cor.* From my own
Omnino: and he ſays, there is no other
Diſcourſe abroad.— Thou ſeem'ſt perplext: is this
News to perplex one? *Am.* O *Coriſca*! 'Tis
A hideous Gulf: I've heard my Mother ſay, (day
W'are then new-born. *Cor.* Moſt true: 'tis our birth-
T'a better life, therefore rejoyce. Doſt fetch
A ſigh? leave ſighing to that wretch. *Am.* What wretch?
Cor. *Mirtillo:* who was preſent caſually
At what my brother told me, and was nigh
Strook dead with grief; yea doubtleſs he had dy'd,
If a good Cordial I had not apply'd,

By

By promiſing to break this Match. VVhich though
I ſaid, only to comfort him, I know
(If need were) how to do't. *Am.* Canſt thou tell
How to break this Match? *Cor.* Yes very well.
Am. I prethee how? *Cor.* With eaſe, if thou wert
Conſenting likewiſe, and aſſiſting to't. (but
Am. Could I ſuppoſe this poſſible, and thou
VVouldſt not reveal it, I would tell thee now
A ſecret that hath long burnt in my heart.
Cor. VVho, I reveal it? Let the earth firſt part,
And ſwallow me alive miraculouſly.
Am. Know then, *Coriſca*, when I think that I
Muſt all my life be ſubject to a Boy
That hates and flies me, and doth take no joy
But in the woods, preferring hunting far
Before the love of all the Nymphs that are,
It makes me male-content, and deſperate
Indeed almoſt, although I dare not ſay't,
Becauſe my faith I have already given
Unto my Father, and (what's worſe) to Heav'n,
And break with them I neither will nor may.
But if thy induſtry can find a way
(Always provided, that my Honeſtie,
My Faith, my Life, and my Religion be
Preſerv'd) t' untie this knot that galls me ſo,
To thee my life and ſafety I ſhall owe.
Cor. If this were it that caus'd thy ſighing, thou
Hadſt great cauſe for it, *Amarillis*. How
Oft have I ſaid? VVhat pity 'tis to throw
So rich a thing to one that ſcorns it ſo!

A

A pearl t' a Swine! why ſpeak'ſt not to thy Father?
Am. Shame ſtops my mouth. *Cor.* There's a diſeaſe! I'd rather
For my part have a Fiſtula, or Feaver.
"But 'twill be cur'd; O'ercome it once, 'twill never
"Return again. *Am.* That cannot be o'ercome
"That's natural: for if I drive it from
"My heart, it flies into my face. *Cor.* Alas,
(My *Amarillis*) oft it comes to paſs,
"She that through too much wiſdom holds her tongue,
"Roars out at length like mad, being throughly ſtung.
Hadſt thou before been willing to diſcover
Thy mind to me, this trouble had been over:
And now thou haſt, *Coriſca*'s power this day
In all its colours ſhall it ſelf diſplay.
Into more skilful hands, more faithful then
Mine are, thou never couldſt have faln. But when
From an ill Husband thou art freed by me,
Shall not an honeſt Suitor welcom be? (Youth,
Am. We'll think of that at leiſure. *Cor.* That good
Mirtillo, muſt not be forgot in ſooth:
For parts, for ſpotleſs faith, for ſhape thou know'ſt
Of all men living he deſerves thee moſt:
And canſt thou let him die? O crueltie!
Nor wilt ſo much as hear him ſay, *I die?*
Hear him but once. *Am.* 'Twere better he would reſt
In peace, and root a love out of his breſt
That's vain. *Cor.* That comfort give him ere he die.
Am. 'Twould rather double his perplexity.
Cor. If it do ſo, the ſeeking is his own.
Am. And what muſt I expect, ſhould it be known?

Cor. How cowardly thou art? *Am.* And let me ſtill
Be cowardly in any thing that's ill.
Cor. If thou mayſt fail me in this ſmall requeſt,
Then may I fail thee likewiſe in the reſt
Moſt juſtly, *Amarillis.* So God bu'y.
Am. Nay, ſtay *Coriſca*, hear. *Cor.* Not a word I,
Unleſs thou promiſe me. *Am.* I promiſe thee
To hear him ſpeak, provided this may be
For all. *Cor.* It ſhall. *Am.* And that he may not know
I was acquainted with't. *Cor.* I'll make as though
Ye met by accident. *Am.* And that I may
At my own pleaſure freely go away.
Cor. Thou ſhalt, when thou haſt heard him. *Am.* And that he
Shall briefly ſpeak. *Cor.* That too is granted thee.
Am. Nor come within my darts length of me. *Cor.*
What a ſtir's here with thy ſimplicitie! (Fie,
To make it ſure, he ſhall not do thee wrong,
I'll tie up all his limbs except his tongue.
Wouldſt thou have more? *Am.* 'Tis well. *Cor.* And when wilt thou
Do this? *Am.* Whene'er thou wilt: Do but allow
Me ſo much time, as to go home to hear
More certain news about this Marriage there.
Cor. Go; but with caution, and before thou'rt gone,
Hear a contrivance I have thought upon
As thou wert ſpeaking: In the afternoon
I would have thee without thy Nymphs to come
Into this ſhady walk, where I will be
Before for this occaſion, and with me

Nerina,

Nerina, *Phillis*, *Celia*, *Aglaura*,
Eliza, *Daphne*, *Silvia*, and *Laura*;
All my no leſs diſcreet and witty, then
Faithful and ſecret Mates. There thou with them
Shalt play (as thou art wont) at Blind-man-Buff,
So that *Mirtillo* will with eaſe enough
Be made believe, that for thy own paſtime
Thou thither cam'ſt, and not to meet with him.
Am. I like it wondrous well. But doſt thou hear?
I would not any of thoſe Nymphs were there
The while *Mirtillo* ſpeaks. *Cor.* I do conceive:
'Twas thought upon with good diſcretion. Leave
The getting them away to my endeavour.
Go: and remember one thing,—to love ever
Thy faithfulleſt *Coriſca*. *Am.* In her hand
Since I have put my heart, ſhe may command
As much love as ſhe pleaſes.
Cor. Is ſhe not ſtiff? We muſt aſſault this rock
With greater force; though ſhe reſiſt my ſhock,
Againſt *Mirtillo*'s ſhe will find no fence
I'm ſure: I know by ſelf-experience
The power of Lovers prayers when they invade
The tender heart of an inclining Maid.
If ſhe do yield, I'll make her ſmart ſo for't,
That ſhe ſhall find her ſport was not in ſport.
Through her dark'ſt words her heart ſhall be to me
As viſible as in a 'natomie.
I'll ranſack all her veins: that done, and I
Made Miſtreſs of her ſecret, eaſily
I'll wind her ſo, and lead her by the noſe

To what I'd have, that ſhe ſhall ne'er ſuppoſe
(Much leſs ſhall others) that it was my skill
That drew her to't, but her unbridled will.

SCENA SEXTA.

Coriſca, Satyr.

Cor. O I'm dead. *Sat.* But I was *quick.*
There's a trick now for your trick.
Cor. My *Amarillis*, I am caught.
O come back. *Sat.* She hears thee not.
'Twill now behove thee to be ſtrong.
Cor. O me, my hair! *Sat.* I have ſo long
Stood angling for thee in my Boat,
At laſt th'art ſtrook. 'Tis not thy coat,
'Tis thy hair (Siſter) this. *Cor.* To me
This uſage (*Satyr?*) *Sat.* Yes, to thee,
Coriſca, or I am miſtaken:
That Miſtreſs in the art of making
The fine-ſpun lyes, that ſells ſo dear,
Falſe words, falſe hopes, and a falſe leer?
She that ſo often hath betraid me;
She that ſo many fools hath made me
At every turn: the ſorcereſs,
The cheat *Coriſca?* *Cor.* I confeſs,
I am *Coriſca*; but not ſhe
Now, that was once ſo lov'd by thee,
My gentile *Satyr.* *Sat.* Pray ſince when
Am *I gentile?* I was not then

When me for *Coridon* thou didſt change.
Cor. Thee for another? *Sat.* See how ſtrange
She makes it now! I warrant then
This is great news to thee; and when
Thou mad'ſt me *Silvia*'s Buskins ſteal,
The Bow of *Lilla*, *Cloris* Veil,
And *Daphne*'s Gown, that were to be
The price of love, which promis'd me,
Thou gav'ſt another: and when that
Fair wreath I on thy head did plat,
Thou upon *Niſo* didſt beſtow;
And when thou mad'ſt me (cold as ſnow)
Watch many a night out at the Fountain,
The Cave, Wood-ſide, and foot o'th' Mountain,
And for my pains didſt laugh at me,
Did I then ſeem *gentile* to thee?
Ah thief! But now as I am here,
I'll make thee pay thy whole arrear.
Cor. O me! Thou dragg'ſt me like a beaſt.
Sat. I drag thee like thy ſelf then. Wreſt
Thy neck out of the collar now;
Give me the ſlip if thou know'ſt how.
Fox, though thy craft the time before
Did ſave thee, it ſhall do't no more.
For this I'm ſure thou canſt not 'ſcape,
Unleſs thou leave thy head i'th' trap.
Cor. Yet give me ſo much time I pray,
As for my ſelf to anſwer. *Sat.* Say.
Cor. How can I if thou hold me ſo?
Sat. 'Tis likely I ſhould let thee go.

Cor. I'll gage my faith not to go hence.
Sat. What faith? Haſt thou the impudence
(Perfidious woman) to name faith
To me? I'll bear thee where there hath
No Sun, much leſs the feet of men
Approacht, unto the horrid'ſt den
Of all this Mountain: there——(but I
Will act the reſt) to mine own joy
And thy diſhonour, I will kerve
Such vengeance as thy faults deſerve.
Cor. Canſt thou then (cruel) to this hair (which has
Ty'd faſt thy heart) unto this face (which was
Once thy delight) to this *Coriſca* (then
More dear to thee than thine own life was when
Thou ſwar'ſt by that, that thou couldſt find it ſweet
On her behalf, ev'n death it ſelf to meet)
Canſt thou once think to offer injury,
I ſay, to her? O Heav'ns! O Deſtiny!
Whom have I hop'd in? whom can I believe
Again? *Sat.* Ah Syren! think'ſt thou to deceive
Me ſtill? ſtill rock me with thy flatt'ring charms?
Cor. My ſweet dear *Satyr*, do no harm
To her that loves thee. Thou art not a beaſt,
Nor haſt a marble or a flinty breſt:
Behold me at thy feet! O pardon me,
If ever I (by chance) offended thee,
My Idol. By thoſe ſinewy and more
Than humane knees, which claſping I adore;
By that rough manly viſage; by that dear
Affection which thou once to me didſt bear;

By

By the ſweet influence of thoſe eyes which thou
Wert wont to call two Stars (two fountains now)
By theſe ſalt tears which trickle down ſo faſt,
Pity me now, and let me go. *Sat.* Thou haſt me
Mov'd me (I muſt confeſs) and I were gone,
If I ſhould hearken to affection.
But to be ſhort, I do not credit thee;
Thou art too full of wiles and tricks for me,
And he that takes thy word, believes his ſnares:
Beneath this humble ſhew, beneath theſe pray'rs
There's hid *Coriſca: Thou* canſt never be
Another. Struggling ſtill? *Cor.* My head, O me!
Ah cruel! ſtay a little longer yet,
And grant me but one favour. *Sat.* What is it?
Cor. Hear me a little more. *Sat.* Thou hopeſt now
With flatt'ries and ſqueez'd tears to make me bow.
Cor. Ah courteous Satyr! wilt thou kerve in me
Such cruel vengeance? *Sat.* Come, and thou ſhalt ſee.
Cor. And take no pity of me? *Sat.* None at all.
Cor. But art thou firm in this? *Sat.* As a Braſs-wall.
Is this charm ended? *Cor.* O thou baſe, and not
To be exampled Rogue; half man, half goat,
And all a beaſt; thou Carrion that doth ſtink,
By-blow and bluſh of Nature; If thou think
Coriſca loves thee not, thou think'ſt the truth:
What ſhould ſhe love in ſuch a comely youth?
That fair Stags-head? that Chimney-ſweepers broom?
Goats-ears? that grave of rottenneſs and rheum
Which once had bones in't? *Sat.* This to me,
Thou wicked Varlet? *Cor.* Ev'n to thee.

Sat. To me, thou Scold? *Cor.* To thee, thou Goat,
Sat. And with theſe pincers pull I not
Thy barking tongue out? *Cor.* Would thou durſt
Come near't, there's that will ſcour their ruſt.
Sat. A paltry woman, and in ſuch
Condition (being in my clutch)
To injure me! and dare me too!
I will——*Cor.* Baſe ſlave, what wilt thou do?
Sat. Eat thee alive I will. *Cor.* Where be
The teeth to do't? *Sat.* Heav'n, doſt thou ſee
And ſuffer this! But if I do not
Chaſtiſe thee—Come along. *Cor.* I wo'not.
Sat. Wo'not, my Miſtreſs Malapert?
Cor. Wo'not in ſpight of thy foul heart.
Sat. That ſhall be ſeen; Come, or I ſwear,
This arm I'll from thy ſhoulder tear.
Cor. Tear my head off, I wo'not go
One foot. *Sat.* Art thou reſolved ſo?
Let's ne'er diſpute then any longer,
But put to tryal whether's ſtronger,
And faſter on, thy neck-piece, or
My arm.——Thy hands to help too? Nor
Are theſe (perverſe one) enough guard.
Cor. That ſhall be try'd. *Sat.* It ſhall. *Cor.* Pull hard.
Satyr adieu, get thy neck ſet. *Sat.* O me!
How I am ſhatter'd! O my head! my knee!
O my back-bone! my thigh! what a vile fall
Was here! to get upon my legs is all
I have the power to do. But can it be
That ſhe ſhould fly, and leave her head with me?

O

O marvellous! ye Nymphs and Shepherds run,
Flock hither to behold a wonder; one
That runs away without her head, by skill
In Magick. Hah! how light it is! how ill
Peopled with brains! How comes it that I ſee
None of the blood ſpirt forth? But ſtay; let me
Peruſe it better. O thou ſtock! thou ſtone!
Thou haſt no head, if thou think ſhe hath none.
Was ever any man ſo fool'd? See now
If ſhe had not a trick to 'ſcape, when thou
Thought'ſt her moſt ſure! Thou all made up of wiles,
Was't not enough thy heart, thy face, thy ſmiles,
Thy looks and ſpeeches falſified were,
But thou muſt likewiſe falſifie thy hair?
The glowing Amber, and the flowing Gold,
Which you (mad Poets) ſo extol, behold!
Bluſh, bluſh now at your errour, and recant
Your thred-bare theam; in ſtead whereof, go paint
The arts of a deform'd and impious Witch
Breaking up Sepulchres by night, from which
She ſteals the hair that upon Death's head grows,
To imp her own, which ſhe ſo neatly does,
That ſhe hath made you praiſe what ye ſhould more
Than dire *Megara*'s ſnaky locks abhor.
Theſe (*Lovers*) are your gyves (I take it) too!
Look on 'em Idiots: and if (as you
Proteſt) your hearts are faſtned to theſe hairs,
Now every one may without ſighs or tears
Come by his own. But why do I forbear
To publiſh her diſgrace? Surely that hair,

Which

Which ſtuck with Stars adorns the Azure Skie,—
Never ſo famous was as this; and ſhe
Much more that wore it by my tongue ſhall be
Made infamous to all poſterity. —

Chorus.

AH! 'Twas a grievous fault in her, (the cauſe
Of all our ſorrows) who, the ſacred Laws
Of Love offending, by her breach of troth,
Kindled againſt this Land the mortal wrath
Of the immortal Gods, which not a Flood
Of general tears, nor ſo much guiltleſs blood
" Can quench yet or abate; ſo high a price
" Unſpotted Faith, (Expeller of all vice,
" And moſt undoubted Argument to prove
" A mind deſcended nobly) bears above.
" And ſuch a care to plant love in his creature,
" By which we deifie our humane Nature)
" Hath the eternal Lover. O thoſe blind
Miſtaken Mortals, who addict their mind
To wealth, (for which affection's baſely ſold)
Watching the carcaſe of their coffin'd gold,
Like a pale Ghoſt that-walks about his grave!
Or why ſhould beauty our free hearts enſlave?
" Theſe are dead loves; the living and divine,
" Is where two ſouls by vertue do combine.
" No outward object can with reaſon move
" The heart to love it, 'cauſe it cannot love:

" Only

" *Only the ſoul, 'cauſe that can love again,*
" *Deſerves a love, deſerves a Lovers pain.*
Well may that kiſs be ſweet that's giv'n t' a ſleek
And fragrant Roſe of a Vermilion cheek;
And underſtanding taſters (as are true
And happy Lovers) will commend that too.
'Tis a dead kiſs, ſay I, and muſt be poor,
Which the place kiſt hath no means to reſtore.
But the ſweet ecchoing, and the Dove-like billing
Of two encountring Mouths, when both are willing;
And when at once both Loves advance their bows,
Their ſhafts drawn home, at once ſound at the looſe,
(How ſweet is ſuch Revenge!) This is true kiſſing,
Where there is one for t' other without miſſing
A minute of the time, or taking more
Than that which in the taking they reſtore.
Where by an interchange of amorous bliſſes,
At the ſame time they ſow and gather kiſſes.
Kiſs a red ſwelling lip, then kiſs a wriſt,
A breſt, a forehead, or what elſe thou liſt,
No part of a fair Nymph ſo juſt will be,
Except the lip, to pay this kiſs to thee.
Thither your ſouls come ſallying forth, and they
Kiſs too, and by the wandring pow'rs convey
Life into ſmacking Rubies, and transfuſe
Into the love ſprightly kiſs their uſe
Of reaſon; ſo that ye diſcourſe together
In kiſſes, which with little noiſe deliver
Much matter; and ſweet ſecrets, which he ſpells,
Who is a Lover; Gibbriſh to all elſe.

Like

Like life, like mutual joy they feel where Love
With equal flames as with two wings doth move.
" And as where lips kiſs lips is the beſt Kiſs:
" So where one's lov'd, to love, beſt loving is.

Actus Tertius.

Scena Prima.

Mirtillo.

SPring, the years youth, fair Mother of new flowers,
New leaves, new loves, drawn by the winged hours,
Thou art return'd; but the felicity
Thou brought'ſt me laſt is not return'd with thee,
Thou art return'd, but nought returns with thee,
Save my loſt joys regretful memory.
Thou art the ſelf-ſame thing thou wert before,
As fair and jocund: but I am no more
The thing I was, ſo gracious in her ſight,
Who is Heav'ns Maſter-piece, and Earths delight,
" O bitter-ſweets of Love! Far worſe it is
" To loſe, than never to have taſted bliſs.
" But O how ſweet were Love, if it could not
" Be loſt, or being loſt could be forgot!
Though if my hopes (as mine are wont to be)
Are not of glaſs, or my love make me ſee

Them through a multiplying glaſs; If I
Be not deceiv'd both by my ſelf, and by
Another: Here I ſhall that Sun behold
Which I adore, impart her beams of gold
To my bleſt ſight, behold her flying feet
Stop at my ſad notes: here upon the ſweet
Food of that lovely face I ſhall ſuffice,
After a tedious faſt, my greedy eyes.
Here, here behold that proud one on me turn
Her ſparkling lamps, if not to light, to burn.
And if not fraught with amorous delight,
So kindly cruel as to kill outright.
Yet were't but juſt, that after ſo much pain
As I have hitherto endur'd in vain,
Thou Love at length ſhouldſt make the Sun appear
To this benighted Earth ſerene and clear.
Hither *Ergaſto* did direct me, where
Coriſca and my *Amarillis* were
To play at Blind-man-buff: but I can find
In this place nothing but my love that's blind,
And ſo deceiv'd, miſled by a falſe guide
To ſeek that light which is to me deny'd.
Pray Heav'n my hard and envious fate beneath
This ſugred Pill now have not hid my death.
This tedious ſtay afflicts me: "For to thoſe
"That go to meet their Loves, each moment ſhows
"An age. Perchance I have arriv'd too late,
And made for me too long *Coriſca* wait:
Yet I made haſte. Now wo is me! If I
Have done this fault, I will lie down and die.

SCENA

SCENA SECUNDA.

Amarillis, Mirtillo, Chorus of Nymphs, Coriſca.

Am. BEhold *the Buff*! *Mirt.* O ſight! *Am.* Come on. *Mirt.* O voice!
That makes my heart both tremble and rejoice.
Am. What do you do? *Liſetta*, where art thou,
That wert ſo eager of this ſport but now?
And thou, *Coriſca*, whither gone? *Mir.* I find
Now it is true indeed, that Love is blind.
Am. You there that are appointed for my guides,
To hand and to ſupport me on both ſides,
Before the reſt of our Companions come,
Out of theſe trees conduct me to field-room:
Then leaving me alone amidſt the plain,
Amongſt our other fellows herd again:
So joining all together, make a ring
About me round, and let the ſport begin.
Mir. But what ſhall I do? Yet I cannot ſee
Of what advantage this ſhould be to me
In my deſires; nor ſee I my North-ſtar,
Coriſca: Succour me, bleſt Heav'n! *Am.* O are
Ye come at laſt? ye wantons, did you mean
Only to blind my eyes? Begin now then.

Chor. *Love, thou art not blind, I know,*
" *But doſt only appear ſo*

" *T*

"To blind us: if thy ſight's ſmall,
"Thou haſt, I'm ſure no faith at all.
Blind or not, thou try'ſt in vain
Me into thy net to train.
And to keep out of thy pound,
Off I get, and traverſe ground.
Blind as thou art, thou couldſt ſee more
Than Argus *hundred eyes of yore.*
Thou couldſt ſee (blind as thou art)
Well enough to hit my heart.
But I were a fool indeed,
Should I truſt thee now I am freed.
Sport with thee henceforth that will;
'Tis a ſport with thee to kill.

Am. I, but with too much wearineſs you play:
Ye ſhould ſtrike firſt, and after get away.
Approach me, touch me, and yet ſhalt not fly
Me then. *Mir.* O ye high Gods! in Heav'n am I?
Or Earth? O Heav'ns! do your eternal rounds
Move in ſuch order, warble ſuch ſweet ſounds?

Cho. *Well, blind Archer, ſince thou ſtill*
Urgeſt me to play, I will.
Now I clap thy ſhoulder hard:
Now I flee unto my guard:
Strike, and run, and ſtrike again,
And thou wheel'ſt about in vain.
Now I pinch thee, now remove:
And have at thee now blind love.

Yet

Yet thou canſt not light on me;
Why? becauſe my heart is free.

Am. In faith, *Licoris*, I had ſurely thought
T'ave caught thee there, and 'twas a Tree I caught.
I, doſt thou laugh? *Mir.* Would I had been that Tree.
But do I not *Coriſca* hidden ſee
Amongſt thoſe brakes? and ſhe makes ſigns as who
Should ſay, that ſomething ſhe would have me do.

Cho. " *A free heart makes a nimble heel.*
Ah Traytor! doſt thou tempt me ſtill
With thy flattering falſe delight?
Thus then I renew the fight.
Slaſh, and flie, and turn, and ſhove;
And about again blind Love:
Yet thou canſt not light on me;
Why? becauſe my heart is free.

Am. Would thou wert pull'd up by the Root, baſe
That I ſhould ever thus be catching thee! (Tree!
Deceived by the dancing of a bough,
I did ſuppoſe I'd had *Eliza* now.
Mir. *Coriſca* ſtill is making ſigns to me,
And looks as ſhe were angry; perhaps ſhe (I play
Would have me mix with thoſe Nymphs. *Am.* Muſt
With nothing but with Trees then all this day?
Cor. I muſt come forth and ſpeak, or he'll not ſtir--
To her (White-liver) and lay hold on her.
Why doſt thou gape? to have her run into
Thy mouth? At leaſt, if that thou dar'ſt not do,

Let

Let her lay hold of thee. Come, give me here
This dart, and go to meet her fool. *Mir.* How near
To impotence is ſtrong deſire! O Love!
That thou ſhouldſt make a man a coward prove!
Am. Play but once more, for now I weary grow.
Troth y'are to blame for making me run ſo.

Chor. *That triumphant God ſurvey,*
To whom amorous mortals pay
Impious tribute! See him ſnaffeld!
See him laught at! see him baffeld!
As a hooded Hawk or Owl
With light blinded, when the fowl
With their armies flock about her,
Some to beat, and ſome to flout her;
She in vain doth rouze and peck
This and that way with her beak:
So we baffle and deride
Thee (blind Love) on ev'ry ſide.
One doth pinch thy elbow black;
T' other has thee by the back;
And thy baiting does no good,
Nor thy pecking through thy hood,
Nor thy ſtretching out thy claws.
"But ſweet meats have ſowr ſawce.
"Birds are caught by playing thus:
"So do Nymphs grow amorous.

Scena Tertia.

Amarillis, Coriſca, Mirtillo.

Am. I'Faith, *Aglaura*, art thou caught at laſt?
Thou'dſt fain be gone, but I will hold thee faſt.
Cor. Surely, unleſs at unawares by main
Strength I had thruſt him on her, I in vain
Had tyr'd my ſelf to make him thither go.
Am. Thou wilt not ſpeak now: Art thou ſhe or no?
Cor. I lay his Dart here by him, and unto
My buſh return, t' obſerve what will enſue.
Am. Thou art *Coriſca*, now it is moſt clear;
I know thee by thy tallneſs and ſhort hair.
'Twas thee I wiſh'd to catch; that I might uſe thee
Juſt as I liſt, and thus, and thus abuſe thee;
And thus, and thus. Not yet? But ſince 'twas thou
That boundſt me, do thou too unbind me now:
Quickly, (my heart) and thou ſhalt have of me
The ſweeteſt kiſs that e'er was given thee.
What doſt thou ſtick at? thy hand trembles: what,
Art thou ſo weary? If thy nails will not,
Let thy teeth do't: come, Fumbler, let me ſee;
I can my ſelf untangle without thee.
Fie, how with knots on knots it is perplext?
The beſt on't is, thou muſt be blinded next.
So, now 'tis loos'd: Hah! whom have we here?
Traitor avaunt. I am unſpirited. *Mir.* Dear
Soul,

Soul, do not ſtrive to go away. *Am.* Unhand
(Forcer of Nymphs) unhand me, I command.
Ay me! *Aglaura* and *Eliza* tarry,
Betrayers of my innocence, where are ye?——
Unhand me, Villain. *Mir.* I obey. *Am.* This plot
Coriſca laid: Now tell her what th'aſt got.
Mir. O whither fly'ſt thou Cruel? ere thou go,
Banquet thy eyes yet with my death: for lo,
I pierce my boſom with this Dart. *Am.* Ay me!
What wilt thou do? *Mir* That which it troubles thee
Perchance (dire Nymph) that any ſhould be ſed
T' have done, but thou. *Am.* (Ay me! I'm almoſt dead.)
Mir. And if this action to thy hand be due,
Behold the weapon and the breſt! *Am.* 'Tis true,
Thou haſt deſerv'd it of me. What could move
Thy heart to ſuch a high preſumption? *Mir.* Love.
Am. "Love never cauſes rudeneſs. *Mir.* Then con-
"I was in love, becauſe I was not rude: (clude,
For if within thy arms thou caught'ſt me firſt,
I cannot well with rudeneſs be aſperſt,
Since with ſo fair an opportunitie
To be audacious, and to uſe with thee
The Laws of Love, I had ſuch power yet over
My ſelf, I ev'n forgot I was a Lover.
Am. Upbraid me not with what I blind did do.
Mir. I being in Love was blinder of the two.
Am. "Pray'r & ſweet language diſcreet Lovers uſe
"To win their loves; not theſts and cheats, t' abuſe.
Mir. As a wild beaſt enrag'd with want of food,
Ruſhes on travellers out of the wood:

So I, that only live on thy fair eyes,
Since that lov'd-fool thy cruelty denies,
Or elſe my Fate, if like a ravenous Lover,
Ruſhing to day upon thee from this Cover,
Where I had long been famiſht, I did prove
One ſtratagem to ſave my life, (which Love
Prompted me to) then blame not, cruel Maid,
Me, but thy ſelf; for if (as thou haſt ſaid)
Prayer and ſweet language only ſhould be us'd
By diſcreet Lovers, which thou haſt refus'd
To hear from me; thou by thy crueltie,
Thou by thy flight mad'ſt me I could not be
A diſcreet Lover. *Am.* If th'adſt gi'n her over
That fled from thee, th'adſt been a diſcreet Lover.
But know, thou perſecuteſt me in vain; (daign
What wouldſt thou have of me? *Mir.* I'd have thee
Once ere I die to hear me. *Am.* See! as ſoon
As thou haſt askt, thou haſt receiv'd the boon.
Now then be gone. *Mir.* Ah Nymph! I've ſcarcely yet
Pour'd one ſmall drop out to thee of the great
Sea of my tears. If not for pities ſake,
Yet for the pleaſure thou therein wilt take,
Liſt' to a dying mans laſt accents. *Am.* Well,
To ſhun more trouble, and thy hopes to quell,
To hear thee I'm content. But this before;
Say little, quickly, part, and come no more.
Mir. Thou doſt command me, cruel'ſt Nymph, to
In volume too too ſmall, that unconfin'd (bind
Deſire, which ſcarcely humane thought (though it
Be as the ſoul that holds it, infinit)
Hath line to fathom,

That I do love thee more than I do love
My life, (if thou doubt'ſt, Cruel) ask this Grove,
And that will tell thee; and with it each beaſt,
Each ſtupid ſtock there can the ſame atteſt;
Each ſtone of theſe high mountains, which ſo oft
I with the voice of my complaints made ſoft.
But what need I call any witneſs elſe
To prove my love, where ſo much beauty dwells?
Behold theſe flowers which make low earth ſo proud!
Thoſe Stars which nail Heavens pavement! all theſe (crowd
Into one ring: A beauty like that ſame
Is the high cauſe and forcer of my flame.
For as by Nature Water doth deſcend,
The Fire unto the higher Regions tend,
The Air obliquely ſpread it ſelf, the Ground
Lie ſtill, and Heaven about all theſe turn round:
So naturally do I encline to thee,
As to my chiefeſt good; ſo naturally
To thoſe lov'd beauties (as unto her ſole)
With all her wing'd affections flies my ſoul.
And he that ſhould imagine he had force
Her from her deareſt object to divorce,
Might with as much facility command
The Air, the Fire, the Water and the Land,
The Heavens too from their accuſtom'd track,
And make the Pillars of the World to crack.
But ſince thou bidſt me ſay but little, I
Shall ſay but little, ſaying that *I die:*
And ſhall do leſs in dying, ſince I ſee
How much my death is coveted by thee.

Yet I ſhall do (alas) all that is left
For me to do, of hopes in love bereft.
But (cruel Soul) when I am in my grave,
Some pity then upon my ſufferings have.
Ah! fair and lov'd, and that wert once the ſweet
Cauſe of my life (whilſt Heav'n thought it meet)
Turn thoſe bright lamps upon me, as beni'ne
And pitiful as ere I ſaw them ſhine,
Once ere I die, that I may die in peace.
Let thoſe fair amiable eyes releaſe
My life, now bitter, which once ſweetned it;
And thoſe bright Stars, which my loves torches li't,
Light too my Funeral-tapers, and forerun,
As once my riſing, now my ſetting Sun.
But thou more hard than ere thou wert before,
Feel'ſt yet no ſpark of pity; but art more
Stiff with my pray'rs. Muſt I then talk alone?
Wretch that I am, diſcourſe I to a ſtone?
Say, *Die*, at leaſt, if nothing elſe thou'lt ſay;
And thou ſhalt ſee me die. O Love! what way
Canſt thou not plague me? when this Nymph that's (nurſt
In cruelty, and for my blood did thirſt,
Finding my death would now a favour be,
Ev'n that ſad favour doth deny to me?
Nor will reply a ſyllable, or daign
One ſtabbing word to put me out of pain?

Am. To anſwer thee if I had promiſed,
As well as hear thee, this were juſtly ſed.
Thou call'ſt me cruel, hoping, that to ſhun
That vice, into the contrary I'll run,

But

But know, my ears are not ſo tickled
With that (by me ſo little merited,
And leſs deſired) praiſe thou giv'ſt to me
Of beauty, as to hear my ſelf by thee
"Stil'd Cruel; which to be to any other,
"I grant were vice; 'tis vertue to a Lover:
"And what thou harſhneſs call'ſt and cruelty,
"Is in a woman perfect honeſty.
But ſay, that ev'n t' a Lover 'twere a ſin;
Yet tell me, when hath *Amarillis* been
Cruel to thee? Was't then when juſtice bad
To uſe no pity; yet on thee I had
So much, that I from death deliver'd thee?
I mean, when 'mongſt a noble companie
Of modeſt Virgins mingled, thou didſt cover
With a Maids habit a libidinous Lover:
And, our chaſte ſports polluting, didſt intrude
'Mongſt kiſſes feign'd and innocent, thy lewd
And wanton kiſſes, (ſuch an act, as yet
I bluſh as oft as I but think on it.)
But at that time I knew thee not, (Heav'n knows)
And when I did, my indignation roſe.
Thy wantonneſs I from my mind did keep,
And ſuffer'd not the amorous plague to creep
To my chaſte heart: on my lips outer skin
The poyſon ſuck, but none of it got in.
"A mouth that's kiſt perforce,
"If it ſpit out the kiſs, is ne'er the worſe.
But what wouldſt thou by that bold theft have got,
If I had to thoſe Nymphs diſcover'd what

Thou wert? the *Thracian* women never tore
And murther'd *Orpheus* ſo on *Hebrus* ſhore,
As they had thee, unleſs her clemencie,
Whom thou call'ſt cruel, now had reſcu'd thee.
But ſhe is not ſo cruel as ſhe ought
To be: for if when ſhe is cruel thought
Thy boldneſs is ſo great, what would it be
If ſhe were judged pitiful by thee?
That honeſt pity which I could, I gave;
Other it is in vain for thee to crave,
Or hope; "For amorous pity ſhe can ill
"Beſtow, who gave it all to one that will
"Give her none back. If thou my Lover be,
Love my good name, my life, my honeſtie.
Thou ſeek'ſt impoſſibles; I am a ward
To Heaven, Earth watches me, and my reward
If I tranſgreſs, is death: but moſt of all,
Vertue defends me with a brazen wall.
"For ſhe that is protected by her honour,
"Scorns there ſhould be a ſafer guard upon her.
Look to thy ſafety then, and do not give
Battel to me, *Mirtillo*: flie, and live,
If thou be wiſe. "For out of ſenſe of ſmart
"T'abandon life, argues but a faint heart.
"And 'tis the part of vertue to abſtain
"From what we love, if it will prove our bane.
Mir. "He that no longer can reſiſt, muſt yield.
Am. "Where vertue is, all paſſions quit the field.
Mir. "Love triumphs over vertue. *Am.* Let that man
"That cannot what he will, will what he can.

Mir.

Mir. "Neceſſity of loving hath no Law. (draw.
Am. "Loves wounds will heal, which ſalves of abſence
Mir. "We fly in vain what we about us carry.
Am. "Love drives out love like following billows: Marry.
Mir. Strange levity in me thou doſt preſume.
Am. "If all ways fail, time will thy love conſume.
Mir. But firſt my love will have conſumed me.
Am. Is there no cure then for thy malady?
Mir. No cure at all but that which death affords.
Am. Death? let me ſpeak then; and be ſure theſe (words
Be as a charm unto thee: though I know
"When Lovers talk of dying, it doth ſhow
"An amorous cuſtom rather of the tongue,
"Than a reſolve of mind (continuing long)
"To do't indeed; yet if thou ere ſhouldſt take
So ſtrange a frenzie; know, when thou doſt make
Away thy ſelf, thou murther'ſt my fame too:
Live then (if thou doſt love me) and adieu:
I ſhall eſteem thee henceforth moſt diſcreet,
If thou take care we two may never meet.
Mir. Sad doom! without my life how can I live?
Or without death end to my torments give?
Am. *Mirtillo*, 'Tis high time thou went'ſt away,
Thou haſt already made too long a ſtay;
Be gone; and take this cordial along,
"Of hopeleſs Lovers there's a numerous throng:
"There is no wound but carries with it pain,
And there are others may of love complain.
Mir. I know I'm not the only man hath loſt
His Love; but only wretched I am toſt

'Twixt

'Twixt life and death; of whom it may be ſed,
That I am neither living, nor yet dead.
Am. Be gone, be gone. *Mir.* O woful parting! O
End of my days! from thee how can I go,
And yet not die? The pangs of death I'm ſure
I feel, and all that parting ſouls endure.
For mine, 'tis paſt into my griefs: Hence I
Have ceas'd to live, thoſe live immortally.

SCENA QUARTA.

Amarillis.

Mirtillo, O *Mirtillo!* couldſt thou ſee
That heart which thou condemn'ſt of crueltie,
(Soul of my ſoul) thou unto it wouldſt ſhow
That pity which thou begg'ſt from it I know.
O ill ſtarr'd Lovers! what avails it me
To have thy love? T'have mine, what boots it thee?
Whom Love hath join'd, why doſt thou ſeparate,
Malicious Fate! and two divorc'd by Fate,
Why join'ſt thou perverſe Love! How bleſt are you,
Wild beaſts, that are in loving ty'd unto
No Laws but thoſe of Love! whilſt humane Laws,
Inhumanely condemn us for that cauſe.
"O why, if this be ſuch a natural
"And powerful paſſion, was it capital!
"Nature too frail, that doſt with Law contend!
"Law too ſevere, that Nature doſt offend!

But

"But what? they love but little who death fear.
Ah, my *Mirtillo!* would to Heav'n that were
"The only penalty. Vertue which art
"The binding'ſt Law to an ingenuous heart,
This inclination which in me I feel,
Lanc'd with the ſharp point of thy holy ſteel,
To thee I ſacrifice; and pardon (dear
Mirtillo) her, that's only cruel, where
She muſt not pity. Pardon thy fierce foe
In looks and words: but in her heart not ſo.
Or if addicted to revenge thou be,
What greater vengeance canſt thou take on me,
Than thine own grief? For if thou be my heart,
(As in deſpight of Heav'n and Earth thou art)
Thy ſighs my vital ſpirits are, the flood
Of tears which follows is my vital blood,
And all theſe pangs, and all theſe groans of thine,
Are not thy pangs, are not thy groans, but mine.

SCENA QUINTA.

Coriſca, Amarillis.

Cor. SIſter, no more diſſembling. *Am.* Wo is me!
I am diſcover'd. *Cor.* I heard all: now ſee,
Was I a Witch? I did believe (my Heart)
Thou wert in love; now I am ſure thou art.
And wouldſt thou keep from me? thy Cloſet? tuſh,
This is a common evil, never bluſh.

Am.

Am. *Coriſca*, I am conquer'd, (I confeſs 't.)
Cor. No, now I know't, deny it thou wert beſt.
Am. "Alas! I knew a womans heart would prove
"Too ſmall a veſſel for o'er-flowing love.
Cor. Cruel to thy *Mirtillo!* but unto
Thy ſelf much more! *Am.* 'Tis cruelty that grew
"From pity. *Cor.* Poiſon ne'er was known to grow
"From wholſom root: What diff'rence canſt thou (ſhow
'Twixt ſuch a cruelty as doth offend,
And ſuch a pity as no help will lend?
Am. Ay me, *Coriſca!* *Cor.* 'Tis a vanity
(Siſter) to ſigh, an imbecility
Of mind, and taſtes too much of woman. *Am.* Wert
Not crueller to nouriſh in his heart
A hopeleſs love? To fly him is a ſigne
I have compaſſion of his caſe and mine.
Cor. But why a hopeleſs love? *Am.* Doſt thou not
I am contracted unto *Silvio?* (know
Doſt thou not know beſides what the Law ſaith,
'Tis death in any woman that breaks faith?
Cor. O fool! and is this all ſtands in thy way?
Whether is ancienter with us (I pray)
"The Law of *Dian*, or of Love? this laſt
"Is born with us, and it grows up as faſt
"As we do, *Amarillis*; 'tis not writ,
"Nor taught by Maſters, Nature printed it
"In humane hearts with her own powerful hand:
"Both gods and men are under Loves command.
Am. But if that Law my life away ſhould take,
Can this of Love a reſtitution make?

Cor.

Cor. Thou art too nice; if women all were ſuch,
And on theſe ſcruples ſhould inſiſt ſo much,
Good days adieu. I hold them ſimple ſouls,
Will live obnoxious to ſuch poor comptrolls.
"Laws are not for the wiſe: if to be kind
Should merit death, *Jove* help the cruel mind!
But if fools fall into thoſe ſnares, 'tis fit
They be forbid to ſteal, who have not wit
"To hide their theft. For honeſty is but
"An art, an honeſt gloſs on vice to put.
Think others as they liſt, thus I conceive.
Am. Theſe rotten grounds, *Coriſca*, will deceive.
"What I can't hold, 'tis wiſdom ſoon to quit.
Cor. "And who forbids thee fool? our life doth flit
"Too faſt away to loſe one jot of it;
"And men ſo ſquemiſh and ſo curious grown,
"That two of our new Lovers make not one
"O'th' old. We are no longer for their tooth,
"(Believe't) than while w'are new. Bate us our youth,
"Bate us our beauty, and like hollow Trees
"Which had been ſtuff'd with honey by the Bees,
"If that by licouriſh hands away be ta'ne,
"Dry and deſpiſed Trunks we ſhall remain.
Therefore let them have leave to babble what
They pleaſe, as thoſe who know nor reckon not
What the poor woman *Amarillis* bears,
Our caſe, alas! is differing much from theirs.
"Men in perfection as in age increaſe;
"Wiſdom ſupplies the loſs of handſomneſs:
"But when our youth and beauty (which alone
"Conquers the ſtrength and wit of men) are gone,

"All's

" All's gone with us; nor canſt thou poſſibly
" Say a worſe thing, or to be pardon'd thee
" More hardly, than *Old Woman.* Then before
Thou ſplit on that inevitable ſhore,
Know thine own worth, and do not be ſo mad,
As when thou mayſt live merry, to live ſad.
What would the Lyon's ſtrength boot him, or wit
Avail a man, unleſs he uſed it?
Our beauty is to us that which to men
Wit is, or ſtrength unto the Lyon. Then

" *Let us uſe it whilſt we may;*
" *Snatch thoſe joys that haſte away.*
" *Earth her Winter-coat may caſt,*
" *And renew her beauty paſt;*
" *But, our Winter come, in vain*
" *We ſollicite Spring again:*
" *And when our Furrows Snow ſhall cover,*
" *Love may return, but never Lover.*

Am. Thou ſayſt all this only to try me ſure,
Not that thy thoughts are ſuch. But reſt ſecure,
Unleſs the way thou unto me ſhalt ſhow
Be a plain way, and warrantable too
To break this Match; I am reſolv'd to die
A thouſand deaths, ere ſtain my honeſtie.
Cor. More wilful woman I did never know.
But ſince thou art ſo reſolved, be it ſo.
Tell me, good *Amarillis*, ſeriouſly,
Doſt thou ſuppoſe thy *Silvio* ſets by

His

His faith as much as thou thy honeſtie.
Am. Thou mak'ſt me laugh at this: wherein ſhould he
Expreſs a faith, who is to love a foe?
Cor. Love's foe? O fool! thou know'ſt not *Silvio*,
He is the ſtill Sow, he. O thoſe coy ſouls!
Believe them not: the deep ſtream ſilent rowls.
"No theft in love, ſo ſubtil, ſo ſecure,
"As to hide ſin by ſeeming to be pure.
In ſhort, thy *Silvio* loves: but 'tis not thee
(Siſter) he loves. *Am.* What Goddeſs may ſhe be?
For certainly ſhe is no mortal Dame,
That could the heart of *Silvio* inflame. (thou ſaid?
Cor. Nor Goddeſs, nor yet Nymph. *Am.* What haſt
Cor. Doſt thou know my *Liſetta*? *Am.* Who? the Maid
That tends thy flocks? *Cor.* The ſame. *Am.* It cannot be
She, I am ſure, *Coriſca*. *Cor.* Very ſhe,
I can aſſure thee ſhe is all his joy.
Am. A proper choice for one that was ſo coy.
Cor. But wilt thou know how he doth pine away,
And languiſh for this Jewel? Every day
He feigns to go a hunting. *Am.* Every morn
Soon as it dawns I hear his curſed horn.
Cor. And juſt at noon, when others are i'th' heat
Of all the ſport, he doth by ſtealth retreat
From his Companions, and comes all alone
Unto my garden by a way unknown:
Where underneath a haw-thorn hedges ſhade,
(Which doth the garden fence about) the Maid
Hears his hot ſighs, and amorous pray'rs, which ſhe
Comes laughing afterwards, and tells to me.

Now

Now hear what I to ſerve thee've thought upon;
Or rather, what I have already done.
I think thou know'ſt, that *the ſame Law which hath*
Enjoyn'd the woman to obſerve her faith
To her betrothed, likewiſe doth enact,
That if the woman catch him in the fact
Of falſhood, ſpight of friends ſhe may deny
To have him, and without diſloyalty
Marry another. *Am.* This I know full well;
And thereof ſome examples too could tell
Of my own knowledge; *Egle* having found
Licotas falſe, remain'd her ſelf unbound.
Armilla did from falſe *Turingo* ſo,
And *Phillida* from *Ligurino* go.
Cor. Now liſt' to me: My Maid (by me ſet on)
Hath bid her credulous Lover meet anon
In yonder Cave with her; whence he remains
The moſt contented of all living Swains,
And waits but th' hour: there thou ſhalt catch him;
I too will be witneſs of all to bear: (where
(For without this our plot would be in vain.)
So without any hazard, or leaſt ſtain
To thine, or to thy fathers honour, thou
Shalt free thy ſelf from this diſtaſteful vow.
Am. I like it rarely; but the way, the way,
Coriſca. *Cor.* Marry thus, (obſerve me pray)
I' th' middle of the Cave, (which narrow is,
And very long) upon the right hand lies
Another leſſer Grot (I know not whether
By Nature, or by Art, or both together
Made)

Made) in the hollow ſtone, whoſe ſlimy wall
Is hid with clinging Ivy, and a ſmall
Hole in the roof lets light in from above,
(Fit receptacles for the thefts of Love,
Yet chearful too enough) there thou ſhalt hide
Thy ſelf, and hidden in that place abide
Till the two Lovers come; I mean to ſend
Liſetta firſt, and after her, her friend,
Following his ſteps my ſelf aloof: And when
I ſhall perceive him ſtept into the den,
Ruſh after him will I. But leſt he ſhould
Eſcape from me: when I have laid faſt hold
Upon him, I will uſe *Liſetta*'s aid,
And joining both (for ſo the plot is laid
Between us two) together we will make
A cry, at which thou too ſhalt come, and take
The penalty o'th' Law 'gainſt *Silvio*.
Then my *Liſetta* and we too will go
Before the Prieſt; and ſo thou ſhalt untie
The Nuptial knot. *Am.* Before his Father? *Cor.* Why?
What matters that? Think'ſt thou *Montano*'s blood
Will ſtand in balance with his Countries good?
Or that his ſacred Function he'll neglect
For any carnal or profane reſpect?
Am. Go to then (ſetting all diſputes aſide)
I wink, and follow thee my faithful guide.
Cor. Then linger not (my heart) enter into
The Cave. *Am.* Unto the Temple firſt I'll go
"T' adore the gods: For unleſs Heaven give
"Succeſs, no mortal enterprize can thrive.

Cor. "To devout hearts all places Temples are:
It will loſe too much time. *Am.* In uſing pray'r
"To them that made time, time cannot be loſt.
Cor. Go, and return then quickly.—So almoſt
I'm paſt the bad way; only this delay
Gives me ſome cauſe of trouble; yet this may
Be of uſe too. Something there would be done
T'abuſe my honeſt Lover *Coridon.*
I'll ſay, I'll meet him in the Cave, and ſo
Will make him after *Amarillis* go.
This done, by a back way I'll thither ſend
The Prieſt of *Dian* her to apprehend:
Guilty ſhe will be found, and ſentenced
To death without all doubt. My Rival dead,
Mirtillo is mine own: His crueltie
To me being caus'd by's love to her. But ſee
The man! I'll ſound him till ſhe comes. Now riſe,
Riſe all my Love into my tongue and eyes.

SCENA SEXTA.

Mirtillo, Coriſca.

Mir. HEar, ye damn'd ſpirits that in Hell lament,
Hear a new ſort of pain and puniſhment.
See in a Turtles look a Tygers mind!
She, crueller than death, 'cauſe ſhe did find
One death would not ſuffice her bloody will,
And that to live, was to be dying ſtill,

Enjoyns

Enjoyns me not to make my ſelf away,
That I might die a thouſand times a day.
Cor. (I'll make as though I ſaw him not) I hear
A doleful voice pierce my relenting ear,
Who ſhould it be? *Mirtillo*, is it thou? (how
Mir. I would it were my ghoſt. *Cor.* Well, well: but
(And tell me true) thy ſelf now doſt thou find,
Since to thy deareſt Nymph thou brak'ſt thy mind?
Mir. As one who in a feaver caſt,
Forbidden liquor long'd to taſte,
If gotten, ſets it to his mouth,
And quenches life, but cannot drouth:
So I, with amorous feaver long
Conſumed, from her eyes and tongue
Sweet poiſon ſuck'd, which leaves me more
Enflamed than I was before.
Cor. "Love upon us no power can have
"But what our ſelves (*Mirtillo*) gave.
"As a Bear doth with her tongue
"Poliſh her miſhapen young
"Which had elſe in vain been born:
"So an Am'riſt giving form
"To a rude and faint deſire,
"That would otherwiſe expire,
"Hatches Love; which is at firſt
"Weak and raw, but when 'tis nurſt,
"Fierce and cruel. Take 't upon
"My word, an old affection
"Tyrannizes in a breſt,
"And grows a Maſter from a gueſt.

" For when the ſoul ſhall once be brought
" To be fetter'd to one thought,
" And that, not have the pow'r to move
" A minute from its object, Love,
" (Made for delight) will turn to ſadneſs;
" And which is worſe, to death or madneſs.
" Therefore my advice ſhall be,
" To part thy love to two or three.

Mir. Let death or madneſs me betide,
Rather than my Flame divide.
Amarillis (though ſhe be
Cruel and unkind to me)
Is my Life and Reaſon too,
And to her I will be true.

Cor. Fooliſh Swain! that canſt not tell
How to make a bargain well.
What? change love for hatred? I
Rather now than do't would die.

Mir. " Cruelty doth faith refine,
" As the fire the golden Mine:
" Where were the loyalty of Love,
" If women ſhould not tyrants prove?
In my many ſuff'rings this
All my joy and comfort is,
Sorrows, tortures, exile, gall,
Here's a cauſe will ſweeten all.
Let me languiſh, let me burn,
Let me any thing but turn.

Cor. O brave Lover! valiant breſt!
More impetuous than a beaſt!

And

And yet tamer than a Rock
Which endures the Oceans ſhock!
"In Lovers hearts there cannot be
"A worſe diſeaſe than Conſtancie.
"O moſt unhappy thoſe in whom
"This fooliſh Idol finds a room!
"Which ſhackles us, when we might prove
"The ſweet variety of Love.
With this dull vertue Conſtancy,
Tell me (ſimple Lover) why
Amarillis? For her face?
Whom another muſt embrace?
Or doſt thou affect her mind,
Which to thee is not inclin'd?
All then thou canſt doat upon,
Is thine own deſtruction.
And wilt thou be ſtill ſo mad
To covet that cannot be had?
Up, *Mirtillo*, know thy parts;
Canſt thou want a thouſand hearts?
Others I dare ſwear there be,
That would ſue as much to thee.
Mir. To be *Amarillis* thrall,
Is more than to command them all.
And if ſhe my ſuit deny,
All that's pleaſure I defie.
I to make another choice?
In another I rejoyce?
Neither could I if I would,
Neither would I if I could:

But if poſſible to me
Such a will or power be,
Heav'n and Love before that hour
Strip me of all will and power.
Cor. Thou art enchanted; otherwiſe
Couldſt thou too thy ſelf deſpiſe?
Mir. I muſt, when I'm deſpis'd by her,
(*Coriſca.*) *Cor.* Come, *Mirtillo*, ne'er
Deceive thy ſelf: perhaps thou doſt ſuppoſe
She loves thee in her heart, although ſhe ſhows
An outward ſcorn. If thou but knewſt that ſhe
Talks oftentimes to me concerning thee.
Mir. All theſe are trophies of my conſtant love,
With which I'll triumph o'er the Pow'rs above,
And men below, my torments, and her hate,
O'er Fortune and the World, o'er Death and Fate.
Cor. (Wonder of Conſtancy! if this man knew
How much he's lov'd by her, what would he do?)
Mirtillo, how it pities me to hear
Theſe frantick ſpeeches! Tell me, wert thou e'er
In love before? *Mir.* Fair *Amarillis* was
My firſt, and ſhall be my laſt Love. *Cor.* Alas!
It ſhould ſeem then that thou didſt never prove
Any but cruel, but diſdainful Love.
O that 't been thy chance but once to be
In love with one that's gentle, courteous, free!
Try that a little: try it, and thou'lt find
How ſweet it is to meet with one that's kind,
That loves and honours thee as much as thou
Thy ſowre and cruel *Amarillis*; how

Delightful

Delightful 'tis to have a joy as great
As is thy love, a happineſs compleat
As thy own wiſh: to have thy Miſtreſs twine
About thy neck, and her ſighs eccho thine:
And after ſay, My Joy, all that I have,
All that I am, and thy deſires can crave,
At thy devotion is: If I am fair,
For thee I'm fair; for thee I deck this hair,
This face, this boſom; from this breſt of mine
I turn'd out mine own heart to harbour thine.——
But this is a ſmall river to that vaſt
Sweet Sea of pleaſure which love makes us taſte,
And they alone that taſte can well relate.

Mir. A thouſand thouſand times moſt fortunate
Is he that's born under ſo bleſt a Star!

Cor. Here me, *Mirtillo*: (ere I was aware
I'd almoſt call'd him mine) a Nymph as fair
As the proud'ſt ſhe that curls or ſpreads to th' air
Her golden treſſes, worthy of thy love
As thou of hers, the honour of this Grove,
Love of all hearts; by every worthy Swain
In vain ſollicited, ador'd in vain,
Doth love thee only, and thee only prize
More than her life, and more than her own eyes.
Mirtillo, ſcorn her not, if wiſe thou be;
For as the ſhadow doth the body, ſhe
Will follow thee through all the world: ſhe will
At thy leaſt word and beck be ready ſtill
As thy obedient hand-maid: night and day
With thee ſhe'll paſs the tedious hours away.

Ah! do not wave, (*Mirtillo*) do not wave
So rare a bliſs; the perfect'ſt joys we have,
Are thoſe which neither ſighs nor tears do coſt,
Nor danger, and on which leaſt time is loſt.
Here thou haſt paſs-time, at thy door a feaſt
Upon the table always ready dreſt
To pleaſe thy taſte. Ay me! canſt thou receive
A greater gift than this? *Mirtillo*, leave,
Leave this cold hunting after flying feet,
And her that runs to thy embraces meet.
Nor do I feed thee with vain hopes; command
Her come, and ſhe that loves thee is at hand,
Now, if thou ſay the word. *Mir.* I prethee reſt
Content, my pallat is not for a feaſt.

Cor. Try but what joy is made of once, and then
Return unto thy wonted grief agen,
That thou mayſt ſay, thou haſt a taſte of both.

Mir. "Diſtemper'd pallats all ſweet things do loath.

Cor. Yet do't in pity unto her that dies,
Unleſs ſh' enjoy the Sun of thy fair eyes.
Uncharitable youth, art not thou poor?
And canſt thou beat a beggar from thy door?
Ah! what thou wouldſt another ſhould extend
To thee, do thou now to another lend.

Mir. What alms can beggers give? In ſhort, I ſwore
Allegiance to that Nymph whom I adore,
Whether ſhe tyrant prov'd, or merciful.

Cor. O truly blind, and moſt unhappy, dull
Mirtillo! who is't thou art conſtant to?
I am unwilling to add wo to wo;

But

But thou art too much wrong'd I'faith, and I
That love thee am not able to ſtand by
And ſee thee ſo betraid. If thou ſuppoſe
This cruelty of *Amarillis* grows
From Zeal to Vertue or Religion,
Th'art gull'd: another doth poſſeſs the throne,
And thou (poor wretch!) whilſt he doth laugh, muſt (cry.
What, ſtricken dumb? *Mir.* I'm in an extaſie,
'Twixt life and death ſuſpended, till I know
Whether I ſhould believe thee now or no.
Cor. Doſt thou believe me then? *Mir.* If I did, I
Had not ſurviv'd it ſure: and I will die
Yet, if it be a truth. *Cor.* Live, (Caitiff) live
To be reveng'd. *Mir.* But I cannot believe
It is a truth. *Cor.* Wilt thou not yet believe,
But force me to tell that which it will grieve
Thy ſoul to hear? Doſt thou ſee yonder Cave?
That is thy Miſtreſs Faith's and Honour's grave:
There laughs ſh'at thee, there makes of thy anoy,
A poynant ſawce to thy tir'd Rivals joy.
In ſhort; there of a baſe-born ſhepherd warms
Thy vertuous *Amarillis* in his arms.
Now go and ſigh, and whine, and conſtant prove
Unto a Nymph that thus rewards thy love.
Mir. Ay me, *Coriſca!* doſt thou tell me true?
And is it fit I ſhould believe thee too?
Cor. The more thou ſearcheſt, 'twill the worſer be.
Mir. But didſt thou ſee't, *Coriſca?* wo is me!
Cor. Truth is, I did not ſee it, but thou mayſt,
And preſently, for ſhe her word hath paſt

To

To meet him there this very hour: But hide
Thy ſelf beneath that ſhady hedges ſide,
And thou thy ſelf ſhalt ſee her ſtraight deſcend
Into the Cave, and after her, her friend.
Mir. So quickly muſt I die? *Cor.* See! I have (ſpi'd
Her coming down already by the ſide
O'th' Temple: mark! how guiltily ſhe moves!
Her ſtealing pace betraying their ſtoln loves.
To mark the ſequel, do thou here remain,
And afterwards we two will meet again.
Mir. Since the diſcovery of the truth's ſo near,
With my belief I will my death defer.

SCENA SEPTIMA.

Amarillis.

"NO mortal work ſucceſsfully is done,
"Which with th' immortal gods is not begun.
Full of diſtractions, and with heavy heart,
I did from hence unto the Temple part:
Whence (Heaven be prais'd) I come as light as air,
And ſtrangely comforted: for at my pray'r
Pure and devout, I felt from thence (me thought)
Another ſoul into my body ſhot,
Which whiſper'd, Fear not, *Amarillis*, go
Securely on. I, and I will do ſo,
Heav'n guiding.—Fair Mother of love, befriend
Her that on thee for ſuccour doth depend:

Thou

Thou that as Queen in the third Orb doſt ſhine,
If e'er thou felt'ſt thy Son's flames, pity mine.
Bring (Courteous Goddeſs) by a ſecret path
Quickly that youth to whom I've pawn'd my faith.
And thou, dear Cave, till I have done my work,
Suffer this ſlave of Love in thee to lurk.
But *Amarillis*, all the Coaſt is clear,
None nigh to ſee thee, and none nigh to hear;
Securely enter. O *Mirtillo*, O
Mirtillo, if thou dream'dſt wherefore I go!—

SCENA OCTAVA.

Mirtillo.

I Wake, and ſee, what I could wiſh t' have been
Born without eyes, that I might not have ſeen:
Or rather not to have been born. Curſt Fate!
Why haſt thou thus prolonged my lifes date,
To bring me to this killing ſpectacle?
Mirtillo, more tormented than in Hell
The blackeſt ſoul is, not to doubt thy grief?
Not to be able to ſuſpend belief?
Thou, thou haſt heard and ſeen't: thy Miſtreſs is
Another man's. And (which is worſe) not his
Whoſe by the World's Laws ſhe was bound to be,
But by Love's Laws ſnatcht both from him and thee.
O cruel *Amarillis!* to undo
This wretched man, and then to mock him too
With

With that unconſtant mouth which once did meet,
And once did call *Mirtillo*'s kiſſes ſweet:
But now his loathed name (which haply roſe
Like bitter drink that 'gainſt the ſtomach goes)
Becauſe it ſhould not bitterneſs impart
To thy delight, hath ſpu'd out of thy heart.
Since therefore ſhe who gave the life, hath ta'en
That life away, and given it again
T' another; why doſt thou thy life ſurvive,
Wretched *Mirtillo?* Why art thou alive?

Die, die *Mirtillo*, unto grief and ſmart,
As unto joy already dead thou art.
Die, dead *Mirtillo*; ſince thy life is ſo,
Let thy pangs likewiſe be concluded. Go
Out of the anguiſh of this death, which ſtill
Keeps thee alive, that it may longer kill.
But ſhall I die then unrevenged? Sure
I'll ſlay him firſt that did my death procure.
I will diſpenſe with my dire love of death,
Till I have juſtly ta'en away his breath
Who ſlew my heart unjuſtly. Yield ſtout grief
To anger, death to life, till in my life
I have aveng'd my death.
Let not this ſteel be drunken with the flood
Of its own Maſter's unrevenged blood:
Nor this right hand be Pity's, till it hath
Firſt made it ſelf the Miniſter of wrath.
Thou that enjoy'ſt my ſpoils, (whate'er thou be)
Since I muſt fall, I'll pull thee after me.

In

In the ſame brake I'll plant my ſelf agen;
And when I ſee him coming to the den,
Will ruſh upon him with this piercing dart
At unawares, and ſtrike him through the heart?
But is't not baſe to ſtrike him out of ſight?
It is: defie him then to ſingle fight,
Where valour may my juſtice prove. But no:
This place is unto all ſo known, and ſo
Frequented, that ſome Swains may interpoſe:
Or (which is worſe) enquire of me whence grows
Our quarrel; which if I deny, 'tis naught
They'll think; if feign a cauſe, I may be caught
Then in a lye: if tell't, her name will be
Blaſted with everlaſting infamie:
In whom, although I never can approve
That which I ſee, yet I muſt ever love
That which I fanci'd, and did hope t' have ſeen,
And that which ought (I'm ſure) in her t' have been.
Die baſely then the baſe Adulterer,
Who hath ſlain me, and hath diſhonour'd her.
I, but the blood may (if I kill him here)
The murther ſhow, and that the Murtherer?
What do I care? I, but the Murth'rer known
Bewrays the cauſe for which the murther's done.
So this ungrateful woman runs the ſame
Hazard this way of ſhipwrack in her fame.
Enter the Cave then, and aſſault him there:
Good, good; tread ſoftly, ſoftly, leſt ſhe hear:
That ſhe's at th' other end her words imply'd.
Now (hid with branches) in the Rocks left ſide,

There

There is a hollow at the ſteep ſtairs foot,
There without any noiſe, I'll wait to put
In execution my deſign. My foe
Diſpatch'd, his bleeding carcaſs I will throw
To my ſhe-foe, to be reveng'd on two
At once. The ſelf-ſame ſteel I'll then imbrue
In mine own blood: ſo three ſhall die in brief,
Two by my weapon, and the third of grief.
A ſad and miſerable Tragedie
Of both her Lovers ſhall this Tigreſs ſee,
Of him ſhe loves, and him ſhe ſcorns. And this
Cave which was meant the Chamber of their bliſs,
To her and to her Minion ſhall become,
And (which I more deſire) t' her ſhame, a tomb.
But you dear footſteps (which I long have trac'd
In vain) unerring path, lead me at laſt
To where my Love is hid; To you I bow,
Your print I follow. O *Coriſca!* now
I do believe thee: how th'haſt told me true.

SCENA NONA.

Satyr.

DOes he believe *Coriſca?* and purſue
Her ſteps to *Erycina's* Cave? a beaſt
Hath wit enough to apprehend the reſt.
But if thou doſt believe her, thou hadſt need
Have from her good ſecurity indeed,

And

And hold her by a ſtronger tie than I
Had lately of her hair. But ſtronger tie
On her there cannot be than gifts. This bold
Strumpet her ſelf to this young Swain hath ſold.
And here, by the falſe light now of this vaut,
Delivers the bad ware which he hath bought.
Or rather, 'tis Heav'ns juſtice which hath ſent
Her hither to receive her puniſhment
From my revenging hands. His words did ſeem
T'imply ſhe made ſome promiſe unto him,
Which he believ'd: and by his ſpying here
Her print, that ſhe is in the Cave, 'tis clear.
Do a brave thing then: ſtop the mouth o'th' Cave
With that great hanging ſtone, that they may have
No means of 'ſcaping; to the Prieſt then go,
And bring by the back-way (which few do know)
His Miniſters to apprehend, and by
The Law deſervedly to make her die.
For 'tis not unto me long ſince unknown,
That ſhe contracted is to *Coridon*,
However he (becauſe he ſtands in fear
Of me) to lay his claim to her forbear.
But now I'll give him leave at once to be
Reveng'd on her both for himſelf and me.
But I loſe time in talk. From this young grove
I'll pull a Tree up by the root, to move
The ſtone withal. So, this I think will do:
How heavy 'tis! The ſtone hath a root too.
What if I min'd it with this trunk? and ſo
As with a leaver heav'd it from below?

Good,

Good, good; now to the other ſide as much.
How faſt it ſticks? *I* did not think it ſuch
A difficult attempt as it hath prov'd;
The Center of the Earth were eaſier mov'd.
Nor ſtrength, nor skill will do this work, *I* ſee:
Or do's that vigour which was once in me
Now fail me at my need? What do ye do,
My perverſe Stars? *I* will, (in ſpight of you)
I will remove it yet. The Devil haul
Coriſca, (*I* had almoſt ſaid) and all
The ſex of them. O *Pan Liceus*, hear,
And to move this, be moved by my pray'r!
Pan, thou that all things canſt, and all things art,
Thou once thy ſelf didſt woo a ſtubborn heart,
Revenge on falſe *Coriſca* now, thine own,
And my deſpiſed love. *I* move the ſtone
Thus by the vertue of thy ſacred name;
Thus rowls it by the vertue of the ſame.
So, now the Fox is trapt, and finely ſhut
Where ſhe had earth'd her ſelf. I'll now go put
Fire to the hole; where *I* could wiſh to find
The reſt of women, to deſtroy *the kind*.

Chorus.

O Love! how potent and how great thou art!
Wonder of Nature and the World: What heart
So dull, as not to feel thy pow'r? What wit
So deep and piercing as to fathom it?

Wh

Who knows thy hot laſcivious fires; will ſay,
Infernal Spirit, thou doſt live and ſway
In the corporeal part. But who ſo knows
How thou doſt men to vertuous things diſpoſe,
And how the dying flame of looſe deſires
Looks pale, and trembles at thy chaſter fires;
Will ſay, Immortal God, i'th' ſoul alone
Thou haſt eſtabliſhed thy ſacred Throne.
"Rare Monſter! wonderfully got betwixt
"Deſire and Reaſon; an affection mixt
"Of ſenſe and intellect: With knowing wild:
"With ſeeing blind: A God, and yet a Child:
And (ſuch) thou ſway'ſt the Earth and Heaven too;
On which thou tread'ſt as we on t'other do.
Yet (by thy leave) a greater miracle,
A mightier thing than thou art I can tell.
For all thou doſt (that may our wonder claim)
Thou doſt by vertue of a womans name.
Woman! the gift of Heav'n; or of him rather
Who made thee fairer, being of both the Father,
Wherein is Heav'n ſo beautiful as thou?
That rowls one goggle eye in its vaſt brow,
(Like a grim Cyclop*) not a lamp of light,*
But cauſe of blindneſs and Cymerian night
To the bold gazer: if that ſpeak, it is
A thundring voice; and if it ſigh, the hiſs
Of Earth-engendred winds. Thou, with the fair
Angel-like proſpect of two Suns, which are
Serene and viſible, doſt ſtill the winds,
And calm the billows of tempeſtuous minds;

And Sound, Light, Motion, Beauty, Majeſty,
Make in thy face ſo ſweet a harmony,
That Heav'n (I mean this outward Heav'n) muſt needs
Confeſs thy form the form of that exceeds:
Since beauty that is dead leſs noble is
Than that which lives, and is a place of bliſs.
With reaſon therefore Man (that gallant Creature,
That Lords it over all the works of Nature)
To thee as Lady Paramount pays duty,
Acknowledging in thine, thy Maker's beauty.
And if he Triumphs gain, and Thrones inherit,
It is not becauſe thou haſt leſs of merit;
But for thy glory: ſince a greater thing
It is to conquer, than to be a King.
But that thy conqu'ring beauty doth ſubdue
Not only Man, but ev'n his Reaſon too,
If any doubt, he in Mirtillo *hath*
A miracle that may conſtrain his faith.
This wanted (Woman) to thy pow'r before
To make us love *when we can hope no more.*

Actus

Actus Quartus.

Scena Prima.

Coriſca. (ſet

MY heart and thoughts till now were ſo much
To train that fooliſh Nymph into my net,
That my dear Hair (which by that Rogue was ta'en
From me) and how to get it back again
I quite forgot: O how it troubled me
To pay that ranſom for my liberty!
But 't had been worſe t' have been priſoner
To ſuch a beaſt: Who though he doth not bear
A Mouſes heart, might have mouz'd me: For I
Have (to ſay truth) fool'd him ſufficiently:
And like a Horſe-leech did him ſuck and drain
As long as he had blood in any vein.
And now he's mov'd I love him not; and mov'd
He well might be, if him I e'er had lov'd.
How can one love a creature that doth want
All that is lovely? As a ſtinking plant
Which the Phyſitian gather'd for the uſe
He had of it; when he hath ſtrain'd the juice
And vertue out, is on the dunghill thrown;
So having ſqueez'd him, I with him have done.

Now will I ſee if *Coridon* into
The Cave's deſcended. Hah! what do I view?
Wake I? or ſleep I? or am drunk? but now
This Caves mouth open was I'm ſure; then how
Comes it now ſhut? and with a ponderous
And maſſie ſtone rowl'd down upon it thus?
Earthquake I'm ſure t' unhenge it there was none.
Would I knew certainly that *Coridon*
And *Amarillis* were within; and then
I car'd not how it came. He's in the den,
If (as *Liſetta* ſaid) he parted were
From home ſo long ago. Both may be there,
And by *Mirtillo* ſhut together. "Love,
"Prickt with diſdain, hath ſtrength enough to move
"The world, much more a ſtone. Should it be true,
Mirtillo could not have devis'd to do
Ought more according to my heart than this,
Though he *Coriſca* had enthron'd in his,
In ſtead of *Amarillis*. I will go
The back way in, that I the truth may know.

SCENA SECUNDA.

Dorinda, Linco.

Dor. BUt *Linco*, did not thou know me indeed?
Lin. Who could have known thee in this ſavage (weed
For meek *Dorinda?* But if I had been
A ravenous hound, (as I am *Linco*) then
I to

I to thy coſt had known thee for a beaſt.
What do *I* ſee? What do *I* ſee? *Dor.* Thou ſeeſt
A ſad effect of Love; a ſad and ſtrange
Effect of loving, (*Linco.*) *Lin.* Wondrous change!
Thou a young Maid, ſo ſoft, ſo delicate,
That wert (me thinks) an Infant but of late,
Whom in mine arms *I* bore (as *I* may ſay)
A very little Child but yeſterday,
And ſteering thy weak ſteps, taught thee toname
(When *I* thy Father ſerv'd) Daddy and Mam,
Who like a tim'rous Doe (before thy heart
VVas made a prey t' inſulting Love) didſt ſtart
At every thing that on the ſudden ſtirr'd,
At every wind, at every little bird
That ſhook a bough, each Lizard that but ran
Out of a buſh, made thee look pale and wan;
Now all alone o'er hills, through woods doſt paſs
Fearleſs of hounds or ſavage beaſts. *Dor.* Alas!
"She whom Love wounds, no other wound doth fear.
Lin. Indeed, fair Nymph, Love ſhew'd his Godhead
From woman to a man transforming thee, (here,
Or rather to a wolf. *Dor.* If thou couldſt ſee
Into my breaſt, (O *Linco*!) then thou'dſt ſay,
A living wolf upon my heart doth prey
As on a harmleſs Lamb. *Lin.* Is *Silvio*
That wolf? *Dor.* Alas, who elſe can be't? *Lin.* And ſo
'Cauſe he's a wolf, thou a ſhe-wolf wouldſt be,
To try, ſince on thy humane viſage he
Was not enamour'd, if he would at leaſt
Affect thee in the likeneſs of a beaſt,

As being of his kind. But prethee where
Got'ſt thou theſe robes? *Dor.* I'll tell thee: I did hear
Silvio would chaſe to day the noble Bore
At *Erimanthus* foot; and there before
The morning peept, was I from wood to wood
Hunting the Hunter; by a Chryſtal flood
From which our flocks did climb the hills, I found
Melampo the moſt beauteous *Silvio*'s hound,
Who having quench'd his thirſt there as I gueſs,
Lay to repoſe him on the neighb'ring graſs.
I, who love any thing that's *Silvio*'s,
Even the very ground on which he goes,
And ſhadow which his beauteous limbs do caſt;
Much more the dog on which his love is plac't,
Stooping, laid ſudden hold on him, who came
Along with me as gently as a Lamb.
And whilſt 'twas in my thoughts to lead him back
Unto his Lord and mine, hoping to make
A friend of him with what he held ſo dear,
He came himſelf to ſeek him, and ſtopt here.
Dear *Linco*, I'll not loſe thee ſo much time,
As to tell all that's paſt 'twixt me and him;
This only, to be brief, After a long
Preface of oaths on one another ſtrung,
And treach'rous promiſes, this cruel Swain
Flung from me full of anger and diſdain,
Both with his own *Melampo*, (to his Lord
So true) and with my dear and ſweet reward.
Lin. O cruel *Silvio*! ruthful Swain! But what
Didſt thou do then, *(Dorinda?)* didſt thou not
Hat

Hate him for this? *Dor.* Rather (as if the fire
Of his diſdain Loves fire had been) his ire
Increas'd my former flame. His ſteps I trace,
And thus purſuing him towards the chaſe,
I met (hard by) with my *Lupino*, whom
Before a little *I* had parted from.
When ſtraight it came into my head, that *I*
In his attire, and in the company
Of Shepherds might be thought a Shepherd too,
And undiſcover'd my fair *Silvio* view.
Lin. In a wolves likeneſs amongſt hounds? and none
Bite thee? 'Tis much (*Dorinda*) thou haſt done.
Dor. This (*Linco*) was no miracle: for they
Durſt not touch her who was their Maſters prey.
There *I*, out of the tents, amidſt a crue
Of neighb'ring ſhepherds that were met to view
The famous paſtime, ſtood admiring more
To ſee the Huntſman, than the hunted Bore:
At every motion of the furious beaſt,
My cold heart ſhiv'red in my breſt:
At every action of the brave young man,
My ſoul with all her touch'd affections ran
In to his aid. But my extream delight
Again was poiſon'd with the horrid ſight
Of the fierce Bore, whoſe ſtrength and vaſt
Proportion, all proportion paſt.
As an impetuous whirlwind in a great
And ſudden ſtorm, which all that it doth meet
(Houſes, and trees, and ſtones) before it bears,
All it can get within its circle tears

To pieces in an inſtant: ſo the Bore
VVheeling about (his tusks all foam and gore)
Pil'd in one heap dogs ſlain, ſpears knapt, men wound-
How oft did *I* deſire to have compounded (ed.
For *Silvio*'s life, with the inraged Swine!
And for his blood, t' have giv'n the Monſter mine!
How oft was *I* about to run between,
And with my body his fair body ſcreen!
Spare cruel Bore, (how often did I cry!)
Spare my fair *Silvio*'s breſt of Ivory;
Thus to my ſelf *I* ſpake, and ſigh'd, and pray'd;
When his fierce dog (arm'd with a breſt-plate made
Of hard and ſcaly barks of trees) he ſlipt
After the beaſt, now prouder, being dipt
Throughly in blood, and lifted from the ground
On ſlaughter'd trunks. The valour of that hound
(Linco) exceeds belief: and *Silvio*
Not without reaſon ſurely loves him ſo.
As a chaft Lion, which now meets, now turns
From an untamed Bulls well-brandiſh'd horns,
If once he come with his ſtrong paw to ſeize
Upon his ſhoulder, maſters him with eaſe:
So bold *Melampo* ſhunning with fine ſlights
The Bore ſhort turns, and rapid motion, lights
At length upon his ear; which having bit
Quite through, and lugg'd him twice or thrice by it,
He with his teeth ſo nail'd him to the ground,
That at his vaſt bulk now a mortal wound
Might levell'd be with greater certainty,
(Before but ſlightly hurt) then ſuddenly

My

My lovely *Silvio*, (calling on the name
Of *Dian*) Goddeſs do thou give me aim
(Quoth he) the horrid head is thine. This ſed,
His golden Quivers ſwifteſt ſhaft to th' head
He drew; which flying to that very point
Where the left-ſhoulder knits with the neck-joint,
There wounded the fierce Bore, ſo down he fell.
Then I took breath, ſeeing my *Silvio* well,
And out of danger. Happy beaſt! to die
So ſweet a death, as by that hand, which I
Would beg my end from. *Lin.* But what then became
Of the ſlain beaſt? *Dor.* I know not; for I came
Away, for fear of being known; but, I
Suppoſe, the head to th' Temple ſolemnly
They'll bear, according to my *Silvio*'s vow.
Lin. But wilt thou not get out of theſe weeds now.
Dor. Yes: but my garments with my other geer
Lupino has, who promis'd to ſtay here
With them, but fails. Dear *Linco*, if thou love
Me, ſeek him for me up and down this Grove:
Far off he cannot be; mean while I'll take
A little reſt (doſt ſee there?) in that Brake;
There I'll expect thee; for I am ore-come
With wearineſs and ſleep, and will not home
Accoutred thus. *Lin.* I go: but ſtir not then
Out of that place till I return agen.

SCENA

Scena Tertia.

Chorus, Ergaſto.

Cho. HAve ye heard, Shepherds, that our demi-god
(*Montano*'s and *Alcides* worthy blood)
This day hath freed us from that dreadful beaſt
Which all *Arcadia* lately did infeſt?
And that he is preparing himſelf now
I'th' Temple for it to perform his vow?
If for ſo great a benefit we'd ſhow
Our gratitude, to meet him let us go,
And join our tongues and hearts together there,
To honour him as our Deliverer.
" Which honour, though it be reward too ſmall
" For ſuch a fair and valiant ſoul; 'tis all
" Vertue can have on earth. *Erg.* O ſad diſaſter!
O bitter chance! O wound that hath no plaiſter!
O day to be for ever ſteep'd in tears!
Cho. What doleful voice is this that ſtrikes our ears?
Erg. Stars, that are enemies to man always,
Why do you mock our faith? why do you raiſe
Our hope on high, that when it falls again,
The precipice may be with greater pain.
Cho. Ergaſto by his voice; and it is he.
Erg. But why do I accuſe Heav'n wrongfully?
Accuſe thy ſelf, *Ergaſto:* thou alone,
Thou, thou againſt the ſteel didſt knock the ſtone;
Thou laidſt the match unto the tinder; whence
A flame unquenchable is kindled ſince.

But Heav'n doth know, I for the beſt did do it,
And pity only did induce me to it.
O ill-ſtarr'd Lovers! wretched *Titiro*!
Poor *Amarillis!* childleſs Father! O
Mourning *Montano*! O *Arcadia* gone
In a conſumption far! and we undone!
In ſhort, moſt ſad, all I have ſeen! or ſee!
Or ſpeak! or hear! or think! *Cho.* What may this be
(Alas!) That in one accident alone,
Includes a general deſolation?
This way he bends his courſe, let us go meet
Him, (Swains) *Erg.* Eternal Gods! is it not yet
Time to abate your wrath? *Cho.* Unfold to us
(Courteous *Argaſto*) what afflicts thee thus.
What doſt thou moan? *Erg.* Your ruine and mine own:
The ruine of *Arcadia* I moan.
Cho. Alas! why ſo? *Erg.* The very ſtaff, the ſtay
Of all our hope is broke, is pull'd away. (prop
Cho. Speak plainer. *Erg. Titiro*'s daughter, that ſole
Of her old Houſe, and Father, the ſole hope
Of our deliverance, promis'd here below,
Above decreed to marry *Silvio*,
As th' only means that ſhould *Arcadia* ſave;
That Heav'nly Maid, ſo ſober, and ſo grave,
That Preſident of honour, (crown'd with Lilies
Of chaſtity) that peerleſs *Amarillis*!
She, ſhe (alas! I have no heart, no breath
To tell it you.) *Cho.* Is dead? *Erg.* Is near her death.
Cho. Alas! what have we heard? *Erg.* Nothing as yet:
She dies a Malefactreſs: That, that's it.

Cho.

Cho. A Malefactreſs *Amarillis?* how
Ergaſto? Erg. Caught with an Adult'rer now.
And, if ye ſtay a little longer here,
Led pinion'd to the Temple ye ſhall ſee her.
Cho. "O female ſtructures, glorious and moſt fair,
"But weak withal! O chaſtity, how rare
Art thou! and ſhall it then be truly taxt,
No woman's chaſte but ſhe that ne'er was ask't?
Erg. Indeed, when ſhe that's vertue's ſelf doth fall,
We well may doubt the vertue of them all.
Cho. Pray, if it will not too much trouble be,
Tell the whole ſtory to theſe Swains and me.
Erg. I will: The Prieſt early to day (ye know)
Did with this wretched Nymph's ſad Father go
Unto the ſacred Temple; with one care
Both moved, to facilitate with pray'r
Their childrens deſired marriage. For this end
At once their incenſe did to Heav'n aſcend,
At once their off'rings bled, their ſacrifice
At once was done with due ſolemnities,
And ſuch glad auſpice, that no entrails e'er
Were fairer ſeen, no flame was more ſincere,
And leſs eclips'd with ſmoke: mov'd with ſuch ſigns,
Thus the blind Prophet ſpeaks, and thus divines;
This day (Montano) *ſhall thy* Silvio *love:*
Thy Daughter (Titiro) *a Wife ſhall prove:*
Go and prepare the Marriage. O abſurd,
And vain depending on an Augur's word!
And thou as blind in ſoul, as in thy eyes!
If thou hadſt ſaid, *Prepare her Obſequies,*

Then

Then a true Prophet thou hadſt prov'd indeed.
Yet all the ſtanders by were comforted,
And the old Fathers wept for joy apace,
And *Titiro* was parted from the place.
When in the Temple ſuddenly were heard
Siniſter omens, and dire ſigns appear'd
Boading Heav'ns wrath. At which (alas!) if each
Stood there aſtoniſht and bereft of ſpeech
After ſo fair beginnings, Friends, judge you.
Mean while the Prieſts themſelves alone withdrew
Into an inner Room: and whilſt they there,
And we without intent in praying were,
Devout and weeping; puffing through the preſs
The curled *Satyr* (lo!) demands acceſs
Unto the Prieſts. I (Porter of that place)
Admit him: He then (O he has a face
To bring ill news!) cry'd; Fathers, if your Pray'r
Find not the gods, your vows and incenſe are
Not acceptable, and your ſacrifice;
If from your Altars an impure flame riſe,
Think it not ſtrange, that likewiſe is impure
Which is committing now hard by your door,
In *Ericina*'s Cave: a falſe Nymph there
Is breaking with a baſe Adulterer
Your Laws, and her own faith. Send with me now
Your Miniſters, and I will ſhew them how
I'th' act to take 'em. Then (O humane mind
When thy Fate's near, how dull thou art! how blind!)
The good Prieſts breath'd: ſuppoſing 'twas no more
But remove them, and Heaven would as before

Look

Look on their ſacrifice beni'nely. There-
Upon they order their chief Miniſter
Nicando preſently to take that guide,
And bring both Lovers to the Temple ty'd:
With all his under-miniſters he goes,
Purſuing that vile *Satyr* through a cloſe
And crooked way into the Cave. The Maid,
Strook with their torches ſudden light, aſſay'd
From where ſhe was to run out of the door,
Which that baſe dog had ſtopt (it ſeems) before.
Cho. And what did he the while? *Erg* He went his (ways
When he had led *Nicandro* to the place.
But (friends) I cannot tell the general
Aſtoniſhment that fell upon us all,
When it the Daughter prov'd of *Titiro:*
Who taken, in a trice (I do not know
Out of what place) forth bold *Mirtillo* flew,
And a ſharp dart which he was arm'd with threw
Like lightning at *Nicandro:* which, if it
The place that it was aimed at had hit,
Had ſent him to the ſhades: But (whether I
May call it fortune, or agility)
At the ſame inſtant the one aim'd his blow,
The other ſtept a little backward; ſo
The mortal ſteel paſt by, leaving his breſt
Untoucht, and in his coat of skins did reſt,
Into the which (I know not how) 'twas wove
So intricately, that *Mirtillo* ſtrove
In vain to pull it out; and ſo he too
Was taken. *Cho.* And with him what did they do?

Erg.

Erg. He to the Temple by himſelf was brought.
Cho. For what? *Erg.* To try if he'd diſcover ought
Touching the fact in queſtion. Perhaps too
Th' affront he in their Miniſter did do
Unto the Prieſtly Majeſty, might ſome
Penance deſerve. Would yet I might have come
To comfort my poor friend! *Cho.* What hindred thee?
Erg. The Waiters at the Altar may not be
Admitted to Delinquents: therefore I
Sequeſtred from the other company,
Go by my ſelf unto the Temple; where
With many a prayer and devouter tear,
I'll beg of Heaven that it would chaſe away
This ſullen ſtorm that overclouds our day.
Dear Shepherds reſt in peace, and joyn with ours
Your pray'rs to batter the celeſtial towers.
Cho. We will, when we have paid to *Silvio*
That duty firſt we to his goodneſs owe.
O ye great gods! now, now, if ever, prove
Your *anger* leſs eternal than your *love*.

SCENA QUARTA.

Coriſca.

EMpale ye triumph-decking Lawrel boughs,
Empale my glorious and victorious brows.
Into Love's liſts, (hedg'd round about with flame)
This day *I came, I ſaw, I overcame*;

This

This day hath Heav'n and Earth, Nature and Art,
Fortune and Fate, Friend and Foe ta'en my part.
Ev'n that baſe *Satyr*, who abhors me ſo,
Hath helpt me too, as if he too did go
Some ſhare with me. How much more happily
Did fortune bring *Mirtillo* in, than I
Contriv'd to have brought *Coridon?* to make
Her crime more ſhow of likelihood to take?
And though *Mirtillo*'s apprehended too,
That matters not; they ſoon will let him go:
Th' Adultreſs only pays the penaltie.
O famous triumph! Solemn victorie!
If lying may deſerve a trophy, I
Deſerve a trophy for my amorous lye;
Which from this tongue and boſom hath done more
For me than Love with all his charms before.
But this is not a time to talk: Withdraw
Thy ſelf *Coriſca*, till the doom of Law
Fall on thy Rivals head, for fear that ſhe
T' excuſe her ſelf, ſhould lay the blame on thee.
Or that the Prieſt himſelf ſhould wiſh to know
What thou canſt ſay, before he give the blow.
"When a Mine ſprings, 'tis good to ſtand aloof;
"A lying tongue requires a flying hoof.
I'll hide me in thoſe woods, and there will make
Some ſtay, till it be time to come and take
Poſſeſſion of my joys. O! it hath hit
Beyond all thought. Succeſs hath crown'd my wit

SCENA

SCENA QUINTA.

Nicandro, Amarillis.

Nic. A Heart of flint, or rather none had he,
Nor humane ſenſe, that could not pity thee.
Unhappy Nymph! and for thy ſorrow grieve
The more, by how much leſs they can believe
This ſhould befal thee, who have known thee beſt.
For were it but to ſee a Maid diſtreſt
Of venerable count'nance, and that ſhow'd
So vertuous and ſo excellently good;
One that for heavenly beauty merited
Temples and Sacrifices, to be led
Unto the Temple as a Sacrifice,
Who could behold it without melting eyes?
But he that ſhould conſider further, how,
And for what purpoſe thou wert born; that thou
Art Daughter unto *Titiro*, and ſhould
Have married been unto *Montano*'s blood,
(Two the moſt lov'd and honour'd ſhall I ſay
Shepherds, or Fathers of *Arcadia?*)
And that being ſuch, ſo great, ſo famous, and
So beautiful a Nymph, and that did ſtand
By nature ſo remote from thy death's brink,
Thou ſhouldſt be now condemn'd. He that doth think
On this and weeps not, wails not thy miſhap,
Is not a man, but wolf in humane ſhape.

This day hath Heav'n and Earth, Nature and Art,
Fortune and Fate, Friend and Foe ta'en my part.
Ev'n that baſe *Satyr*, who abhors me ſo,
Hath helpt me too, as if he too did go
Some ſhare with me. How much more happily
Did fortune bring *Mirtillo* in, than I
Contriv'd to have brought *Coridon?* to make
Her crime more ſhow of likelihood to take?
And though *Mirtillo*'s apprehended too,
That matters not; they ſoon will let him go:
Th' Adultreſs only pays the penaltie.
O famous triumph! Solemn victorie!
If lying may deſerve a trophy, I
Deſerve a trophy for my amorous lye;
Which from this tongue and boſom hath done more
For me than Love with all his charms before.
But this is not a time to talk: Withdraw
Thy ſelf *Coriſca*, till the doom of Law
Fall on thy Rivals head, for fear that ſhe
T' excuſe her ſelf, ſhould lay the blame on thee.
Or that the Prieſt himſelf ſhould wiſh to know
What thou canſt ſay, before he give the blow.
" When a Mine ſprings, 'tis good to ſtand aloof;
" A lying tongue requires a flying hoof.
I'll hide me in thoſe woods, and there will make
Some ſtay, till it be time to come and take
Poſſeſſion of my joys. O! it hath hit
Beyond all thought. Succeſs hath crown'd my wit

SCENA

SCENA QUINTA.

Nicandro, Amarillis.

Nic. A Heart of flint, or rather none had he,
Nor humane ſenſe, that could not pity thee.
Unhappy Nymph! and for thy ſorrow grieve
The more, by how much leſs they can believe
This ſhould befal thee, who have known thee beſt.
For were it but to ſee a Maid diſtreſt
Of venerable count'nance, and that ſhow'd
So vertuous and ſo excellently good;
One that for heavenly beauty merited
Temples and Sacrifices, to be led
Unto the Temple as a Sacrifice,
Who could behold it without melting eyes?
But he that ſhould conſider further, how,
And for what purpoſe thou wert born; that thou
Art Daughter unto *Titiro*, and ſhould
Have married been unto *Montano*'s blood,
(Two the moſt lov'd and honour'd ſhall I ſay
Shepherds, or Fathers of *Arcadia?*)
And that being ſuch, ſo great, ſo famous, and
So beautiful a Nymph, and that did ſtand
By nature ſo remote from thy death's brink,
Thou ſhouldſt be now condemn'd. He that doth think
On this and weeps not, wails not thy miſhap,
Is not a man, but wolf in humane ſhape.

Am. If my miſhap had come through mine own fault,
And the effect had been of an ill thought
As of a deed that ſeems ill, it had been
Leſs grievous to me to have death pay ſin;
And very juſt it were I ſhould have ſpilt
My blood to waſh my impure ſoul from guilt,
To quench Heav'ns wrath; and ſince man too had wrong,
Pay what to humane juſtice did belong:
So might I ſtill a crying conſcience,
And mortifi'd with a due inward ſenſe
Of deſerv'd death, render my ſelf more fit
To die, and through that Purgatory get
Perchance to Paradiſe. But now in all
My pride of youth and fortune thus to fall,
Thus innocent, is a ſad caſe, a ſad——

Nicandro. *Nic.* Nymph, would to Heav'n men had
Sinn'd againſt thee, rather than thou 'gainſt Heav'n,
For ſatisfaction might be eaſier giv'n
To thee for thy wrong'd Fame, than unto it
For its wrong'd Deities. Nor know I yet
Who wrong'd thee but thy ſelf. Wert thou not caught
Alone with the Adult'rer in a Vault?
To *Silvio* precontracted wert not thou?
And ſo thy Nuptial faith haſt broken? How
Then innocent? *Am.* For all this have not I
Tranſgreſt the Law; and innocently die. wilt:

Nic. Not Natures Law perchance, *Love where thou*
But that of Men and Heav'n, *Love without guilt.*

Am. Both Men and Heav'n (if all our fortune be
Deriv'd from thence) tranſgreſt have againſt me.

For

For what but an ill deſtiny could bid
That I ſhould die for what another did? (high-
Nic. What was that Nymph? bridle thy tongue with
Flown grief tranſported ev'n to blaſphemie.
"The ills we ſuffer our own ſins pull down:
"Heav'n pardons many wrongs, but it doth none.
Am. I blame in Heaven only my own Star:
But one that hath deceiv'd me more by far.
Nic. Then blame thy ſelf, thy ſelf thou didſt deceive.
Am. I did when I a coz'ner did believe.
Nic. "They who deſire to be deceiv'd, are not. (that.
Am. Doſt think me naught? *Nic.* Nay ask thy actions
Am. "Actions are oft falſe comments on our hearts.
Nic. "Yet thoſe we ſee, and not the inward parts.
Am. "The heart may be ſeen too with th'eys o'th'mind.
Nic. "Without the ſenſes help thoſe eyes are blind.
Am. "The ſenſes muſt ſubmit to reaſons ſway.
Nic. "Reaſon in point of fact muſt ſenſe obey.
Am. Well; I am ſure an honeſt heart I have.
Nic. Prethee who brought thee then into the Cave?
Am. My folly and too much credulity.
Nic. Thou truſtedſt with a friend thy honeſty?
Am. I truſted a friends honeſty. *Nic.* Thy blood?
Was that the friend thou wouldſt have underſtood?
Am. *Ormino*'s Siſter, who betraid me thither.
Nic. "Tis ſweet when Lovers are betraid together.
Am. *Mirtillo* entred without my conſent.
Nic. How enter'dſt thou then? and for what intent?
Am. Let this ſuffice, 'twas not for him I came.
Nic. It cannot, if no other cauſe thou name.

Am. Examine him about my innocence.
Nic. Him? who hath been the cauſe of thy offence?
Am. Call her to witneſs who betraid me hath.
Nic. Why ſhould we hear a witneſs without faith?
Am. By chaſte *Diana*'s dreadful name I ſwear.
Nic. Thou by thy deeds art perjur'd unto her.
Nymph, I am plain, I cannot flatter thee
Into a hope which in extremitie
Will leave thee more confounded; theſe are dreams:
" A troubled Fountain cannot yield pure ſtreams,
" Nor a bad heart good words. And where the deed
" Is evident, Defence offence doth breed.
What doſt thou talk? thou ſhouldſt have guarded more
Than thy life now, thy chaſtity before.
Why doſt thou cheat thy ſelf? *Am.* O miſery!
Muſt I then die, *Nicandro?* muſt I die?
None left to hear? none to defend me left?
Of all abandon'd? of all hope bereft?
Only of ſuch a mocking pity made
The wretched object as affords no aid?
Nic. Be patient, Nymph, and give me cauſe to tell,
Though thou didſt ill, yet that thou ſufferdſt well.
Look up to heav'n, ſince thence thou draw'ſt thy birth;
" All good or ill we meet with upon earth,
" From thence as from a fountain doth diſtil.
" And as no good is here unmixt with ill,
" So puniſhment, that's ill to fleſh and blood,
" As to th' accompt we muſt make there is good.
And if my words have cut thee, 'tis but like
A faithful Surgeon, who a vein doth ſtrike,

Or thruſts his inſtrument into the wound
Where it is mortalleſt and moſt profound,
(In being cruel, merciful.) Then be
Content with what is writ in Heav'n for thee.
Am. O 'tis a cruel ſentence, whether it
In heaven for me, or in earth be writ:
Yet writ in heav'n I'm certain it is not:
For there my innocence is known. But what
Doth that avail me, if that die I muſt?
That's the ſtraight narrow paſſage! to be duſt,
Nicandro, that's the bitter cup: But oh!
By that compaſſion thou to me doſt ſhow,
Lead me not to the Temple yet: ſtay, ſtay.
Nic. "Who fears to die, dies ev'ry hour o'th' day.
Why hang'ſt thou back, and draw'ſt a painful breath?
"Death hath no ill in't, but the fear of death.
"And he that dies when he hath heard his doom,
"Flies from his death. *Am.* Perchance ſome help may (come.
Father, dear father, doſt thou leave me too?
An only daughters father, wilt thou do
Nothing to ſave me? Yet before I die,
A parting kiſs to me do not deny.
Two boſoms ſhall be pierced with one blow:
And from thy daughter's wound thy blood muſt flow.
O father! (once ſo ſweet and dear a name,
Which I was never wont t' invoke in vain)
Thy belov'd daughter's *Wedding* call'ſt thou this?
To day a Bride; to day a Sacrifice.
Nic. Good Nymph no more: why doſt thou boot- (leſly
Stay thus tormenting both thy ſelf and me?

The time calls on: I muſt convey thee hence,
Nor with my duty longer may diſpence.
Am. Dear woods adieu then, my dear woods adieu:
Receive theſe ſighs (my laſt ones) into you,
Till my cold ſhade, forc'd from her ſeat by dire
And unjuſt ſteel, to your lov'd ſhades retire.
(For ſink to hell it can't, being innocent;
Nor ſoar to heav'n, laden with diſcontent.)
Mirtillo, (O *Mirtillo!*) moſt accurſt
The day I ſaw, the day I pleas'd thee firſt!
Since I, whom thou above thy life didſt love,
Became thy life, that thou my death might'ſt prove.
She dies condemn'd for kindneſs now to thee,
Whom thou haſt ſtill condemn'd of crueltie,
I might have broke my faith as cheap: Ay me!
Now without fault, or fruit I die, or Thee
My dear *Mirtill*——— *Nic.* Alas! ſhe dies indeed.
(Poor wretch!) Come hither ſhepherds with all ſpeed,
Help me to hold her up. (O piteous caſe!)
She finiſh'd in *Mirtillo*'s name her Race.
(Unhappy maid!)— ſhe breathes yet, and I feel
Some ſigns of life pant in her boſom ſtill.
To the next fountain let us carry her;
Perchance cold water may recover there
Her fleeting ſpirits.——— Stay, will not relief
Be cruelty to her who dies of grief,
To prevent dying by the Axe? Howe'er,
Yet let not us our charity forbear.
"Men ought to lend their aid in preſent woe:
"What is to come, none but the Gods foreknow.

SCENA

Scena Sexta.

Chorus of {*Huntſmen*, *Shepherds*,} *with* Silvio.

Ch.Hun. O *Glorious Youth! true Child of* Herculeſ;
That kilſt ſo ſoon ſuch monſtrous beaſts as theſe!

Ch. Sh. O glorious Youth! by whom lies ſlain and (queld
This Erimanthian Monſter, (living) held
Invincible! Behold the horrid head,
Which ſeems to breath death when it ſelf is dead!
This is the famous Trophy, noble Toil
Of him whom we our Demi-god do ſtile.
Extol his great Name, (Shepherds) and this day
Keep ever ſolemn, ever holy day.

Cho. Huntſ. *O glorious Youth*, &c.

Ch. Sh. O glorious Youth! that doſt deſpiſe thine (own
For others ſafeties. "Vertue climbs her Throne
"By theſe ſteep ſtairs; and the high Gods have ſet
"Before her Palace-gates labour and ſweat.
"He that would land at joy muſt wade through woes:
"Nor by unprofitable baſe repoſe
"Abhorring labour, but from gallant deeds,
"And vertuous labour true repoſe proceeds.

Cho. Huntſ. *O glorious Youth*, &c.

Ch. Sh. O glorious Youth! by whom theſe Plains (depriv'd
Of tillage, and of tillers long, retriev'd

Their fruitful humours have. The plough-man now
Securely goes after the lazy plough,
Sows his plump ſeed, and from earth's pregnant womb
Expects the wiſh'd fruits when the ſeaſon's come.
No more ſhall churliſh tusk, or churliſh foot
Trample them down, or tear them up by th'root.
Nor ſhall they proſper ſo as to ſuſtain
A beaſt, to be their own, and others bane.

Cho. Huntſ. *O glorious Youth*, &c.

Cho. Shep. O glorious Youth! as if preſaging thine,
The Heav'n to day doth in full glory ſhine.
Such peradventure was that famous Boar
Alcides ſlew, yet ſo thy act is more;
It being (*Silvio*) thy firſt labour, as
Of thy great Anceſtor the third it was.
But with wild Beaſts thy infant-valour plays,
To kill worſe monſters in thy riper days.

Cho. Huntſ. *O glorious Youth*, &c.

Cho. Shep. O glorious Youth! how well are join'd
Valour and piety! See, *Cynthia*, ſee (in thee
Thy devout *Silvio*'s vow! behold with white
And crooked tusk, (as if in thy deſpight)
The proud head arm'd on this ſide and on that,
Seeming thy ſilver horns to emulate!
If then (O powerful Goddeſs) thou didſt guide
The young mans ſhaft, he is in juſtice tide
To dedicate the Trophy unto thee,
By whom he did obtain the Victory.

Cho. Huntſ. *O glorious Youth, true Child of* Hercules
That kill'ſt ſo ſoon ſuch monſtrous beaſts as theſe!

SCENA

SCENA SEPTIMA.

Coridon.

I Have forborn till now to credit what
The *Satyr* told me of *Coriſca* late,
Fearing it might be ſome malicious lye
Devis'd by him to ſhake my conſtancy.
For moſt improbable it ſeem'd, that ſhe
In the ſame place where ſhe expected me,
(Unleſs the meſſage which *Liſetta* brought
To me from her were falſe) ſhould ſtraight be caught
With an Adulterer. And yet (the truth
To ſay) here's a ſhrewd token, and it doth
Perplex me much, to ſee the mouth o'th' den
Juſt in that manner he related then
Shut and damm'd up with ſuch a maſſie ſtone:
Ah falſe *Coriſca*! too well by mine own
Experience of thy ungracious deeds
I know thee now: ſtumbling ſo oft, thou needs
Muſt fall at laſt. So many frauds, ſo many
Lyes, and vow breaches might have warned any
(Whom folly or affection did not blear)
That ſome ſuch fearful tumbling caſt was near,
'Twas well for me I tarried by the way;
A happy chance my father made me ſtay:
Though then I did ſuppoſe him fooliſhly
T'have been a tedious Remora. Had I

Come

Come at *Liſetta*'s hour, I might have ſeen
Something which poyſon to my eyes had been.
But what ſhall I do now? arm'd with diſdain,
Shall I revenge and miſchief entertain?
No: I have lov'd her, and this act doth crave
My pity, not my anger. Shall I have
Pity on one deceiv'd me? Me! ſhe hath
Deceiv'd her ſelf, leaving a man of faith,
To give her ſelf a prey into the hand
Of an ignoble Swain, a ſtranger and
A vagabond, that will to morrow be
More wavering, more without faith than ſhe.
Shall I take pains then to revenge a wrong
That carries with it the revenge along?
And quenches all my indignation ſo,
'Tis turn'd to pity? She hath *ſcorn'd* me though:
Sh' has *honour'd* me: for ſhe who *thus* could chuſe,
Highly commends the man ſhe doth refuſe.
She ſcorn'd me, who the way did never know,
How ſhe ſhould love receive, or how beſtow.
Who lik'd at random ſtill, or had this curſe,
If two were offer'd her, to take the worſe.
But tell me, *Coridon*, how can it be,
If ſcorn of being ſcorned move not thee
To take revenge; but that to have been croſt
By ſuch a loſs ſhould do't? I have not loſt
Her whom I never had: My ſelf I have
Regain'd, whom I unto another gave.
Nor can't a loſs be termed to remain
Without a woman ſo unſure and vain.

In fine, What have *I* loſt? Beauty without
Vertue: A head with all the brains pickt out:
A breſt that hath no heart: A heart that hath
No ſoul in it: A ſoul that hath no faith.
A ſhade, a ghoſt, a carcaſs of affection,
Which will to morrow turn to putrefaction:
Is this a loſs? I will be bold to ſay't,
'Tis a great purchaſe and a fortunate.
Is there no woman in the world but ſhe?
Can *Coridon* want Nymphs as fair as ſhe,
And far more true? But ſhe may well want one
Will love her with ſuch faith as *Coridon*,
Whom ſhe deſerv'd not. Now if I ſhould do
That which the *Satyr* did adviſe me to,
Accuſing her of *vow-breach*, in my breath
I know it lies to have her put to death.
But I have not an heart ſo Aſpine, I,
That with the wind of womans levity
It ſhould be mov'd. Too great a happineſs
And honour 'twere to their perfidiouſneſs,
If with the trouble of a manly breſt,
And breaking of the happy peace and reſt
Of an ingenuous ſoul, I were to be
Reveng'd upon *Coriſca* now. For me
Then let her live: or (to expreſs it better)
By me not die, Live for my Rival let her,
Her life's revenge for me ſufficient:
Live let her to diſhonour; to repent:
I know not how to envy him, or loath
Her; but with all my heart do pity both.

SCENA

Scena Octava.

Silvio, Eccho within.

O Goddeſs of the ſloathful, blind and vain,
Who with foul hearts, Rites fooliſh and pro-
Altars and Temples hallow to thy name! (fane,

Temples? or Sanctuaries vile ſaid I?
To protect Lewdneſs and Impiety,
Under the Robe of thy Divinity?

And thou, baſe Goddeſs! that thy wickedneſs,
When others do as bad, may ſeem the leſs,
Giv'ſt them the reins to all laſciviouſneſs.

Rotter of ſoul and body, enemy
Of reaſon, plotter of ſweet thievery,
The little and great world's calamity.

Reputed worthily the Ocean's daughter:
That treacherous monſter, which with even water
Firſt ſooths, but ruffles into ſtorms ſoon after.

Such winds of ſighs, ſuch Cataracts of tears,
Such breaking waves of hopes, ſuch gulfs of fears,
Thou mak'ſt in men, ſuch rocks of cold deſpairs.

Tydes of deſire ſo head-ſtrong, as would move
The world to change thy name, when thou ſhalt prove
Mother of Rage and Tempeſts, not of Love.

Behold

Behold what ſorrow now and diſcontent
On a poor pair of Lovers thou haſt ſent!
Go thou, that vaunt'ſt thy ſelf Omnipotent.

Go, faithleſs Goddeſs, ſave that Nymph whom thou
Haſt poiſon'd with thy ſweets (if thou know'ſt how)
From her ſwift deaths purſuing footſteps now.

O what a happy day was that for me,
When my chaſte ſoul I did devote to thee,
Cynthia, my great and only Deity!

True Goddeſs! unto whoſe particular ſhrine
The faireſt ſouls in all the Earth incline,
As thou in Heav'n doſt all the Stars out-ſhine.

How much more laudable and free from pain
The ſports are which thy ſervants entertain,
Than thoſe of faithleſs *Ericina*'s train!

Wild Boars are killed by thy Worſhippers:
By wild Boars miſerably kill'd are hers.
O Bow, my ſtrength and joy! My Conquerers.

My Arrows! Let that bug-bear Love come try
And match with you his ſoft Artillery:
They whom you wound do in good earneſt die.

But too much honour hence to thee would come,
Vile and unwarlike Boy, to chaſtiſe whom

(I ſpeak't aloud) a Rod's enough. *Enough.*
What art thou that reply'ſt? Eccho? or Love?
That ſo doth imitate the ſame? *The ſame.*
Moſt wiſh'd! but tell me true; Art thou he? *He.*
The ſon of her that for *Adonis* once
So miſerably pin'd away? *Away.*
Well: of that Goddeſs who was found in bed
With *Mars*, when the Stars ſhot to ſee her ſhame,
And the chaſte Moon bluſh'd at her folly? *O lye!*
What madneſs 'tis to whiſtle to the wind!
Come (if thou dareſt) to the wide air, *I dare.*
And I defie thee. But art thou her ſon
Legitimate, or elſe a by-blow? *I glow.*
O! the Smith's ſon that's call'd a god. *a god.*
Of what? the follies of the world? *The world.*
The Bawd thou art. Art thou that terrible Boy
That tak'ſt ſuch ſharp revenge upon thoſe wights
Who thy abſurd commands digeſt not? *Jeſt not.*
What puniſhments doſt thou inflict on thoſe
Who in Rebellion perſevere? *Severe.*
And how ſhall I be puniſh'd, whoſe hard heart
Hath always been at odds with Love? *With Love.*
When (Sot) if my chaſte breaſt be to thoſe flames
More oppoſite than night to day? *To day.*
So quickly ſhall I be in that ſtreight? *Streight.*
What's ſhe can bring me to adoring? *Dorin.*
Dorinda, is it not, my little Child,
Thou wouldſt ſay in thy lithping gibberiſh? *Iſh.*
She whom I hate more than the Lamb the Wolf?
And who to this ſhall force my will? *I will.*

And

And how? and with what arms? and with what bow?
Shall it be happily with thine? *With thine.*
Thou mean'ſt perchance, when by thy wantonneſs
It is unbent, and the nerve broken? *Broken.*
Shall my own bow, after 'tis broken too,
Make war on me? and who ſhall break't? thou? *Thou.*
'Tis plain now thou art drunk: go ſleep. But ſay,
Where ſhall theſe miracles be wrought? here? *Here.*
O fool! and I am going now from hence.
See if thou haſt not prov'd thy ſelf to day
A Prophet with the Wine inſpir'd. *Inſpir'd.*

But ſtay, I ſee (unleſs I much miſtake)
A greyiſh thing at couch in yonder Brake:
'Tis like a Wolf, and certainly 'tis one.
O what a huge one 'tis! how over-grown!
O day of prey to me! What favours are
Theſe, courteous Goddeſs? in one day a pair
Of ſuch wild beaſts to triumph o'er? But why
Do I delay this work, my Deity?
The ſwifteſt and the keeneſt ſhaft that is
In all my Quiver (let me ſee,———'tis this)
I do ſelect: to thee I recommend it,
(O Archereſs eternal) do thou ſend it
By Fortunes hand, and by thy pow'r divine
Guide it into the beaſt. His skin is thine.
And in thy name I ſhoot. O lucky hit!
Juſt where the eye and hand deſigned it.
Would now I had my Javelin here, to make
An end of him at once, before he take

The

The wood for ſhelter: but the place ſhall yield
Me weapons. Not a ſtone in all the field?
But why do I ſeek weapons, having theſe?
This ſecond arrows lays him at his eaſe.
Alas! what do I ſee? what haſt thou done,
Unhappy *Silvio?* what haſt thou run
Thy ſelf into? Thou haſt a ſhepherd ſlain
In a wolfs skin. O action to remain
For ever overwhelm'd with grief! to lie
Under ſalt water everlaſtingly!
The wretch too I ſhould know, and he that ſo
Doth lead and prop him up is *Linco.* O
Vile *arrow!* viler *vow!* but vileſt *Thou*
That didſt direct that arrow, hear that vow!
I guilty of anothers blood? I kill
Another? I that was ſo free to ſpill
My blood for others, and my life to give?
Throw down thy weapons, and inglorious live,
Shooter of men, hunter of men. But lo
The wretched Swain! than thee leſs wretched though.

SCENA NONA.

Linco, Silvio, Dorinda.

Lin. LEan, daughter, on my arm with all thy weight,
(Wretched *Dorinda*) do. *Sil.* *Dorinda*'s that?
I'm a dead man. *Dor.* O *Linco, Linco!* O
My ſecond Father! *Sil.* 'Tis *Dorinda:* wo,

Wo

Wo on thee *Silvio*! *Dor.* *Linco*, thou wert ſure
Ordain'd by Fate to be a ſtay to poor
Dorinda. Thou receivedſt my firſt cry
When I was born: Thou wilt, now I'm to die,
My lateſt groan: and theſe thy arms which were
My Cradle then, ſhall now become my Biere.
Lin. Ah daughter! (or more dear than if thou wert
My daughter) ſpeak now to thee for my heart
I can't, grief melts each word into a tear.
Dor. Not ſo faſt, *Linco*, if thou lov'ſt me: dear
Linco, nor go, nor weep ſo faſt; one rakes
My wound too bad, t'other a new wound makes.
Sil. (Poor Nymph! how ill have I repaid thy love!)
Lin. Be of good comfort, daughter, this will prove
No mortal wound. *Dor.* It may be ſo; but I
That am a Mortal, of this wound ſhall die.
Would I knew yet who hurt me! *Lin.* Get thee ſound,
And let that paſs: Revenge ne'er cur'd a wound.
Sil. (Why doſt thou ſtay? what mak'ſt thou in this place?
Wouldſt thou be ſeen by her? Haſt thou the face?
Haſt thou the heart t' indure it? *Silvio*, flee
From the ſharp dart of her revenging eie:
Flee from her tongues juſt ſword. I cannot go
From hence: and what it is I do not know,
But ſomething holds me, and would make me run
To her, whom I of all the world did ſhun.)
Dor. Muſt I then die, and not my Murtherer know?
Lin. 'Twas *Silvio*. *Dor.* How doſt know 'twas *Silvio*?
Lin. I know his ſhaft. *Dor.* Then welcom death, if I
Shall owe thee to ſo ſweet an enemy!

Lin. Look where he ſtands! we need demand no
His poſture and his face confeſs the murther (further,
Alone. Now Heav'n be praiſed *Silvio*,
Thy all-deſtroying Arrows and thy Bow
Th' haſt pli'd ſo well about theſe woods, that now
Th' art gone out thy Arts-maſter. Tell me, thou
That *doſt like* Silvio, *not like* Linco, who
Made this brave ſhoot, *Linco* or *Silvio*?
This 'tis for Boys to be ſo overwiſe:
Would thou hadſt taken this old fools advice!
Anſwer, thou Wretch: what lingring miſery,
What horrour ſhalt thou live in if ſhe die?
I know thou'lt ſay, thou err'dſt, and thought'ſt to ſtrike
A Wolf: as if 'twere nothing (ſchool-boy like)
To ſhoot at all adventure, and not ſee,
Nor care, whether a man or beaſt it be.
What Goat-herd, or what Plough-man doth not go
Clad in ſuch skins? O *Silvio*, *Silvio*!
"Soon ripe, ſoon rotten. If thou think (fond child)
This *chance* by chance befel thee, th'art beguil'd.
"Theſe monſtrous things without Divine decree
"Hap not to men. Doſt thou not plainly ſee
How this thy unſupportable diſdain
Of love, the world, and all that is humane
Diſpleaſes Heav'n? "High Gods cannot abide
"A Rival upon earth; and hate ſuch pride,
"Although in vertue. Now th'art mute, that wert
Before this hap unſufferably pert.
Dor. *Silvio*, give *Linco* leave to talk: for he
Knows not what pow'r Love gave thee over me

of

of life and death. If thou hadſt ſtrook my heart,
Th'hadſt *ſtrook* what's thine (mark *proper* for thy dart)
Thoſe hands to wound me thy fair eyes have taught.
See, *Silvio*, her thou hat'ſt ſo! ſee her brought
To that extremity where thou wouldſt ſee her!
Thou ſought'ſt to wound her, ſee her wounded here!
To prey upon her, lo ſhe is thy prey!
Thou ſought'ſt her death, and lo ſhe's dying! Say,
Wouldſt thou ought elſe of her? What further joy
Can poor *Dorinda* yield thee? Cruel Boy!
And void of Bowels! thou wouldſt ne'er believe
That wound which from thy eyes I did receive:
This which thy hands have giv'n canſt thou deny?
Thoſe chryſtal ſhow'rs which iſſued from my eye,
Thou couldſt not be perſwaded were my blood:
What doſt thou think now of this crimſon flood
Which my ſide weeps? But (if o'erwhelm'd with ſcorn
That bravery be not wherewith thou wert born)
Deny me not, (though cruel ſoul, yet brave)
Deny me not ('tis all the boon I crave)
When I ſhall ſigh into thee my laſt breath,
One ſigh of thine. O happy, happy death!
If thou vouchſafe to ſweeten it with theſe
Kind words and pious; *Soul, depart in peace.*
Sil. *Dorinda*, my *Dorinda*, ſhall I ſay,
(Alas!) when I muſt loſe thee the ſame day
Th'art mine? now mine, when death to thee I give,
That wert not mine when I could make thee live?
Yes mine I'll call thee: and thou mine ſhalt be
In ſpight of my oppoſing deſtiny.

For if thy death our meeting ſouls disjoin,
My death ſhall re-unite us. All that's mine
Haſte to revenge her: I have murder'd thee
With theſe curs'd arrows; with them murder me.
I have been cruel unto thee; and I
Deſire from thee nothing but cruelty.
I ſcorn'd thee in my pride; look! with my knee
(Low louting to the earth) I worſhip thee,
And pardon of thee, but not life demand.
Take ſhafts and bow: but do not ſtrike my hand
Or eye (bad miniſters, 'tis true, yet ſtill)
But miniſters of an unguilty will:
Strike me this breſt, this monſter hence remove,
Sworn enemy of Pity, and of Love.
Strike me this heart, to thee ſo cruel. Lo,
My bared breſt! *Dor.* I ſtrike it, *Silvio?*
I ſtrike that breſt? ſure if thou didſt not mock,
Thou wouldſt not ſhew't me naked. O white rock!
Already by the winds and briny main
Of my rough ſighs and tears oft ſtrook in vain!
But doſt thou breathe? nor art to pity barr'd?
Art thou a tender breſt, or marble hard?
I would not idolize fair Alablaſter,
(Led by the humane likeneſs) as thy Maſter
And mine, when on the outſide he did look,
A harmleſs woman for a beaſt miſtook.
I ſtrike thee? ſtrike thee Love? Nor can I wiſh
For my revenge a greater plague than this.
Yet muſt I bleſs the day that I took fire,
My tears and martyrdom. All I deſire

Is

Is that thou praiſe my faith, my zeal, but no
Revenging me. But courteous *Silvio*,
(That to thy ſervant kneel'ſt) why this to me?
Or if *Dorinda* muſt thy Miſtreſs be,
Obey her then; the firſt command I give,
Is that thou riſe; the ſecond; that thou live.
Heav'ns Will be done with me: I ſhall ſurvive
In thee, and cannot die whilſt thou'rt alive.
But if thou think'ſt unjuſt I ſhould be found
Without all ſatisfaction for my wound,
Be that, which did it, puniſh'd. 'Twas that Bow:
Let that be broke; I'm well revenged ſo.
Lin. (A very heavy doom.) *Sil.* Come then, thou (mad,
Thou bloody actor of a deed ſo ſad:
That thou mayſt ne'er break thred of life again,
Thus do I break thee and thy thred in twain,
And ſend thee a uſeleſs trunk back to the wood.
Nor you (ill ſanguin'd with an innocents blood!)
Which my dear Miſtreſs ſide ſo rudely rent,
(Brothers in ill) ſhall 'ſcape your puniſhment.
Not ſhafts, nor flights, but ſticks, ſince ye ſhall want
Thoſe wings and heads which garniſht you: Avant
Plum'd and diſarmed Arms. How well, O Love,
Didſt thou foretel me this from yonder grove
In a prophetick Eccho! O thou high
Conqu'rour of Gods and men, once enemy,
Now Lord of all my thoughts! if 'tis thy glory
To tame a heart that's proud and refractory,
Divert Death's impious ſhaft, which with one blow
Slaying *Dorinda*, will ſlay *Silvio*,

(Now thine:) ſo cruel death, if it remove
Her hence, will triumph o'er triumphant Love.
Lin. Now both are wounded: but the one in vain,
Unleſs the others wound be heal'd again.
About it then. *Dor.* Ah *Linco!* do not (pray)
Carry me home diſguis'd in this array.
Sil. Why ſhould *Dorinda* go to any houſe
But *Silvio*'s? Surely ſhe ſhall be my Spouſe
Ere it be night, either alive, or dead.
And *Silvio* in life or death will wed
Dorinda. *Lin.* Now ſhe may become thy Wife,
Since *Amarillis* is to *marriage*, *life*,
And *vertue* loſt. Bleſt pair! Ye Gods (that do
Wonders) with one cure now give life to two.
Dor. O *Silvio!* I ſhall faint, my wounded thigh
Feebly ſupporting me. *Sil.* Good remedy
For that! take heart: th'art mine and *Linco*'s care,
And I and *Linco* thy two crutches are.
Linco, thy hand. *Lin.* There 'tis. *Sil.* Hold faſt: a chair
Let's make for her of our two arms. Reſt here
Dorinda, ſuff'ring thy right hand t' imbrace
The neck of *Linco*, thy left mine: Now place
Thy body tenderly, that the hurt part
May not be ſtrain'd. *Dor.* O cruel pricking dart!
Sil. Sit at more eaſe, my Love. *Dor.* It is well now.
Sil. Dear *Linco* do not ſtagger. *Lin.* Nor do thou
Swag with thine arm, but ſteddy go and wary;
It will concern thee. Ah! we do not carry
A Boars head in triumph. *Sil.* Say, my Dear,
How is it now? *Dor.* In pain; but leaning here

(My

(My Heart) to be in pain, is pleas'd to be;
To languiſh, health; to die, eternity.

Chorus.

FAir Golden Age! when Milk was th' only food,
And Cradle of the Infant-world the wood
(Rock'd by the winds;) and th' untoucht flocks did bear
Their dear young for themſelves! None yet did fear
The ſword or poyſon: no black thoughts begun
T' eclipſe the light of the eternal Sun:
Nor wandring Pines unto a foreign ſhore
Or War, or Riches, (a worſe miſchief) bore.
That pompous ſound, Idol of vanity,
Made up of Title, Pride, and Flattery,
Which they call Honour whom Ambition blinds,
Was not as yet the Tyrant of our minds.
But to buy real goods with honeſt toil
Amongſt the woods and flocks, to uſe no guile,
Was honour to thoſe ſober ſouls that knew
No happineſs but what from vertue grew.
Then ſports and carols amongſt Brooks and Plains,
Kindled a lawful flame in Nymphs and Swains.
Their hearts and tongues concurr'd, the kiſs and joy
Which were moſt ſweet, and yet which leaſt did cloy
Hymen *beſtow'd on them. To one alone*
The lively Roſes of delight were blown;
The theeviſh Lover found them ſhut on trial,
And fenc'd with prickles of a ſharp denial.

Were it in Cave or Wood, or purling Spring,
Husband and Lover ſignifi'd one thing.
Baſe preſent Age, which doſt with thy impure
Delights the beauty of the ſoul obſcure:
Teaching to nurſe a Dropſie in the veins:
Bridling the look, but giv'ſt deſire the reins:
Thus, like a net that ſpread and cover'd lies
With leaves and tempting flowers, thou doſt diſguiſe
With coy and holy arts a wanton heart;
"*Mak'ſt life a* Stage-play, *vertue but a* part:
"*Nor think'ſt it any fault Love's ſweets to ſteal,*
"*So from the world thou canſt the theft conceal.*
But Thou that art the KING *of Kings, create*
In us true honour: Vertue's all the ſtate
Great ſouls ſhould keep. Unto theſe Cells return,
Which were thy Court, but now thy abſence mourn:
From their dead ſleep with thy ſharp goad awake
Them who, to follow their baſe wills, forſake
Thee, and the glory of the ancient world.
"*Let's hope: our ills have truce till we are hurld*
"*From that: Let's hope; the Sun that's ſet may riſe,*
"*And with new light ſalute our longing eyes.*

Actus Quintus.

Scena Prima.

Uranio, Carino.

Ur. "All places are our Country where w'are well:
"Which to the wiſe is whereſoe'er they
Car. It is moſt true, *Uranio;* and no man (dwell,
By proof can ſay it better than I can:
Who leaving long ago my Fathers houſe,
(Being very young, and then ambitious
Of ſomething more than holding of the plough,
Or keeping ſheep) travell'd abroad: and now
To the ſame point where I began, return,
When my gilt locks are to the ſilver worn.
"Yet a ſweet thing (it needs muſt be confeſt)
"To any that hath ſenſe, is his firſt neſt:
"For Nature gave to all men at their birth,
"Something of ſecret love unto that Earth
"Where they were born, which never old doth grow
"In us, but follows whereſoe'er we go.
"The Loadſtone which the wary Mariner
"Doth as Directer of his travels bear,
"Now to the riſing Sun, now to his ſet,
"Doth never loſe that hidden vertue yet,

"Which

"Which makes it to the North retort its look:
"So he that hath his native ſoil forſook,
"Though he may wander far, much compaſs take,
"I, and his neſt in foreign Countries make,
"Yet that ſame natural love doth ſtill retain,
"Which makes him wiſh his native ſoil again.
O fair *Arcadia*! the ſweeteſt part
Of all the world, (at leaſt to me thou art)
Which my feet trod on, but my thoughts adore!
Had I been landed blindfold on thy ſhore,
Yet then I ſhould have known thee, ſuch a flood
Of ſudden joy runs races with my blood:
Such a Magnetick powerful ſympathy,
And unaccuſtom'd tenderneſs feel I.
Thou then, that my Companion haſt been
In travels and in ſorrows, ſhalt be in
At my joys too: 'tis reaſon thou ſhouldſt go
My half in happineſs, as well as wo.

Ura. Companion of thy travels I have been,
Not of the fruit thereof; for thou art in
Thy native ſoil, where thou repoſe mayſt find
For thy tir'd body, and more tired mind:
But I that am a ſtranger, and am come
So many leagues from my poor houſe, and from
My poorer and diſtreſſed Familie,
Trailing my wearied limbs along with thee,
For my afflicted body well may find
Repoſe, but not for my afflicted mind:
Thinking what pledges do behind remain,
And how much rugged way I muſt again.

Tread over ere I reſt. Nor do I know
Who elſe could have prevail'd with me to go
From *Elis* in my gray unweildy age
(Not knowing why) ſo long a pilgrimage.
Car. Thou know'ſt, my ſweet *Mirtillo*, (who was
As a ſon to me by propitious Heav'n) (giv'n
Some two months ſince came hither to be well,
(By my advice, or of the Oracle,
To ſpeak more true, which ſaid, *Th' Arcadian air*
Was th' only means that could his health repair.)
Now I, that find it an exceeding pain
Without ſo dear a pledge long to remain,
Conſulting the ſame Oracle, enquir'd
When he'ld return whom I ſo much deſir'd.
The anſwer was the ſame I tell thee now;
Unto thy ancient Country return thou;
There with thy ſweet Mirtillo *thou ſhalt be*
Happy; for in that place (by Heaven) he
Is mark'd out for great things: But till thou come
Into Arcadia, *touching this be dumb.*
Thou then, my faithfulleſt Companion,
My lov'd *Uranio*, who haſt ever gone
A ſhare in all my fortunes hitherto,
Repoſe thy body, and thou ſhalt have too
Cauſe to repoſe thy mind 'twixt me and thee,
If Heav'n perform what it hath promis'd me)
All ſhall be common; no ſucceſs can glad
Carino, if he ſee *Uranio* ſad.
Ura. My dear *Carino*, what I do for thee,
Rewards it ſelf, if it accepted be.

But

But what at firſt could make thee to forgo
Thy native Country, if thou lov'ſt it ſo?
Car. A love to Poetry, and to the lowd
Muſick of Fame reſounding in a crowd.
For I my ſelf (greedy of foreign praiſe)
Diſdain'd *Arcadia* only ſhould my Layes
Hear and applaud: as if my native Soile
Were narrow limits to my growing Style.
I went to *Elis*, and to *Piſa* then,
(Famous themſelves, and giving fame to men)
There ſaw I that lov'd *Egon*, firſt with Bays,
With Purple then, with Vertue deckt always:
That he on earth *Apollo*'s ſelf did ſeem:
Therefore my heart and Harp I unto him
Did conſecrate, devoted to his name.
And in his houſe (which was the houſe of Fame)
I ſhould have ſet up my perpetual reſt,
There to admire and imitate the beſt,
If as Heav'n made me happy here below,
So it had giv'n me too the grace to know
And keep my happineſs. How I forſook
Elis and *Piſa* after, and betook
My ſelf to *Argos* and *Micene*, where
An earthly god I worſhipt, with what there
I ſuffer'd in that hard captivitie,
Would be too long for thee to hear, for me
Too ſad to utter. Only thus much know,
I loſt my labour, and in ſand did ſow:
I writ, wept, ſung, hot and cold fits I had;
I rid, I ſtood, I bore, now ſad, now glad,

Now high, now low, now in esteem, now scorn'd;
And as the Delphick Iron, which is turn'd
Now to Heroick, now Mechanick use,
I fear'd no danger, did no pains refuse,
Was all things, and was nothing; chang'd my hair,
Condition, custom, thoughts, and life, but ne'er
Could change my fortune. Then I knew at last,
And panted after my sweet freedom past.
So flying smoaky *Argos*, and the great
Storms that attend on greatness, my retreat
I made to *Pisa*, (my thoughts quiet port)
Where (praise be giv'n to the Eternal for't)
Upon my dear *Mirtillo* I did light,
Which all past sorrows fully did requite.

Ura. "A thousand thousand times that man is blest
"Can clip the wings of his aspiring breast!
"Nor for the shadow of great happiness,
"Doth throw away the substance of the less!

Car. But who'd have dreamt midst plenty to grow
Or to be less by toiling to be more? (poor?
I thought by how much more in Princes Courts
Men did excel in Titles and Supports,
So much the more obliging they would be,
The best enamel of Nobilitie.)
But now the contrary by proof I've seen:
Courtiers in name, and *Courteous* in their meen
They are; but in their actions I could spie
Not the least spark or drachm of *Courtesie*.
People in shew smooth as the calmed waves;
Yet cruel as the Ocean when it raves.

Men

Men in appearance only I did find,
Love in the face, but malice in the mind:
With a ſtrait look, a ſquinting heart; and leaſt
Fidelity where greateſt was profeſt.
That which elſewhere is vertue, is vice there:
Plain troth, ſquare dealing, love unfeign'd, ſincere
Compaſſion, faith inviolable, and
An innocence both of the heart and hand,
They count the folly of a ſoul that's vile
And poor, a vanity worthy their ſmile.
To cheat, to lye, deceit and theft to uſe,
And under ſhew of pity to abuſe,
To riſe upon the ruines of their brothers,
And ſeek their own by robbing praiſe from others,
The vertues are of that perfidious race.
No worth, no valour, no reſpect of place,
Of Age, or Law, bridle of modeſty,
No tie of love, or blood, nor memory
Of good receiv'd; nothing's ſo venerable,
Sacred or juſt, that is inviolable
By that vaſt thirſt of Riches, and deſire
Unquenchable of ſtill aſcending higher.
Now I (not fearing, ſince I meant not ill,
And in Court-craft not having any skill,
Wearing my thoughts character'd in my brow,
And a glaſs-window in my breaſt) judge thou
How open and how fair a mark my heart
Lay to their Envies unſuſpected dart.

Ura. "Who now can boaſt of earths felicity,
"When Envy treads on Vertues heels? *Car.* O my
Uranio, If ſince my Muſe and I From

From *Elis* paſt to *Argos*, I had found
Such cauſe to ſing, as I had ample ground
To weep, perchance in ſuch a lofty key
I'd ſung my Maſter's glorious Arms, that he
Should have no cauſe, for the felicity
Of his Meonian trumpet to envy
Achilles: and my Country (which doth bring
Such hapleſs Poets forth as Swan-like ſing
Their own ſad fates) ſhould by means have now
A ſecond Lawrel to impale her brow.
But in this age (inhumane age the while!)
The art of Poetry is made too vile.
"Swans muſt have pleaſant neſts, high feeding, fair
"Weather to ſing: and with a load of care
"Men cannot climb *Parnaſſus* cliff: for he
"Who is ſtill wrangling with his Deſtiny,
"And his malignant fortune, becomes hoarſe,
"And loſes both his ſinging and diſcourſe.
——But now 'tis time to ſeek *Mirtillo* out:
Although I find the places hereabout
So chang'd and alter'd from their ancient wont,
I for *Arcadia* in *Arcadia* hunt.
But come *Uranio* gladly for all this;
A traveller with language cannot miſs
His way: or, ſince th'art weary, thou wert beſt
To ſtay at the next Inn to take ſome reſt.

SCENA

Scena Secunda.

Titiro, Messenger.

Tit. Which first, my Daughter, shall I mourn in (thee
Thy loss of life, or of thy chastitie?
I'll mourn thy chastity: for thou wert born
Of mortal Parents, but not bad. I'll mourn
Not thy life lost, but mine preserv'd, to see
Thy loss of life, and of thy chastitie.
Thou with thy Oracles mysterious cloud,
(Wrongly conceiv'd *Montano*) and thy proud
Despiser both of love, and of my Daughter
Unto this miserable end hast brought her.
Ay me! how much more certain at this time
My Oracles have shew'd themselves than thine!
" For honesty in a young heart doth prove
" But a weak sconce against assaulting love:
" And 'tis most true, a woman that's alone,
" Hath a most dangerous Companion. (th'air

Mess. Were he not under ground, or flown throug
I should have found him sure. But soft, h's there
(I think) where least I thought. Th'art met by me
Too late, old Father, but too soon for thee:
I've news. *Tit.* What bring'st thou in thy mouth? th
That hath bereft my Daughter of her life? (knif

Mess. Not that; yet little less. But how I pray
Got'st thou this news so soon another way?

Tit.

Tit. Doth ſhe then live? *Meſſ.* She lives, and in her
It is to live or die. *Tit.* Bleſt be that voice! (choice
Why is ſhe then not ſafe, if ſhe may give
Her *no* to death? *Meſſ.* Becauſe ſhe will not live.
Tit. Will not? what madneſs makes her *life* deſpiſe?
Meſſ. Anothers death. And (if that thy advice
Remove her not) ſhe is thereon ſo bent,
That all the world cannot her death prevent.
Tit. Why ſtand we talking here then? Let us go.
Meſſ. Stay: yet the Temple's ſhut. Doſt thou not
That none but holy feet on holy earth (know
May tread, till from the Veſtry they bring forth
The deſtin'd Sacrifice in all its trim? (interim
Tit. But before that— *Meſſ.* She's watcht. *Tit.* I'th'
Relate then all that's paſt, and to me ſhow
The truth unveil'd. *Meſſ.* Thy wretched Daughter (Oh
Sad ſpectacle!) being brought before the Prieſt,
Did not alone from the beholders wreſt
Salt tears; but (truſt me) made the marble melt,
And the hard flint the dint of pity felt.
She was accus'd, convict, and ſentence paſt
All in a trice. *Tit.* (Poor Girl!) and why ſuch haſte?
Meſſ. Becauſe the evidence was clear as day:
Beſides, a certain Nymph (who ſhe did ſay
Could witneſs ſhe was guiltleſs) was not there,
Nor could by any ſearch be brought t' appear.
Then the dire Omens of ſome threatned ill,
And horrid viſions which the Temple fill,
Brook no delay, to us more frightful far,
By how much more unuſual they are,

Nor ever ſeen, ſince the vext Pow'rs above
Reveng'd the wrong of ſcorn'd *Aminta*'s Love.
(Who was their Prieſt whence all our woes had birth)
The Goddeſs ſweats cold drops of blood, the Earth
Is Palſey ſhook; the ſacred Cavern howls
With ſuch unwonted ſounds as tortur'd ſouls
Send out of graves, and belches up a ſmell
From its fowl jaws, ſcarce to be match'd in hell.
His ſad Proceſſion now the Prieſt began
To lead t' a bloody death thy Daughter, whan
Mirtillo ſeeing her, (behold a ſtrange
Proof of Affection!) proffer'd to exchange
His life for hers; crying aloud, Her hands
Untie, (Ah how unworthy of ſuch bands!)
And in her ſtead (who is deſign'd to be
A ſacrifice to *Dian*) offer me
A ſacrifice to *Amarillis*. *Tit.* There
Speak a true Lover, and above baſe fear!
Meſſ. The wonder follows: ſhe that was afraid
Before of dying, on the ſudden made
Now valiant by *Mirtillo*'s words, reply'd,
Thus, with a heart at death unterrifi'd,
But doſt thou think (*Mirtillo*) then to give
Life by thy death to her, who in thee doth live?
It cannot, muſt not be: Come, Prieſts, away
With me to th' Altar now without delay.
Ah! (cry'd the Swain) ſuch love I did not lack:
Back, cruel *Amarillis*, O come back:
Now thou art more unkind than ere thou wert:
'Tis I ſhould die. Quoth ſhe, thou act'ſt my part,
An

And here between them grew ſo fierce a ſtrife,
As if that life were death, and death were life.
O noble ſouls! O Pair eternally
To be renown'd, whether ye live or die!
O glorious Lovers! if I had tongues more
Than Heav'n hath eyes, or ſands are on the ſhore,
Their voices would be drowned in the main
Sea of your endleſs Praiſes. Glorious Dame,
Daughter of *Jove*, (eternal as thy Father)
That Mortals deeds immortallizeſt, gather
Thou the fair ſtory, and in diamond pages,
With golden letters write to after-ages
The bravery of both Lovers. *Tit.* But who wan
The conqueſt in that ſtrife of death? *Meſſ.* The Man.
Strange war! which to the victor death did give,
And where the vanquiſht was condemn'd to live.
For thus unto thy daughter ſpake the Prieſt;
Nymph, let's alone, and ſet thy heart at reſt;
Chang'd for another none can be again,
Who for another in exchange was ta'en.
This is our Law. Then a ſtrict charge he gave,
Upon the Maid ſuch careful watch to have,
As that ſhe might not lay a violent hand
Upon her ſelf through ſorrow. Thus did ſtand
The ſtate of matters, when in ſearch of thee
Montano ſent me. *Tit.* 'Tis moſt true I ſee,
"Well-water'd Meads may be without ſweet flowers
"In Spring; without their verdant honour Bowers;
"And without chirping Birds a pleaſant Grove;
"Ere a fair Maid and young without her Love.

But if we loiter here, how ſhall we know
The hour when to the Temple we ſhould go?
Meſſ. Here better than elſewhere: For here it is
The honeſt Swain muſt be a ſacrifice.
Tit. And why not in the Temple? *Meſſ.* Becauſe in
The place 'twas done, our Law doth puniſh ſin.
Tit. Then why not in the Cave? The ſin was there.
Meſſ. Becauſe it muſt be in the open air.
Tit. By whom haſt thou theſe myſteries been told?
Meſſ. By the chief Miniſter, and he by old
Tirenio; who the falſe *Lucrino* knew
So ſacrificed, and *Aminta* true.
But now 'tis time to go indeed; for ſee
The ſacred pomp deſcends the hill! yet we
May for thy Daughter to the Temple go
Before they come: " Devotion marches ſlow.

SCENA TERTIA.

Chorus of Shepherds, Chorus of Prieſts, Montano, Mirtillo.

Ch.Sh. SOl's *ſiſter, Daughter of great* Jupiter,
That ſhin'ſt a ſecond Sun in the firſt Sphere
To the blind world!
Ch.Pr. Thou whoſe life-giving, and more temp'ra(te
Thy Brother's burning fury doth allay; (Ray
Whence bounteous Nature here produces after
All her bleſt off-ſprings, and Air, Earth, and Wat(er
Enrich

Enriches and augments with Vegetals,
With Creatures ſenſitive, with Rationals.
Ah, pity thy *Arcadia*, and that rage
Thou doſt in *others*, in thy ſelf aſſwage!
Ch. Sh. Sol's *Siſter, Daughter of great* Jupiter,
That ſhin'ſt a ſecond Sun in the firſt Sphere
To the blind world!
Mont. Now ſacred Miniſters the Altars dreſs;
You likewiſe Swains, that ſhew your ſelves no leſs
Devout than they, your voices all unite,
And once again invoke the Queen of Night.
Ch. Sh. Sol's *Siſter, Daughter of great* Jupiter,
That ſhin'ſt a ſecond Sun in the firſt Sphere
To the blind world!
Mont. Now ſhepherds and my ſervants all,
Withdraw your ſelves, and come not till I call.
Valiant young man, (who to beſtow upon
Another *life*, abandoneſt thine own)
Die with this comfort: for a puff of breath
(Which by the abject ſpirit is called death)
Thou buy'ſt Eternity: and when the tooth
Of envious Time (conſuming the world's youth)
Millions of leſſer names devoured hath,
Then thou ſhalt live the pattern of true faith.
But for the Law commands that thou ſhouldſt die
A ſilent Sacrifice, before thou ply
Thy knee to earth, if thou wouldſt ought deliver,
Speak; and hereafter hold thy peace for ever.
Mir. Father, (for though thou kill me, yet I muſt
Give thee that name) my body to the duſt,

Whereof 'twas made and kneaded up, I give
My ſoul to her in whom alone I live.
But if ſhe die, (as ſhe hath vow'd) of me
What part (alas!) will then ſurviving be?
How ſweet will death be unto me, if I
In mine own perſon, not in hers, may die!
And if he merit pity at his death,
Who for meer pity now reſigns his breath,
Take care dear (Father) of her life, that I
Wing'd with that hope, t' a better life may fly.
Let my Fate reſt at my deſtruction,
Stop at my ruine; but when I am gone,
Let my divorced ſoul in her ſurvive,
Although from her I was divorc'd alive.

Mont. Scarcely can I refrain from weeping now:
(O our mortality how frail art thou!)
Son, be of comfort, for I promiſe thee
I will perform all thou deſir'ſt of me:
Here's my hand on't, and ſolemnly I ſwear,
Ev'n by this Miter'd head. *Mir.* Then vaniſh fear,
And now for the moſt faithful ſoul make room,
For (*Amarillis*) unto thee I come.
With the ſweet name of *Amarillis* I
Cloſe up my mouth, and ſilent kneel to die.

Mont. Now, ſacred Miniſters, the Rites begin;
With liquid odoriferous Gums keep in
The flame, and ſtrowing frankincenſe and myrrhe,
Whole clouds of perfume to the Gods preferre.

Cho. Sh. *Sol's Siſter, Daughter of great* Jupiter,
That ſhin'ſt a ſecond Sun in the firſt Sphere.
To the blind world!

SCENA

SCENA QUARTA.

Carino, Montano, Nicandro, Mirtillo, Chorus of Shepherds.

Car. DId ever man ſo many houſes view,
And the inhabitants thereof ſo few?
But ſee the cauſe! if I miſtake me not,
They're gotten all together here: O what
A troop! how rich! how ſolemn! It is ſure
Some ſacrifice. *Mont.* Give me the golden Ewre
With the red Wine *Nicandro*. *Nic.* There. *Mont.* *So may*
Soft pity in thy breſt revive to day
By this unguilty blood, (Goddeſs divine)
As by the ſprinkling of theſe drops of Wine,
This pale and dying flame revives. Set up
The golden Ewre. Reach me the ſilver Cup.
So may the burning wrath be quencht, which in
Thy breſt was kindled by a falſe Maids ſin,
As with this water (pour'd out like our tears)
I quench this flame. *Car.* 'Tis a ſacrifice; but where's
The offering? *Mont.* Now all's prepar'd, there lacks
Only that fatal ſtroak. Lend me the Axe.
Car. I ſee a thing (unleſs my eyes miſtake)
Like a man kneeling this way with his back.
Is he the Offering? 'Tis ſo, ah wretch!
And o'er his head the Prieſt his hand doth ſtretch.
O my poor Country! after all theſe years
Is not Heav'ns wrath yet quencht with blood & tears.

Ch. Sh. Sol's *Sister, Daughter of great* Jupiter,
That shin'st a second Sun in the first Sphere
To the blind world!

Mont. *Revengeful Goddess, who a private fault*
With publick rod dost punish: (Thou hast thought
Fit so to do, and so in the Abyss
Of Providence eternal fixt it is)
Since faithless Lucrin's *tainted blood was thought*
For thy nice Justice too impure a draught:
Carouse the guiltless blood then of this Swain,
By me now at thy Altar to be slain
A willing Sacrifice, and to his Lass
As true a Lover as Aminta *was.*

Ch. Sh. Sol's *Sister, Daughter of great* Jupiter,
That shin'st a second Sun in the first Sphere
To the blind world!

Mont. Ah, how my breast with pity now relents!
What sudden numness fetters every sense!
I ne'er was so before; to lift this Axe
My hands lack strength, and my heart courage lacks.

Car. I'll see the wretches face, and so be gone:
For such dire sights I cannot look upon.

Mont. Perhaps the Sun, though setting, will not look
On humane Sacrifice, and I am strook
Therefore with horrour. Shepherd, change thy place,
And to the Mountain turn thy dying face.
So, now 'tis well. *Car.* Alas, what gaze I at?
Is't not my Son? Is't not *Mirtillo*, that? (my blow—

Mon. Now I can do't. (*Car.* 'Tis he.) *Mon.* And aim

Car. Hold, sacred Minister, what dost thou do?

Mont.

Mont. Nay, thou profane raſh man, how dar'ſt thou
Impoſe a ſacrilegious hand on us? (thus
Car. O all my joy *Mirtillo!* I ne'er thought——
Mont. (Avant, old man, that dot'ſt, or art diſtraught.)

Car. T'imbrace thee in this ſort. *Mont.* Avant, I ſay,
It is not lawful impure hands to lay
Upon things ſacred to the gods. *Car.* 'Twas they
That ſent me to this place. *Mont. Nicandro*, ſtay,
We'll hear him, and then let him go his way.

Car. Ah, courteous Miniſter, before thy hand
Upon the life of this young man deſcend,
Tell me but why he dies. This I implore
By that Divinity thou doſt adore.
Mont. By ſuch a Goddeſs thou conjur'ſt me, that
I ſhould be impious to deny. But what
Concerns it thee? *Car.* More than thou doſt ſuppoſe.
Mont. Becauſe to die he for another choſe.
Car. Then I will die for him: O, take in ſtead
Of his, this old already tott'ring head. (now
Mon. Thou rav'ſt friend. *Car.* Why am I deni'd that
Which unto him was granted? *Mont.* Becauſe thou
A ſtranger art. *Car.* And if I ſhould prove none,
What then? *Mont.* Although thou ſhouldſt, it were all
Becauſe *he cannot be exchang'd again,* (one;
Who for another in exchange was ta'en.
But who art thou, if thou no ſtranger be?
Thy habit ſpeaks thee not of *Arcadie.*
Car. Yet am I an Arcadian. *Mont.* I did ne'er
See thee before (to my remembrance) here.

Car.

Car. My name's *Carino*; I was born hard by:
(This Wretches Father who is now to die.) (love
Mont. Hence, hence, leſt through thy fond paternal
Our ſacrifice ſhould vain and fruitleſs prove.
Car. O if thou wert a Father! *Mont.* I am one:
I, and the Father of an only Son.
A tender Father too; yet if this were
My *Silvio*'s head (by *Silvio*'s head I ſwear)
I would as forward be to do to his
What I muſt do to this. "For no man is
"Worthy this ſacred Robe, but he that can
"For publick good put off the private man.
Car. Yet let me kiſs him ere he die. *Mont.* Not touch.
Car. O mine own fleſh and blood! art thou ſo much
A Tyrant to me too, as to afford
To thy afflicted Parent not one word?
Mir. Dear Father, Peace. *Mont.* Alas we are all
The ſacrifice (O Heavens!) is defil'd. (ſpoil'd
Mir. That blood, that life which thou didſt give
Spent for a better cauſe can never be. (to me
Mont. Did I not ſay his vow of ſilence he
Would break, when he his Fathers tears ſhould ſee
Mir. That ſuch a groſs miſtake I ſhould commit,
My vow of ſilence I did quite forget.
Mont. But Miniſters, why do ye gazing ſtay?
Him to the Temple quickly reconvay.
There in the holy Cloyſter again take
The voluntary Oath of him; then back
Returning him with pomp along with you,
For a new ſacrifice bring all things new,

Ne

New fire, and new water, and new wine
Quickly; for *Phœbus* doth apace decline.

Scena Quinta.

Montano, Carino, Dameta.

Mont. NOw thou old doting fool, thank Heav'n (thou art
His Father; for (by Heav'n) unleſs thou (wert,
To day I'd make thee feel my fury, ſince
Thou haſt ſo much abus'd my patience.
Know'ſt thou who I am? Know'ſt thou that this wand
Doth both divine and humane things command?
Car. "Let not the Prieſt of Heav'n offended be
"For begging mercy. *Mont.* I have ſuffer'd thee
Too long, and that hath made thee inſolent:
Doſt thou not know, "When anger wanteth vent
"In a juſt boſom, it is gathering ſtrength
"Within, and burſts out with more force at length?
Car. "Anger was never in a noble mind
"A furious tempeſt: but a gentle wind
"Of paſſion only, which but ſtirs the ſoul,
"(Where Reaſon ſtill doth keep her due comptrol)
"Leſt it ſhould grow a ſtanding pool, unfit
"For vertuous action. If I cannot get
Thee to extend that mercy which I crave,
Afford me juſtice; this I ought to have
From thee. "For they who Laws to others give,
Ought not themſelves without all Law to live.

"And

" And he that is advanc'd to greater ſway,
" Him that requireth Juſtice muſt obey.
And (witneſs) I require it now of thee;
Do't for thy ſelf, if thou wilt not for me.
Thou art unjuſt if thou *Mirtillo* ſlay.
Mont. I prethee how? *Car.* To me didſt thou not ſay,
Thou might'ſt not offer here a ſtrangers blood?
Mon. I did: and ſaid what Heav'n commanded. *Car.* Good:
This is a ſtranger then. *Mon.* A ſtranger? what?
Is he not then thy ſon? *Car.* All's one for that.
Mont. Is't that thou gott'ſt him in a foreign land?
Car. The more thou ſeek'ſt, the leſs thou't underſtand.
Mont. It skills not here, *where*, but by *whom* he's got.
Car. I call him ſtranger, cauſe I got him not.
Mont. Is he thy ſon then, and not got by thee?
Car. I ſaid he was my ſon; not born of me.
Mont. Thy grief hath made thee mad. *Car.* I would
I ſhould not feel my grief if I were mad. (it had!
Mont. Thou art or mad or impious, chuſe thou whether.
Car. For telling the truth to thee I am neither.
Mont. How can both theſe (ſon and not ſon) be true?
Car. Son of my love, not of my loins. *Mont.* Go to;
He is no ſtranger if he be thy ſon:
If he be not, to thee no harm is done.
So Father or not Father, th'art confuted.
Car. "Truth is truth ſtill, though it be ill diſputed.
Mont. " That man that utters contradictions muſt
" Speak one untruth. *Car.* Thy action is unjuſt,
I ſay again. *Mont.* Let all this actions guilt
Light on my head, and on my ſons. *Car.* Thou wilt

Repent

Repent it. *Mont.* Thou ſhalt, if thou wilt not take
Thy hands from off me. *Car.* My appeal I make
To men and gods. *Mont.* To gods, deſpis'd by thee?
Car. And if thou wilt not hear, hearken to me,
O Heav'n and Earth! and thou great Goddeſs here
Ador'd! *Mirtillo* is a Foreigner,
No ſon of mine: the holy Sacrifice (from this
Thou doſt profane. *Mont.* Bleſs me good Heav'ns
Strange man! Say then, if he be not thy ſon,
Who is his father? *Car.* 'Tis to me unknown. (thou then
Mon. Is he thy kinſman? *Car.* Neither. *Mon.* Why doſt
Call him thy ſon? *Car.* 'Cauſe from the inſtant when
I had him firſt, I bred him as mine own,
Still with a fatherly affection. (him. *Car.* From
Mont. Didſt buy him? ſteal him? from whence hadſt
Elis, (the gift of a ſtrange man.) *Mont.* From whom
Had that ſtrange man him? *Car.* That ſtrange man? why
Had him of me before. *Mont.* Thou mov'ſt in me (he
At the ſame time both laughter and diſdain:
What thou gav'ſt him, did he give thee again?
Car. I gave to him what was his own; then he
Return'd it as his courteous gift to me. (me mad
Mont. And whence hadſt thou (ſince thou wilt make
For company) that which from thee he had?
Car. Within a thicket of ſweet Mirtle, I
Had newly found him accidentally
Near to *Alfeo*'s mouth, and call'd him thence
Mirtillo. *Mont.* With what likely circumſtance
Thou doſt thy lye embroider? Are there any
Wild beaſts within that Foreſt? *Car.* Very many.

Mont.

Mon. Why did not they devour him? *Car.* A ſtrong (flood
Had carry'd him into that tuft of wood,
And left him in the lap of a ſmall Iſle
Defended round with water. *Mon.* Thou doſt file
One lye upon another well. And was
The flood ſo pitiful to let him paſs
Undrown'd? Such Nurſes in thy Country are
The Brooks, to foſter Infants with ſuch care.

Car. He lay within a Cradle, which with mud
And other matter gather'd by the flood,
Calk't (to keep out the water) like a Boat,
Had to that thicket carry'd him afloat.

Mon. Within a cradle lay he? *Car.* Yes. *Mon.* A child
In ſwathing bands? *Car.* A ſweet one; and it ſmil'd.
Mon. How long ago might this be? *Car.* 'Tis ſoon caſt
Since the great flood ſome twenty years are paſt,
And then it was. *Mon.* What horrour do I feel
Creep thorow my veins! *Car.* He's ſilenc'd, and yet will
Be obſtinate. "O the ſtrange pride of thoſe
"In place! who conquer'd, yield not: but ſuppoſe
"Becauſe that they have all the wealth, with it
"They muſt be Maſters too of all the wit.
Sure he's convinc'd; and it doth vex him too,
As by his mutt'ring he doth plainly ſhow:
And one may ſee ſome colour he would find,
To hide the errour of a haughty mind. (wha

Mon. But that ſtrange man of whom thou tell'ſt me
Was he unto the Child? his Father? *Car.* That
I do not know. *Mon.* Nor didſt thou ever know
More of the man than thou haſt told me? *Car.* No.
Why

Why all theſe queſtions? *Mon.* If thou ſaw'ſt him now,
Should'ſt know him? *Car.* Yes, he had a beetle-brow,
A down-look, middle-ſtature, with black hair,
His beard and eye-brows did with briſtles ſtare.
Mon. Shepherds & ſervants mine, approach. *Dam.* W'are here.
Mon. Which of theſe ſhepherds who do now appear,
To him thou talk'ſt of likeſt ſeems to thee?
Car. Not only like him, but the ſame is he
Whom thou talk'ſt with; and ſtill the man doth ſhow
The ſame he did ſome twenty years ago,
For he hath chang'd no hair, though I am gray.
Mon. Withdraw, and let *Dameta* only ſtay.
Tell me, doſt thou know him? *Dam.* I think I do:
But where, or how I know not? *Car.* I'll renew
Thy memory by tokens. *Mon.* Let me talk
Firſt with him if thou pleaſe, and do thou walk
Aſide awhile. *Car.* Moſt willingly what thou
Command'ſt I'll do. *Mon.* Tell me, *Dameta*, now,
And do not lye. (*Da.* O gods, what ſtorm comes here!)
Mon. When thou cam'ſt back ('tis ſince ſome twenty year)
From ſeeking of my Child, which the ſwoln brook
Away together with its cradle took,
Didſt thou not tell me thou hadſt ſought with pain
All that *Alpheo* bathes, and all in vain?
Dam. Why doſt thou ask it me? *Mon.* Anſwer me this:
Didſt not thou ſay thou couldſt not find him? *Dam.* Yes.
Mon. What was that little infant then which thou
In *Elis* gav'ſt to him that knows thee now?
Dam. 'Twas twenty years ago; and wouldſt thou
An old man now remember what he gave? (have

Mon.

Mont. He is old too, and yet remembers it.
Dam. Rather is come into his doting fit. (ſtranger.
Mont. That we ſhall quickly ſee: Where art thou
Car. Here. *Dam.* Would thou wert interr'd, and I from danger.
Mont. Is this the ſhepherd that beſtow'd on thee
The preſent, art thou ſure? *Car.* I'm ſure 'tis he.
Dam. What preſent? *Car.* Doſt thou not remember
In *Jove Olympicks* Fane, thou having then (when
Newly receiv'd the Oracles reply,
And being juſt on thy departure, I
Encountred thee, and asking then of thee
The ſigns of what th'adſt loſt, thou toldſt them me;
Then I did take thee to my houſe, and there
Shew'd thee thy Child laid in a Cradle; where
Thou gav'ſt him me. *Dam.* What is inferr'd from hence?
Car. The Child thou gav'ſt me then, and whom I ſince
Have brought up, as a tender Father doth
An only Son, is this unhappy youth
Who on this Altar now is doom'd to die
A Sacrifice. *Dam.* O force of deſtinie! (ſed
Mont. Art ſtudying for more lyes? Hath this man
The truth or not? *Dam.* Would I were but as dead
As all is true! *Mont.* That thou ſhalt quickly be
If the whole truth thou doſt not tell to me.
Why didſt thou give unto another what
Was not thine own? *Dam.* Dear Maſter, ask not that
For Heav'ns ſake do not: too much thou doſt know
Already. *Mont.* This makes me more eager grow
Wilt not ſpeak yet? Still keep'ſt thou me in pain?
Th'art dead if I demand it once again.

Dam

Dam. Becauſe the Oracle foretold me there,
That *if the Child then found returned e're*
To his own home, he ſhould be like to die
By's Father's hand. *Car.* 'Tis true, my ſelf was by.
Mont. Ay me! now all is clear: This act of mine,
The Dream and Oracle did well Divine.
Car. What wouldſt thou more? can ought behind
Is it not plain enough? *Mont.* 'Tis but too plain.
I know, and thou haſt ſaid too much; I would
I had ſearch'd leſs, or thou leſs underſtood.
How (O) *Carino*, have I ta'en from thee
At once thy Son, and thy Calamity!
How are thy paſſions become mine! this is
My Son: O too unhappy Son, of this
Unhappy man! O Son preſerv'd and kept
More cruelly, than thou from hence wert ſwept
By the wild flood, to fall by thy Sires hand,
And ſtain the Altars of thy native Land!
Car. Thou Father to *Mirtillo?* Wondrous! How
Didſt loſe him? *Mon.* By that horrid flood which thou
Haſt mention'd. O dear pledge! thou wert ſafe then
When thou wert loſt: and now I loſe thee, when
I find thee. *Car.* O eternal Providence!
For what deep end have all theſe Accidents
Lain hid ſo long, and now break forth together?
Some mighty thing thou haſt conceived, either
For good or evil: ſome unwonted birth
Thou art big with, which muſt be brought on earth.
Mont. This was the thing my dream foretold me too;
Prophetick in the bad, but moſt untrue

In the good part; This 'twas which made me melt
So ſtrangely; this, that horrour which I felt
Creep through my bones, when I heav'd up my hand.
For Nature's ſelf ſeem'd to recoil, or ſtand
Aſtoniſhed, to ſee a Father go
To give that horrid and forbidden blow.
Car. Thou art reſolved then not to go on
With this dire Sacrifice? *Mon.* No other man
May do it here. *Car.* Shall the Son then be ſlain
By his own Sire? *Mon.* 'Tis Law: and who dare ſtrain
His charity to ſave another man,
When true *Aminta* with himſelf began?
Car. O my ſad Fate! what am I brought to ſee?
Mont. Two Fathers over-acted Pietie
Murther their Son; Thine to *Mirtillo*; mine
To Heav'n. Thou by denying he was thine,
Thought'ſt to preſerve him, and haſt loſt him; I
(Searching with too much curioſity)
Whilſt I was to have ſacrific'd thy Son,
(As I ſuppos'd) find and muſt ſlay my own.
Car. Behold the horrid Monſter Fate hath teem'd
O cruel! O *Mirtillo*! more eſteem'd
By me than life: Was this it which to me
The Oracle foretold concerning thee?
Thus doſt thou make me *in my Country bleſt?*
O my dear Son, whilome the hope and reſt,
But now the grief and bane of theſe gray hairs?
Mont. Prethee, *Carino*, lend to me thoſe tears:
I weep for mine own blood. (Ah! why, if I
Muſt ſpill it, is it mine?) Poor Son! but why

Did I beget thee?— (Why was I got rather?)
The pitying deluge ſav'd thee, and thy Father
Will cruelly deſtroy thee. Holy Pow'rs
Immortal, (without ſome command of yours
Not the leaſt wave ſtirs in the Sea, breath in
The Air, nor leaf on Earth) what monſtrous ſin
Hath been by me committed 'gainſt your Law,
This heavy Judgment on my head to draw?
Or if I have tranſgreſs'd ſo much, wherein
Sinn'd my Son ſo, ye will not pardon him?
And thou with one blaſt of thy anger kill
Me, thundring *Jove?* But if thy bolts lie ſtill,
My blade ſhall not: I will repeat the ſad
Example of *Aminta*, and the Lad
Shall ſee his Father through his own heart run
His reeling blade, rather than kill his Son.
Die then, *Montano*; Age ſhould lead the way:
And willingly I do't. Pow'rs (ſhall I ſay
Of Heav'n or Hell?) that do with anguiſh drive
Men to deſpair; Behold, I do conceive
(Since you will have it ſo) your fury! I
Deſire no greater bleſſing than to die.
A kind of dire love to my natural Gole
Doth laſh me on, and hollow to my ſoul,
To death, to death. *Car.* 'Las poor old man! in troth
I pity thee: for though we need it both,
Yet as by day the Stars forbear to ſhine,
My grief is nothing, if compar'd with thine.

Scena Sexta.

Tirenio, Montano, Carino.

Tir. MAke haſte, my Son; yet tread ſecure, that I
May without ſtumbling, trace thee through
And craggy way, with my old feet and blind. (this wry
Thou art their eyes, as I am to thy mind.
And when thou comeſt where the Prieſt is, there
Arreſt thy pace. *Mont.* Hah! whom I ſee here?
Is't not our Reverend *Tirenio?* he
Whoſe eyes are ſeel'd up earthward, but heav'n ſee?
Some great thing draws him from his ſacred Cell,
Whence to behold him is a miracle.
Car. May the good Gods pleas'd in their bounty be
To make his coming proſperous to thee.
Mont. Father *Tirenio*, what miracle
Is this? what mak'ſt thou from thy holy Cell?
Whom doſt thou ſeek? what news? *Tir.* I come to ſpeak
With thee: and news I bring, and news I ſeek.
Mont. But why comes not the holy Order back
With the purg'd offering, and what doth lack
Beſides to th' interrupted Sacrifice?
Tir. "O how much often doth the want of eye
"Add to the inward ſight! for then the ſoul
"Not gadding forth, but recollected whole
"Into it ſelf, is wont to recompence
"With the minds eyes the blindneſs of the ſenſe!
"

" It is not good to paſs ſo ſlightly over
" Some great events unlookt for, which diſcover
" In humane buſineſſes a hand Divine, (ſhine.
" Which through a cloud of ſeeming chance doth
" For Heav'n with Earth will not familiar be,
" Nor face to face talk with Mortalitie.
" But thoſe great wondrous things which us amaze,
" And on blind chance the more blind vulgar lays,
" Are but Heav'ns voice: the deathleſs Gods affect
" To ſpeak to Mortals in that dialect.
" It is their language; mute unto our ears,
" But loud to him whoſe underſtanding hears.
(A thouſand times moſt happy is that wight,
That hath an underſtanding pitcht ſo right.)
The good *Nicandro* (as thou gav'ſt command)
Was ready now to bring the ſacred Band,
Whom I with-held by reaſon of a change
That fell out in the Temple. Which ſo ſtrange
Event, comparing with what happen'd here
At the ſame time to thee, 'twixt hope and fear
I know not how, ſtrook and amaz'd I ſtand:
Whereof by how much leſs I underſtand
The cauſe, ſo much the more I hope and fear
Some happineſs, or ſome great danger near.
Mont. That which thou underſtandeſt not, I do
Too well, and to my ſorrow feel it too.
But is there ought in hidden Fate can ſhun
Thy all-divining ſpirit? *Tir.* O my Son!
" If the Divine uſe of Prophetick light
" Were arbitrary, it would then be hight

" The gift of Nature, not of Heav'n. I find
('Tis true) within my undigeſted mind,
That there is ſomething hidden in the deep
Boſom of Fate, which ſhe from me doth keep,
And this hath mov'd me to come now to thee,
To be inform'd more clearly who is he,
That's found to be the Father of the youth
To die now; if *Nicandro* told us truth.

Mont. Thou know'ſt him but too well, *Tirenio:*
How wilt thou wiſh anon that thou didſt know
Or love him leſs? *Tir.* "I praiſe thee, O my Son,
" For taking pity and compaſſion
" On the afflicted: 'tis humanity.
Howe'er let me ſpeak with him. *Mon.* Now I ſee
Heav'n hath ſuſpended in thee all that skill
In Prophecy, which it was wont t' inſtill.
That Father whom thou ſeek'ſt to ſpeak withal,
Am I. *Tir.* Art thou his Father, that ſhould fall
To *Dian* now an Immolation?

Mont. The wretched Father of that wretched Son.

Tir. Of that ſame *Faithful Shepherd*, who to give
Life to another, would himſelf not live?

Mont. Of him, who dies his Murthereſs life to ſave,
And murthers me, who unto him life gave. (That

Tir. But is this true? *Mont.* Behold the witneſs. *Car.*
Which he hath told thee is moſt true. *Tir.* And what
Art thou that ſpeak'ſt? *Car. Carino*, thought to be
Till now the young mans Father. *Tir.* VVas that he
The Flood took from thee long ago? *Mont.* Yes, yes,
Tirenio. *Tir.* And doſt thou ſtile for this

Thy

Thy ſelf a wretched Father. "O how blind
"Is an unhallow'd and terreſtrial mind!
"In what thick miſts of errour, how profound
"A night of Ignorance are our ſouls drown'd,
"Till thou enlighten them, from whom the Sun
"Receives his luſtre, as from him the Moon!
Vain men, how can ye boaſt of knowledge ſo?
"That part of us by which we ſee and know,
"Is not our vertue, but deriv'd from Heav'n,
"That gives it, and can take what it hath given.
O in thy mind, *Montano*, blinder far
Than I am in mine eyes! What Juggler,
What dazling Devil will not let thee ſee,
That if this noble youth was born of thee,
Thou art the happieſt Father, and moſt dear
To the immortal Deities, that e'er
Begot Son in the world? Behold the deep
Secret, which Fate did from my knowledge keep!
Behold the happy day, with ſuch a flood
Expected of our tears, and of our blood!
Behold the bleſſed end of all our pain!
Where art thou man? come to thy ſelf again.
How is it that thou only doſt forget
That famous happy Oracle that's writ
In all Arcadian hearts? How can it be,
That with thy dear Son's lightning upon thee
This day, thy ſenſe is not prepar'd and clear,
The thunder of that heav'nly voice to hear;
Your Wo ſhall end, when two of Race Divine
Love ſhall combine———

(Tears of delight in ſuch abundance flow
Out of my heart, I cannot ſpeak.) *Your Wo*——
Your Wo ſhall end when two of Race Divine
Love ſhall combine:
And for a faithleſs Nymph's apoſtate ſtate,
A faithful Shepherd ſupererogate.
Now tell me thou: This Shepherd here of whom
We ſpeak, and that ſhould die, is he not come
Of Divine Race (Montano) if he's thine?
And *Amarillis* too *of Race Divine?*
Then who I pray but *Love hath them combin'd?*
Silvio by parents and by force was join'd
To *Amarillis*, and is yet as far
From loving her, as Love and Hatred are.
Then ſcan the reſt, and 'twill be evident,
The fatal voice none but *Mirtillo* meant.
For who indeed, ſince ſlain *Aminta*, hath
Expreſs'd ſuch *Love* as he? ſuch conſtant *Faith?*
Who but *Mirtillo* for his Miſtreſs wou'd
Since true *Aminta*, ſpend his deareſt blood?
This is that work of *Supererogation:*
This is that *Faithful Shepherds* expiation
For the *Apoſtate* falſe *Lucrina*'s fact.
By this admir'd and moſt ſtupendious Act,
More than with humane blood the wrath of Heav'n
Is paciſi'd, and ſatisfaction given
Unto eternal Juſtice for th' offence
Committed 'gainſt it by a woman. Hence
It was, that he no ſooner came to pay
Devotions in the Temple, but ſtreightway

All

All monſtrous Omens ceas'd; *No longer ſtood*
Th' eternal Image in a ſweat of blood,
The earth no longer ſhook, the holy Cave
No longer ſtank, and ſhrikes no longer gave;
But ſuch ſweet harmony and redolence
As Heav'n affords (if Heav'n affect the ſenſe.)
O Providence eternal! O ye Powers
That look upon us from yon azure Towers!
If all my words were ſouls, and every ſoul
Were ſacrific'd upon your Altars whole,
It were too poor a Hecatomb to pay
So great a bleſſing with: but as I may
(Behold!) I tender thanks, and with my knee
Touching the earth in all humility,
Look up on you that ſit inthron'd in Heav'n,
How much am I your debtor, that have giv'n
Me leave to live till now! I have run o're
Of my live's race a hundred years and more,
Yet never liv'd till now, could never deem
My life worth keeping till this inſtant time.
Now I begin my life, am born to day.
But why in words do I conſume away
That time that ſhould be ſpent in works? Help, Son,
To lift me up: Thou art the motion
Of my decayed limbs. *Mont. Tirenio,*
I have a lightneſs in my boſom ſo
Lockt in, and petrifi'd with wonder, that
I find I'm glad, yet ſcarcely know at what,
My greedy ſoul unto her ſelf alone
Keeps all her joy, and lets my ſenſe have none.

O miracle of Heav'n! far, far beyond
All we have ſeen, or e'er did underſtand!
O unexampled Bounty! O the great,
Great mercy of the Gods! O fortunate
Arcadia! O Earth, of all that e'er
The Sun beheld or warm'd, moſt bleſt, moſt dear
To Heav'n! Thy weal's ſo dear to me, mine own
I cannot feel, nor think upon my Son,
(Twice loſt and found) nor of my ſelf buoy'd up
Out of the depth of ſorrow, to the top
Of bliſs, when I conſider thee: but all
My private joy, ſet by the general,
Is like a little drop in a great ſtream
Shuffled and loſt. O happy dream! (no dream,
But a Celeſtial viſion. *Now agin*
Shall my Arcadia (as thou ſaid'ſt) *be in*
A flouriſhing Eſtate: But why doſt thou
Stay here, *Montano?* Heav'n expects not now
More humane ſacrifice from us. No more
Th'are times of wrath and vengeance (as before)
But times of grace and love; glad nuptial bands,
Not horrid ſacrifices at our hands
Our Goddeſs now requires. *Tir.* How long to night?
Mont. An hour, or little more. *Tir.* VVe burn day-(light;
Back to the holy Temple let us go;
There let the Daughter of old *Titiro*
And thy Son interchange their Marriage-vow
To become man and wife, of Lovers now.
Then let him bring her to his Fathers ſtraight,
VVhere 'tis Heav'ns pleaſure, that theſe fortunate

Deſcen-

Deſcendents of two gods, ſhould henceforth run
United in one ſtream.——Lead me back, Son:
And thou, *Montano*, follow me: *Mont.* But ſtay:
That faith which formerly ſhe gave away
To *Silvio*, ſhe cannot now withdraw
And give *Mirtillo*, without breach of Law.
Car. 'Tis *Silvio* ſtill, *Mirtillo* was call'd ſo
At firſt, (thy man told me) and *Silvio*
By me chang'd to *Mirtillo*, to which he
Conſented. *Mont.* True: (now I remember me)
And the ſame name I gave unto the other,
To keep alive the memory of's Brother.
Tir. 'Twas an important doubt. Follow me now.
Mon. *Carino*, to the Temple too come thou.
Henceforth *Mirtillo* ſhall two Fathers own:
Thou haſt a Brother found, and I a Son.
Car. To thee a Brother in his Love, a Father
To him, a Servant (in reſpect) to either
Carino will be always: And ſince I
Find thee to me ſo full of courteſie,
I will the boldneſs take to recommend
Unto thy love my ſecond ſelf, my Friend.
Mont. Share me between you. *Car.* O eternal gods,
"Between our pray'rs ſlow-winding paths, what odds
"There is (by which we climb to Heav'n) and thoſe
"Directer lines by which to us Heav'n bows!

SCENA

SCENA SECUNDA.

Coriſca, Linco.

Cor. SO it ſeems, *Linco*, that coy *Silvio*
When leaſt expected, did a Lover grow.
But what became of her? *Lin.* We carry'd her
To *Silvio*'s dwelling, where with many a tear
(Whether of joy or grief I cannot tell)
His mother welcom'd her. It pleas'd her well
To ſee her Son now married, and a Lover;
But for the Nymphs great grief ſhe did diſcover.
Poor Mother-in-law! ill ſped, though doubly ſped:
One Daughter-in-law being hurt, the other dead.
Cor. Is *Amarillis* dead? *Lin.* 'Tis rumour'd ſo:
That's now the cauſe I to the Temple go,
To comfort old *Montano* with this news,
One Daughter-in-law he gains, if one he looſe.
Cor. Is not *Dorinda* dead then? *Lin.* Dead? would thou
Wert half ſo live and jocund as ſhe's now!
Cor. Was't not a mortal wound? *Lin.* Had ſhe been
With *Silvio*'s pity ſhe had liv'd again.
Cor. What art ſo ſoon could cure her? *Lin.* I will tell
Thee all the cure. Liſten t' a miracle.
With trembling hearts, and hands prepar'd to aid,
Women and men ſtood round the wounded Maid;
But ſhe would ſuffer none to touch her ſave
Her *Silvio*; for the ſame hand which gave,

She said, should cure the wound. So all withdrew
Except my self, he, and his mother: two
T' advise, the third to act. Then *Silvio*
Removing first from her blood-dapled snow
Gently the cleaving garments, strove to pluck
The arrow out, which in her deep wound stuck.
But the false wood (forth coming) gave the slip
To th' iron head, and left it in her Hip.
Here, here the lamentable crys began:
It was not possible by hand of man,
Or iron instrûment, or ought beside
To get it out. Perchance t'ave open'd wide
The wound b'a greater wound, and so have made
One iron dive after another, had
Effected the great cure. But *Silvio*'s hand,
Too pitiful, too much with Love unman'd
The Surgeon was, so cruelly to heal.
Love searches not with instruments of steel
The wounds he makes. As for the love-sick Maid,
In *Silvio*'s hands her wounds grew sweet, she said.
And *Silvio* said (not yet discouraged)
Thou shalt out too, thou shalt, curst Arrow-head,
And with less pain than is believ'd: the same
Who trust thee in, can pull thee out again.
By using hunting I have learn'd to cure
This mischief which my hunting did procure.
A plant there is much us'd by the wild Goat
When there's a shaft into her body shot:
She shew'd it us, and Nature shew'd it her:
(Remembred happily!) nor is it far

From

From hence, Streight went he to the neighb'ring Hill,
And there a flasket with this Plant did fill;
Then came again to us: thence squeesing out
The juice, and mingling it with Cent'ry-root
And Plantain-leaf, thereof a pultise made.
O wonderful! as soon as that was laid
Upon the sore, the blood was stanched streight,
And the pain ceased; and soon after that,
The Iron coming without pain away,
Did the first summons of the hand obey:
The Maid was now as vigorous and sound,
As if she never had receiv'd the wound.
Nor mortal was't; for th'arrow having flown
(As hap't) betwixt the muscles and the bone,
Pierc'd but the fleshy part. *Cor.* Thou hast display'd
Much vertue in a Plant, more in a Maid.
Lin. What afterwards between 'em happened,
May better be imagined than sed:
This I am sure, *Dorinda*'s well again,
And now can stir her body without pain:
Though thou believ'st, *Corisca*, I suppose,
H'ath giv'n her since more wounds than that: but
As they are made b' a diff'rent weapon, so (those
Themselves are of a diff'rent nature too.
And such a trick this cruel Archer has,
Of hitting all he shoots at since he was
A Huntsman; that to shew he's still the same,
Now he's a Lover too, he hits the Game.
Cor. Old *Linco* still! *Lin.* Faith, my *Corisca*, still
If not in strength, I'm *Linco* in my will.

Nor

Nor yet, though my leaf's wither'd, am I dead,
But all my ſap into the root is fled.
Cor. My Rival thus diſpatch'd, I'll now go ſee
If I can get my dear *Mirtillo* free.

SCENA OCTAVA.

Ergaſto, Coriſca.

Erg. O Day with wonders fraught! O day of mirth!
All love! and bleſſings all! O happy earth!
O bounteous Heav'n! *Cor.* But ſee! *Ergaſto*'s here:
How opportunely doth he now appear!
Erg. At ſuch a time let every living thing,
Heav'n, Earth, Air, Fire, the whole world laugh and ſing.
To Hell it ſelf let our full joys extend,
And there the torments of the damn'd ſuſpend.
Cor. What rapture's this! *Er.* Bleſt woods! whoſe mur-
When we lamented did lament, rejoice (muring voice
At our joys too, and wag as many tongues
As you have leaves now dancing to the ſongs
Of the pleas'd Birds, and muſick of the Air
Which rings with our delight. Sing of a pair
Of noble Lovers the felicity
Unparallell'd. *Cor.* He doth ſpeak certainly
Of *Silvio* and *Dorinda*. Every thing
I ſee, would live. "How ſoon the ſhallow ſpring
"Of tears dries up with us! but the ſwoln River
"Of gladneſs tarries with the longer liver.

Of

Of *Amarillis*, who is dead, there's now
No more diſcourſe: the only care is how
"To laugh with them that laugh; and 'tis well done
"Each man hath too much ſorrow of his own.
Whither (ſo glad) *Ergaſto*, doſt thou go?
Unto a Wedding happily? *Erg.* I do
Indeed. Haſt heard *Coriſca* then, the wonder
O'th' two bleſt Lovers? was't not ſtrange? *Cor.* I under
Stood it of *Linco* now with joy of heart,
Which my great grief doth mitigate in part
For the ſad death of *Amarillis*. *Erg.* How!
Whom doſt thou ſpeak of, or ſpeak I think'ſt thou
Cor. Why, of *Dorinda* and of *Silvio*.
Erg. What *Silvio*? what *Dorinda*? Doſt not kno
Then what hath paſt? My joy its linage draws
From a more high, ſtupendious, noble Cauſe.
Of *Amarillis* and *Mirtillo* I
Diſcourſe, (the happieſt Pair that this day fry
Under the torrid Zone of Love.) *Cor.* Is not
Then *Amarillis* dead, *Ergaſto*? *Erg.* What
Death? She's alive, glad, beauteous, and a wife.
Cor. Thou mock'ſt me, ſhepherd. *Erg.* No, upon my life
Cor. Was ſhe not then condemn'd? *Erg.* She was, t
But preſently ſhe was acquitted too. (true
Cor. Do I dream this? or doſt thou dreams relate?
Erg. Stay here a little, thou ſhalt ſee her ſtraight
Come with her faithful and moſt fortunate
Mirtillo, from the Temple (where they're now,
And interchanged have their Nuptial vow)
Towards *Montano's*: of the bitter Root
Of their long loves to gather the ſweet fruit.

O hadſt thou ſeen mens joys ſpring in their eyes!
If thou hadſt heard the muſick of their cryes!
The Temple's ſtill as full as it can hold
Of numbers numberleſs: Men, women, old,
Young, Prelates, Laymen, are confounded there
Together, and diſtracted cannot bear
Their joy. With wonder every one doth run
To ſee the happy couple, every one
Adores them, every one imbraces them.
Their pity one extols, another's theme
Their conſtant faith is, or thoſe graces giv'n
To them by Nature, or infus'd from Heav'n.
The laund, the dale, the mountain, and the plain,
Reſound *The Faithful Shepherd*'s glorious name:
O happy, happy Lover, to become
From a poor Swain, almoſt a God ſo ſoon;
From death to life (whilſt I ſpeak this) to paſs,
And change a winding-ſheet (which ready was)
For a remote deſpair'd, of Nuptial,
Though it be much, *Coriſca*, is not all.
But to enjoy her, whom he ſeem'd t' enjoy
In dying for her, her who would deſtroy
Her ſelf, not to excuſe, but ſhare his Fate,
His Mate in life, and not in death his Mate!)
This is ſuch joy, ſuch raviſhing joy is this,
As doth exceed all we can fancy bliſs.
And doſt not thou rejoice? and apprehend
Joy for *Amarillis*, that's thy Friend,
As great as that which I do for my true
Mirtillo? *Cor.* Yes, doſt thou not ſee I do?

Erg. O! if thou hadſt preſent been
Amarillis to have ſeen,
As the pledge of Faith when ſhe
Gave her hand to him, and he
As the pledge of Love did either
Give or receive (I know not whether)
A ſweet ineſtimable kiſs,
Surely thou hadſt dy'd of bliſs.
There was Scarlet, there were Roſes,
All the colours, all the poſies
Art or Nature e'er did mix,
Were excell'd by her pure cheeks,
Cover'd with a waving ſhield
By her bluſhing beauty held,
Stain'd with blood, which did provoke
From the ſtriker a new ſtroke.
And ſhe coy and nice in ſhow,
Seem'd to ſhun, that ſhe might ſo
With more pleaſure meet the blow,
Leaving it in doubt, if that
Kiſs were raviſhed, or not.
With ſuch admirable Art,
'Twas in part beſtow'd, in part
Snatch'd from her: And that diſdain
Which ſhe did ſo ſweetly fain,
Was a willing No; an Act
Mixt of Conqueſt and Compact.
Such a coming in her flying,
As ſhew'd yielding in denying.
Such ſweet anger at th' abuſe
In forcing her, as forc'd him uſe

That force again; ſuch art to crave
The thing ſhe would not, yet would have
As drew him the faſter on
To ſnatch that which would be gone.
O heav'nly kiſs! *Coriſca*, I
Can no longer hold; God bu'y.
"I'll marry too: The Pow'rs above
"Give no true joy to men, but Love.
Cor. If he (*Coriſca*) have told truth, this day
Quite cures thy wits, or takes them quite away.

SCENA NONA.

Chorus of Shepherds, Coriſca, Amarillis, Mirtillo.

Cho. *Holy Hymen hear our Pray'r*
And our Song! The Earth hath not
A more happy loving pair:
Both of them Divinely got;
Pull, holy Hymen, *pull the deſtin'd knot.*
Cor. Ay me! *Ergaſto* told me true (I ſee)
This is the fruits (wretch) of thy vanitie.
O thoughts! O wiſhes! as unjuſt, as vain
And fond. Would I an innocent have ſlain
To compaſs my unbridled will! So blind,
So cruel was I? Who doth now unbind
Mine eyes? Ah wretch! what do I ſee! my ſin
With the mask off, juſt as 'tis here within.

Cho. *Holy* Hymen *hear our Pray'r*
And our Song! The Earth hath not
A more happy loving pair:
Both of them Divinely got;
Pull, holy Hymen, *pull the deſtin'd knot.*
See (thou *Faithful Shepherd*) where
After many a briny tear,
After many a ſtormy blaſt,
Thou art landed now at laſt!
Is not this (behold her!) She
Heav'n and Earth deny'd to thee?
And thy cruel Deſtiny?
And her Icy Chaſtity?
And thy degree ſo far beneath?
And her Contract? and thy Death?
Yet *Mirtillo* (loe) ſhe's thine.
That ſweet face, thoſe eyes divine,
Breſt and hands, and all that thou
Seeſt and hear'ſt, and toucheſt now,
And ſo often haſt in vain
Sigh'd for, now thou doſt obtain,
As thy conſtant Love's reward:
Yet thy lips hath ſilence barr'd?

Mirt. 'Cannot ſpeak: I do not know
Whether I'm alive or no:
Or if theſe things real be
Which I ſeem to hear and ſee.
Sweeteſt *Amarillis* mine,
(For my ſoul is lodg'd in thine)
I from thee would gladly know,
(Tell me Love) are theſe things ſo? Cho.

Cho. *Holy* Hymen, *hear our Pray'r*
And our Song! The Earth hath not
A more happy loving Pair:
Both of them Divinely got;
Pull, holy Hymen, *pull the deſtin'd knot.*

Cor. But why do you, you ſtill about me ſtay,
Arts to deceive the world, Arts to betray?
(The body's robes but the ſouls rags.) For one,
I'm ſure ſhe's couſen'd by you, and undone.
Pack hence: and as from worms ye had your birth,
Return to worms, and ſtrew your Grandame Earth.
Once ye were weapons of laſcivious Love,
But now the trophies of fair Vertue prove.

Cho. *Holy* Hymen, *hear our Pray'r*
And our Song! The Earth hath not
A more happy loving Pair:
Both of them Divinely got;
Pull, holy Hymen, *pull the deſtin'd knot.*

Cor. What ſtick'ſt thou at, *Coriſca?* 'tis a day
Of Pardons this: then ask without diſmay.
What doſt thou dread? no puniſhment whate'er
Can fall ſo heavy, as thy fault lies here.
Fair, and happy Pair, (the Love
Of us here, and thoſe above)
If all Earthly Pow'r this day
To your conquering Fates give way,
Let her likewiſe homage do
To your conquering Fates and you,
Who all Earthly Pow'r imploy'd
To have made their Ordinance void.

Amarillis (true it is)
He had mine, who had thy heart:
But thou only haſt gain'd his,
'Cauſe thou only worthy art:
Thou enjoy'ſt the loyall'ſt Lad
Living; and *Mirtillo* thou
The beſt Nymph the world e'er had
From the birth of Time till now:
I the touch-ſtone was to both,
Try'd her chaſtity, his troth.
But thou (Courteous Nymph) before
Thou on me thy anger powre,
Look but on thy Bridegrooms Face:
Something thou wilt ſpy therein
That will force thee to ſhew grace,
As it forced me to ſin.
For ſo ſweet a Lovers ſake,
Upon Love no vengeance take:
But ſince thou the flames doſt prove,
Pardon thou the fault of Love.

Am. I do not only pardon, but reſpect
Thee as my friend, regarding the effect,
And not the cauſe. "For poyſons if they make
"Us well, the name of Soveraign Med'cines take;
"And painful lancings for that cauſe are dear:
So whether friend, or foe, or whatſoe'er
Thou wert to me in purpoſe and intent;
Yet my Fate us'd thee as her Inſtrument
To work my bliſs, and that's enough: for me
'Twas a good Treaſon, a bleſt Fallacy

I'm

I'm ſure. And if thou pleaſe to grace our Feaſt,
And to rejoice with us, thou art my gueſt.
Cor. Thy pardon is to me a better Feaſt:
A greater joy, my conſcience now at reſt.
Mir. And I all faults 'gainſt me can pardon well,
But this long ſtop. *Cor.* Joys on you both: Farewel.
Cho. *Holy* Hymen, *hear our Pray'r*
And our Song! The Earth hath not
A more happy loving Pair:
Both of them Divinely got;
Pull, holy Hymen, *pull the deſtin'd knot.*

SCENA DECIMA.

Mirtillo, Amarillis, Chorus of Shepherds.

Mir. AM I ſo wedded then to grief and anguiſh,
That in the midſt of joy too I muſt languiſh?
Was not this tedious pomp enough delay,
But I muſt meet too my old Remora
Coriſca? Am. Thou art wondrous haſty. *Mir.* O
My treaſure! yet I am not ſure; but go
In fear of robbing ſtill, till as my Spouſe
I do poſſeſs thee in my Fathers houſe.
To tell thee true, me thinks I fare like one
Who dreams of wealth, and ever and anon
Fears that his golden ſleep will break, and he
Be wak'd a beggar. I would gladly be

Reſolv'd by ſome more pregnant proof, that this
Sweet waking now is not a dream of bliſs.
Cho. *Holy* Hymen, *hear our Pray'r*
And our Song! The Earth hath not
A more happy loving Pair:
Both of them Divinely got;
Pull, holy Hymen, *pull the deſtin'd knot.*

Chorus.

O *Happy Couple! that hath ſown in Tears*
And reap in Comfort! What a foil your fears
Prove to your joys! Blind Mortals, learn from hence,
Learn (ye effeminate) the difference
Betwixt true goods and falſe. All is not joy
That tickles us: Nor is all that annoy
That goes down bitter. "True joy is a thing
"That ſprings from Vertue after ſuffering.

FINIS.

PRESENTED TO

His Highneſs

The PRINCE of

WALES,

At his going into the Weſt, *Ann.* 1645.

Together with

CÆSARS COMMENTARIES.

SIR,

NOw that your Father, with the world's applauſe,
Imploys your early Valour in his Cauſe;
Sets *Cæſars* glorious Acts before your ſight,
And know the man that could ſo *do* and *write*.
View him in all his poſtures, ſee him mix
Terrour with *Love*, *Morals* with *Politicks*.

That

That courage, which when fortune ebb'd; did flow,
Which never trampled on a proſtrate Foe,
Admire and emulate. Before he fought,
Obſerve how *Peace* by him was ever ſought;
How bloodleſs Victories beſt pleas'd him ſtill,
Grieving as oft as he was forc'd to kill.
How moſt religiouſly he kept his word,
And conquer'd more that way, than by the Sword.
In whom was all we in a King could crave,
Except that *Right* which you ſhall one day have.
Yet think (Sir) it imports you to make good
With all his worth the Title of your Blood.

PRESENTED

Preſented to

His Highneſs

the WEST, *Ann. Dom.* 1646.

GRow, *Royal Plant*, born for your Countries good;
The hoped Cure of our great Flux of Blood.
That *Union*, and that peaceful *Golden Age*,
Which to your Grandſire * ancient *Bards* preſage,
And we ſuppos'd fulfill'd in Him, appears
By Fate reſerved for your riper years.
And *Thou*, ſelf-hurt ſince that *half-Union* more
Than ever, *Britain*, thou hadſt been before,
Raiſe thy dejected Head, bind up thy Hair
With peaceful Olive, all thoſe things repair
Which Fire and Sword deface, and call agen
To their ſpoil'd Manſions thy fled Husbandmen.
They need not fear to come, this *Prince*'s Stars
Promiſe an end to all our *Civil Wars*.

* *Buchanan* in his *Genethliacon* to King *James*, out of which this is taken.

Never

Never ſhall *Engliſh Scots*, nor *Scots* again
Infeſt the *Engliſh* with dire feuds, and ſtain
Their ſwords in brothers blood, thy towns lay waſte:
But their hands (prompt to war) henceforth make
To claſp in an eternal League. And *You* (haſte
(Bleſt Parents of a bleſſed Son) add to
His great *Birth* equal *Breeding*; *Civil Arts*
To *Arts of War*, and *Piety* to *Parts*.
No Ship the Rudder ſo much turns and winds,
As *Princes* manners do their *Peoples* minds.
Not *Priſons*, *penal Laws*, ſharp *Whips*, ſevere
Axes, with all the inſtruments of fear,
Can ſo conſtrain, as the dumb Eloquence
Of *Vertue*; and the love and reverence
Of a well-govern'd Scepter ſhall perſwade
Their wills, by *great Examples* eas'ly ſway'd.
As when th' Arabian *Phœnix* doth return
From his perfumed Cradle, (his Sires Urn)
Where-e'er he flies the feather'd people throng
With acclamations to ſalute the young
Admired King, not for his Purple Sears
And Golden Pounce, (the *Regal Marks* he bears)
Nor that he's rarely ſeen; but cauſe he brings
His Fathers honour'd Aſhes on his wings,
And Funeral Odours, that it may be known
He climb'd not till his death his Spicy Throne:
(This *Piety*, a Vertue underſtood
By brutes, attracts them; ſuch a ſenſe of good,
Nature that heav'nly Steward doth diſpenſe
To every living thing that hath but ſenſe)

So do the *People* fix their eyes upon
The *King*; admire, love, honour *Him* alone.
In *Him*, as in a Glaſs, their manners view
And frame, and copy what they ſee *Him* do.
That which the murd'ring *Cannon* cannot force,
Nor plumed Squadrons of Steel-glittering *Horſe*,
Love can. In this the *People* ſtrive t' out-do
The *King*; and when they find they're lov'd, love too.
They ſerve, becauſe they need not ſerve; and if
A good *Prince* ſlack the reins, they make them ſtiff;
And of their own accords invite that yoke,
Which, if enforc'd on them, they would have broke.
And *He* again, with this more tender grown,
More *Father of his People*, on his *own*
Shoulders aſſumes *their burthens*, beats the way
Which they muſt tread, and is the firſt t' *obey*
What he *commands*; to pardon *others* prone,
Inexorable to *himſelf* alone.
Neither in Diet, Cloathes, nor Train will He
Exceed thoſe banks ſhould bound ev'n *Majeſty*;
Nor ruſh like beaſts to *Venus*, but confine
His chaſte deſires to his own genial *Vine*.
Who will with Silks his manly limbs un-nerve,
That ſees domeſtick *Wool* his *Sovereign* ſerve?
Who can the Married Bed too narrow think,
Which holds a *King*? or drown himſelf in Drink
Under a ſober *Prince*? Who'll dare t' import
Beyond-Sea Vices to infect a Court,
And make his body with exceſs and eaſe
A ſink to choak his ſoul in, when he ſees

A *Monarch* curb his pleaſures, and ſuppreſs
Thoſe weeds which make a *Man* a *Wilderneſs*?
Such Golden *Tiber* ſaw the peaceful *Throne*
Of holy *Numa*, that of *Solomon*
Palmy *Euphrates*. 'Twas not the keen *blade*,
Or the thick-quilted numerous *Legion* made
Thoſe *Thrones* ſecure: 'Twas not the warlike *Stee*
Nor the ſythe-armed *Chariots* furious ſpeed:
But *Wiſdom*, *Mercy*, (which no harm will cauſe)
And *Majeſty*, fenc'd with *unarmed Laws*.
Whilſt that great *Captain*, who the *World* had quell'
And thoſe proud *Lords* that *Rome* in *bondage* held,
By *Steel* or *Poyſon* ended their ſhort date
Of Pow'r, and Blood with Blood did expiate.
Frank *Nature* never gave a better thing,
Nor ever will to men, than a good *King*;
In whom his own true Image *God* doth place.
This, whether *Kings* ſhall in themſelves *deface*
By ugly *Vice*, or other men by *wit*
Or *force demoliſh*, *God will puniſh it*
As a high Sacriledge, and will not ſee
Himſelf abuſed *in Effigie*.
So cruel *Nero*, fierce *Domitian* ſo,
And the *Sicilian Tyrants*, whilſt they throw
Dirt in their *Makers* face with their black deeds,
Are from the earth cut off, they and their Seeds.
So thoſe *Rebellious Servants* that durſt join
Againſt their *Lords*, and impious *Catiline*
That ſtrove to wreſt the Sword from *them* to who
It was committed by *the Laws of* Rome,

Purſu

Purſu'd to fury and deſpair, did make
Hard ſhift by a moſt wretched death to ſhake
Their loathed lives off, leaving on their name
The blot and brand of never-dying ſhame.
Theſe *Leſſons* let his tender years *receive*;
His riper, *practice*; And let him believe,
'Tis not ſo much both *Indies* to command,
As firſt to rule *Himſelf*, and then a *Land*.

FINIS.

THE

Additional POEMS.

An ODE,

Upon occaſion of His *Majeſties* Proclamation in the Year 1630. Commanding the Gentry to reſide upon their Eſtates in the Countrey.

NOW War is all the World about,
And everywhere *Erynnis* raigns,
Or elſe the Torch ſo late put out,
The ſtench remains.

Holland for many years hath been
Of Chriſtian Tragedies the Stage,
Yet ſeldom hath ſhe play'd a Scene
Of bloodier rage.

And *France* that was not long compos'd
With civil Drums again resounds,
And ere the old are fully clos'd,
Receives new wounds.

The great *Gustavus* in the West,
Plucks the Imperial Eagles wing,
Than whom the earth did ne're invest
A fiercer King;

Revenging lost *Bohemia*,
And the proud wrongs which *Tilly* dud,
And tempereth the *German* clay
With *Spanish* blood.

What should I tell of *Polish* Bands,
And the bloods boyling in the North?
'Gainst whom the furied *Russians*
Their Troops bring forth.

Both confident: This in his purse,
And needy Valor set on work;
He in his Axe; which oft did worse
Th' invading *Turk*.

Who now sustains a *Persian* storm:
There Hell (that made it) suffers Schism:
This War (forsooth) was to reform
Mahumetism.

Only the Island which we sowe,
(A World without the World) so far
From

From preſent wounds, it cannot ſhow
An ancient skar.

White Peace (the beautifull'ſt of things)
Seems here her everlaſting reſt
To fix, and ſpreads her downy Wings
Over the Neſt:

As when great *Jove* uſurping Reign
From the plagu'd World did her exile,
And ty'd her with a golden Chain
To one bleſt Iſle:

Which in a Sea of plenty ſwam
And Turtles ſang on ev'ry Bough,
A ſafe retreat to all that came
As ours is now.

Yet we, as if ſome Foe were here,
Leave the deſpiſed Fields to Clowns,
And come to ſave our ſelves as 'twere
In walled Towns.

Hither we bring Wives, Babes, rich Cloaths
And Gems; Till now my Soveraign
The growing evil doth oppoſe:
Counting in vain

His care preſerves us from annoy
Of Enemies his Realms t'invade,
Unleſs he force us to enjoy
The peace he made.

To rowl themſelves in envy'd leaſure,
He therefore ſends the Landed Heirs,
Whilſt he proclaims not his own pleaſure
So much as theirs.

The ſap and blood o'th' Land, which fled
Into the Root, and choakt the Heart,
Are bid their quickning pow'r to ſpread
Through ev'ry part.

O! 'Twas an Act, not for my Muſe
To celebrate, nor the dull Age,
Until the Countrey Air infuſe
A purer rage!

And if the Fields as thankful prove
For benefits receiv'd, as ſeed,
They will, to quite ſo great a love,
A *Virgil* breed.

A *Pytirus*, that ſhall not ceaſe
Th' *Auguſtus* of our World to praiſe
In equal Verſe; Author of Peace
And *Halcyon* days.

Nor let the Gentry grudge to go
Into thoſe places whence they grew,
But think them bleſt they may do ſo.
Who would purſue

The ſmoky glory of the Town,
That may go till his native Earth,
And

And by the ſhining Fire ſit down
Of his own hearth,

Free from the griping Scriveners Bands,
And the more biting Mercers Books;
Free from the bait of oyled hands
And painted looks.

The Countrey too ev'n chops for rain:
You that exhale it by your power,
Let the fat drops fall down again
In a full ſhowre.

And you bright beauties of the time,
That waſte your ſelves here in a blaze,
Fix to your Orb and proper Clime
Your wandring rays.

Let no dark corner of the Land
Be unimbelliſht with one Gem;
And thoſe which here too thick do ſtand
Sprinkle on them.

Believe me Ladies you will find
In that ſweet life, more ſolid joyes,
More true contentment to the mind
Than all Town-toys.

Nor *Cupid* there leſs blood doth ſpill,
But heads his ſhafts with chaſter love,
Not feathered with a Sparrows quill,
But of a Dove.

There ſhall you hear the Nightingale
(The harmleſs Syren of the Wood)
How prettily ſhe tells a tale
Of Rape and Blood.

The Lyrick Lark, with all beſide
Of Natures feathered quire: and all
The Commonwealth of Flowers in its pride
Behold you ſhall,

The Lilly (Queen) the (Royal) Roſe,
The Gilly-flower (Prince of the blood)
The (Courtier) Tulip (gay in Cloaths)
The (Regal Bud)

The Violet (purple Senator)
How they do mock the pomp of State,
And all that at the ſurly door
Of great ones wait.

Plant Trees you may, and ſee them ſhoot
Up with your Children, to be ſerv'd
To your clean Boards, and the fair'ſt Fruit
To be preſerv'd:

And learn to uſe their ſeveral Gums,
" 'Tis innocence in the ſweet blood
" Of Cherry, Apricocks and Plums
" To be imbru'd.

In Ædes magnificas · quas *Philippus* Secundus *Hiſpaniarum* Rex Eſcuriis ædificavit, & Sancto *Laurentio* dedicavit.

Sideriæ turres, & proxima machina mundo,
Cui natura loci dat inexpugnabile ſaxum
Temporibus, deſueta movent in carmina mentem.
Hanc molem fecêre manus? quot jugera tecti!
Ordo quis! & ſimplex immani corpore forma!
Tu ſemper Regina, *& neſcia linquere faſces,*
Tali nihil nova Roma *vides, nec priſca videbas.*
Hæc tibi (Laurenti) *poſuit ditiſſima Templa*
Poſtquam quæ fuerant Quintinus *Marte* Philippus
Dejecet, trepidis quoniam latuere ſub aris
Incluſi muris hoſtes, & numine fruſtra;
Cui Rex; hic etiam liceat mihi ſumere pœnas,
Et gentem Hoſtilem ſacris ſepolire ruinis;
Sanguine fas temerare focos, majora daturo.
Protinus Eſcurias concepit: & undique juſſit
Ferre viros, quorum melior natura dediſcet
Artificemvè manum, aut divinæ mentis ideam.

Cunctis

The Eſcurial.

A Fabrick is the ſubject of my Verſe,
The beſt and greateſt, but the Univerſe:
Whoſe maſſie Towers to Heaven ſeem to climb,
And ſcorn the idle battery of old time.
How thick the Courts! how ſmooth the pavements lie!
Of what vaſt parts, what perfect Symmetry!
That Phœnix *Rome*, which burnt by barbarous Foes,
More glorious ſince out of her Aſhes roſe,
Yet did not, doth not, ſuch a Building ſee,
In her youths pride, or ages Majeſty.
Spains King unto St *Lawrence* vow'd this place, The occaſion of building this houſe, and dedication of it.
When at St *Quintins* ſiege he did deface
The Temple of that Saint, becauſe his Foes,
After the Town no longer could oppoſe,
Intrencht them there, whilſt vainly they rely
On the Walls ſtrength, or *Philip*'s piety.
Who with the Saint beſieged thus did treat;
Let it not be prophaning of thy ſeat,
If with bold Arms ev'n here I wreak my fury,
And Enemies with holy ruines bury,
Thy *Altars* quencht with blood, for which I ſwear
Loud fame ſhall to the fartheſt Nations bear
The news of an eighth wonder, when in *Spain*
I raiſe thee fairer ſhrines, a prouder Fane.
Forthwith conceiv'd he in his Princely thought
Th' *Eſcurial*. From every part are ſought
They to whom Heaven a rich Idea gave,
Or that by Art more skill in working have.

All

Cuncti ergo, quot vel Regio longinqua, vel ipſum
Junctas eſſe domos, odiis disjunxit iniquis,
Contribuunt operi magno, miſcentque labores.
Miſſus ab Occiduo *properat niger incola mundo,*
Captivique Arabes; *Alter venit* Indus *ab* Ortu;
Queis Batavi *fecêre latus*; *flavique* Sicambri;
Danus *adeſt* Græco, *nativum* Gallus Iberum
Adjuvat, Atque Anglus *dotalis, &* Itala *pubes*
Fortibus Hiſpanis *verſo jam ſubdita fato.*
Omnis terra coit. Nec vox diverſa Piorum
Interrumpit opus. Nunc æquat machina nubes
Diviſa in ternas partes. Hinc Limina *dantur*
Devoto vitæ meliori, *animâque ſupernas*
Contemplanti arces reſupinâ, ad cætera cæco.
Inde nec anguſto Collegia *limite ſurgunt,*
Fingere molle lutum, & formandis apta Pupillis
Artibus, & vitâ. Reliquam ſibi Regius Author
Vendicat, & totum capit Angulus ille Philippum;
Exerat alta caput mediis Eccleſia *tectis.*
Nec minor auguſto prudentia munere Regis
Quâ largas diſponit opes, & partibus aptat
Quæ decet ornamenta; *Modo non fingit eodem*
Heroas Sanctoſque, *& acutâ mente* Sophiſtas.
Quâ Monachi vivunt, Res Sacra! *nihilq*; *prophani*

Religio

All therefore whom the diſtance of the Clime
Or Neighborhood it ſelf (which is oft-time
The greateſt bar) at further diſtance ſet,
In the great labour with joint Forces met.
The ſallow late found *Indian* comes to work
From a new World, from *Feſſe* the captive *Turk*,
The other *Indians* from the Eaſt repair,
All which with mingled *Germans* chequer'd are
And *Flemmings* white. The *Greek* and *Dane* combine,
And *Frenchmen* with the native *Spaniard* join.
The fine *Italian* there doth emulate
Our *Engliſh* join'd with *Spain* by marriage late.
All tongues are met, yet no confuſion there,
Becauſe this Pile to pious end they rear.
'Tis up. And like the *Spaniſh* Geryon,
Hath three proportion'd bodies join'd in one:
Firſt there's a *Covent* for the man whoſe whole
Devotion is above, whoſe Dove-like Soul
Seal'd with an Angels quill, hath eyes to find
The way to Heav'n, but to the World is blind.
A *Colledge* next its fair dimenſions ſpreads,
To mould ſoft Clay, and ſettle tender heads
With knowledge and with virtue. What remains,
The *Founder* for his Royal Court retains.
One corner holds the King, amidſt the reſt
A Church extends on high its towred creſt.
Nor was the wiſe contrivance of the King
In ordering his gift, leſs than the thing;
Who gave each part his due, and gravely weigh'd,
That *Saints*, *Clerks*, *Worthies*, are not one way made.
Within the *Covent* every thing is pure,
No ornament prophane into that door

The Monaſtery and Church.

May

Religiosa domûs irrumpit limina; vitas
Sanctorum narrat paries, & plurima servat
Arca Sacerdotum vestes, auroque nitentes
Et gemmis (mundum Sponsæ*) tum sancta supellex,*
Reliquiæ, *quas* Rex divinos cogit in usus,
Omne sacrum rapiente manu. *Quæ tanta Tabellas*
Dicere lingua potest, numero pretioque carentes,
Omnes Cœlicolas, quos inter Christus *ubique est!*

Hic verbum caro fit, præbent præsepia cunas.
Doctores docet *hic magni sapientia Patris;*
Ecce flagellat opes *Templo! Miracula cerne!*
Nunc Sacram instituit mensam; *Nunc* orat in horto.
Jam vinctus recipit penecilli verbera *crudi,*
Jam necti sibi vult, jam rumpit vincula mortis.

Omnis ibi est. Et juncta illi (quod & ipse jubebat)
Pone lavans digitos mœstissima Magdalena,
Quam benè docta manus, pectus perfecit eburnum?
Accensasque pudore genas? Aurumque capilli
Fusile! At, O! tantos poteras ars fingere fletus?
Haud equidem falsi apparent, & plurimus illos
Peccator cupit esse suos. Sed quid vetitum Arti,
Si lætas animas, si non imitabile fulgur
Gloriæ, *& humani voti depingere summam*

Solerus

May preſs, nor Hiſtory but of ſome Saint
Stain the Religious Wall with bluſhing paint.
There, ho'y *Veſtments* many a Coffer fill,
Rich in the matter, richer in the skill
(To deck the *Spouſe*) there, *Reliques* are (to ſet
Her off with patches) which the King did get
From Graves and Ruines. Above all behold
The Pictures there, too numerous to be told,
Too precious! And they all are of the bleſt,
And all *Chriſts* Acts are lively there expreſt.
Behold him born a Man, or God exil'd!
The Doctors taught their Leſſon by a Child
(His Fathers wiſdom!) See the Temple purg'd
(The Money-changers from their Tables ſcourg'd!)
Lo there his Miracles ſucceſſively!
Lo here his Supper, there his agony!
Ah! how the bloody Pencil here doth wound
His ſacred Body to the Pillar bound!
There Crucifi'd (alas!) he yields his breath,
And here he triumphs over Hell and Death.
You have him all. And by him (as was meet)
The *Magdalen* that bath'd his bleſſed feet.
How well the Painter to the life expreſt
The ſoft and ſwelling Ivory of her breſt?
Her flaſhing cheeks? Her long bright hair unroll'd,
And ſpilt upon the ground like molten gold?
But oh! her tears! and could he paint them too?
(A ſinner wiſht them his they ſeem'd ſo true)
Yet what ſo hard, but Art made proud eſſayes?
When Heav'n it ſelf (whoſe outward beauties daze
Mans feeble eyes, but from whoſe inward light,
The Angels with their wings muſt ſkreen their ſight,

The Pictures there.

When

Solerus dextra volet? Quæ, quamvis excidit ausu,
Nescio quid Cœleste tamen præstringet ocellos,
Incantat mentem, cœlorum accendit amores.
Ista Monasterium *decorat* Collegia *libris*
Bibliotheca *duplex. Impressos continet una,*
Una Manuscriptos; Quorum pars magna (character
Quos Arabûm signat) Turcis *erepta, Trophæi*
Martis, *oliviferæ sunt instrumenta* Minervæ.
Ora virûm circum pingunt, quos vindicat umbrâ
Ingenii lux clara sui, & virtutibus æqua
Posteritas.
Fessi tandem successimus Aulæ.
Res alia est: Mauras stupeas longo ordine pugnas.
Id nigrum campis agmen, comitante Megærâ,
Cristata galeâ, & nudo plus ore, tremendos.
Heu! frustra, Heu! pugnas Rodorice, *& præteris ipsum*
Mavortem luctans fato. Cùm virgine raptâ
Vertebas in te arma Ducis, *Populumque trahebas*
Exemplo, vitiis nimium Regalibus, aptum;
Tum tua Sceptra dabas, quæ virtus *fera reposcit.*
Olim (longa tamen veniet post tempora tempus,)
Cum solitas poterit renovare Hispania *vires;*
Cum redeat nitor antiquus, sectique Leonum
Excrescant ungues, & vellera fulva jubarum.

Hic

When in the dreadful preſence they do ſtand)
Is there decyphered by bold *Titian*'s hand:
Where, though it fail'd, yet ſomething heav'nly takes
Our ſenſe, our ſoul, and love of Heav'n awakes.
Such is the *Convent*. On the other ſide
The *College* is with *Libraries* ſuppiy'd,
One ſtor'd with printed Books, another fraught
With *Manuſcripts* from divers Conntries brought,
But moſt (which in *Arabick* Letters writ
Contain the deepeſt myſteries of Wit)
From the *Turks* hands the *Chriſtians* did gain.
So *Mars* his ſpoils adorn *Minerva*'s Fane.
And round their Pictures are plac'd properly,
Whom their great learning from the dark doth free,
And that which robs from none his envy'd praiſe
Poſteritie.
Here breathe——unto the Palace then proceed,
There other *Paintings*, other objects feed
The Honour-ſtarved mind. The horrid Wall
Shews how the conquering *Moor* made ſpoil of all.
The black Troops hide the field, fear'd when they wore
The plumed Cask, but fear'd without it more.
In vain thou fights *Rodrigo* with thy fate,
Doing ſuch Acts as *Mars* might imitate.
No; when thy *General* to new Alarms
Thou drav'ſt by's Daughters Rape, turning thy Arms
Againſt thy ſelf, and didſt thy Land betray
By *Royal Vice*, then, then, thou gav'ſt away
Thy Crown, which too late Virtue would recall.
Yet time ſhall be (long hence) when *Spain* ſhall fall
To her old Lords, her Lyons nails grow out,
And all her with'red glories freſhly ſprout.

Titian's Glory.

The Colledge with the Libraries.

Pictures there.

The Kings Palace, with the Pictures therein. The invaſion of *Spain* by the *Moors*.

The

Hîc, aliàs veluti cum noctem Pictor opacam
Vult uſurpati decedere limite Mundi,
Arte fugam tenebrarum, & candida caſtra diei
Exprimit, ingenuos dextrâ miſcente colores;
Sic procul expulſis cernes albeſcere Mauris
Picturam: Nox atra comis, ut montibus, hæret.
Parte aliâ Auſtraicum *videas bellare* Johannem.
Concurrêre Rates: ſonitu loca lata fremebant
Fulminis humani, plenumque cadavere multo
Jam mare ſanguineo, veluti Leo, *rugiit ore.*
Æolus *invidit magnus de rupe ruinis.*
Vos autem quæ damno ſalo? Quis inane veretur
Murmur anhelantum? raro perit una carina
Obruta naufragio, quam jam damnaverat Orco
Victoriſve Scelus, ſua vel quia venerat hora.
Obruit hic Claſſes oriens ex navibus ipſis
Tempeſtas, & major hyems. *His intonat antro*
Raucus, & ignavis homines, Pater, exprobrat Enis
Semper tuta fides: Chriſti *victoria velis*
Tandem ſiſtit aquâ madidis & ſanguine pennis.
Hæc animos illi Juveni *dare tanta valebat*
Ut ſceptra, & Magnæ thalamos ſperaret Elizæ.
Jamque opus exactum eſt. Longis jam debita vot
Templa vocant ſanctum, qui non quæſiverat iſſe;

Scilicet

The Painter ſhifts his Scene, as when he'll make
A morn againſt the night poſſeſſion take
Ore the uſurped world, the darkneſs hyes
Before the light, *Dayes* purple Enſigns flies:
So may you ſee, when as the *Moors* are gone,
The Picture dawn, and black is us'd alone
About the hair, as when (though now 'tis light)
Yet on the cloudy hills there hangs ſome night.

The expulſion of the *Moors*.

Another Chamber at full length diſplay'd
The cruel fight before *Lepanto* made,
The Gallies ſhockt, the Ocean roar'd that day
Like a full Lyon blooded with the prey;
And all the ſhoars, and all the billows round,
With noiſe of Mortals Thunder did reſound.
From either Battel roſe confuſed cryes,
Whil'ſt *Eolus* ſuch monſtrous wrecks envyes,
And thus the lazy Tempeſts doth upbraid,
What Tragedy act you? or who's afraid
At your vain noiſe? you drown (perhaps) a few
Craz'd Barks, condemn'd before to vengeance due,
Becauſe ſome guilty Paſſengers they bear,
Or whom ripe Fate oretakes at Sea; But here
Whole Navies periſh without rocks or ſhelves,
By greater Tempeſts from the Ships themſelves.
Thus ſtorm'd he; whil'ſt uncertain Victory
Between both Fleets did long time wav'ring fly;
At length upon the Chriſtians Fleet ſhe ſtood,
Her wings being clog'd with water and with blood.
This glorious day made the brave *Auſtria* ſeem
Worthy a Crown, and *Englands* Martial *Queen*.
So now the work is finiſhed, and fit
To have the Saint invokt t' inhabit it.

The battel of *Lepanto*

Scilicet ingentes illa tellure calores
Craticulamque novam (tectorum ea forma) timebat,
Vanos esse metus verum experientia monstrat;
Nam cum fumat humus, rabiatque Canicula flammis
Hispanos *per agros; illic placidissimus horror*
Frigida membra quatit. Facit hæc, qui creber anhelat
Ventus *vicini dura ad fastigia montis,*
Et Marmor *calcatum, &* Fons, *&* lumen ademptum.
Quid Mors *interea? Quæ te clementia capit!*
(Rumpere surgentes aliquid facientibus annos
Importuna soles, & magnis invida rebus,
Segnibus indulgens canos & inutile tempus)
Hic res magna agitur: Quid præpetis impedit alas?
Visceribus terræ tenuis quo semita ducit,
Speluncam *non fessa manus post omnia format.*
Formatam gemmis ornant: & Jaspide compta
Frangit avernales obscurâ luce tenebras,
Ornatam sacrant diræ (Palatia) Morti:
Hoc expectavit donum, quod maluit illa
Quam lachrymis populi, & saturari funere Regis.
O! pretiosa licet, licet ærem flectere Parcam
Divitiis poteras, & te cinis ipse superbit)
Haud capias Dominum, *Nec tantus sudet in urna,*
Qui fecit totum scelus est in parte locari.
Sis Tumulus Regum: Tumulus Domus ipsa Philippi est.

Who, loth, approcht. He fear'd that Climates ire,
And *Gridiron* Houſe. *The burnt Child dreads the fire.*
But glad experience ſatisfies his doubt:
For when the furious *Dog ſtar raves* throughout
The *Spaniſh* ſoil which ſmokes like kindled flax,
And with the anguiſh of his biting cracks,
Here pleaſing Honor through each limb doth ſhoot,
Caus'd by the Marble freezing under foot,
And the cold Springs, and by the Wind which ſtill
Breaths freſhneſs, panting up the Neighboring Hill.
Where then was *Death* wandring about the Earth?
(He ſtrangles great foundations in the birth,
Anticipating in his beſt of years
The buſied man, whilſt Drones attain gray Hairs,
And their ſuperfluous life to length is ſpun;)
Where wert thou envious *Death* whilſt this was done?
Beneath the Building is a darkſom Vault,
Which after all th' unwearied Workman wrought,
Then deck it ſumptuous, and a glim'ring light
From the rich *Jaſper* breaks the thicker night.
It is *Deaths Palace, their Kings burying place,*
Where over Crowned Heads he waves his Mace.
The hungry Monſter waited for this bit,
To feaſting on a King preferring it,
And unto Gen'ral Blacks. But precious *Cave*
(Though Duſt it ſelf grow proud of ſuch a Grave.
Which brib'd even Fate) yet do not thou preſume
To croud the *Founder* in a narrow Tomb.
Though thou alone may'ſt all their Kings contein,
The houſe is (all) but Philip's *Monument.*

Ad eximiæ magnitudinis Navem ſub auſpiciis *Caroli* Magnæ Britanniæ Regis conſtructam. *Anno Dom.* 1637. Cui poſtea nomen

REGINA MARIUM.

*E*Scuriale Maris, *quod jam poſt ſæcula multa*
Ars pariebat Anus, plus & te diligit unam
Mater, quam cunctas quas fecerat ante Carinas:
Te Thameſis *vix ipſe capit tumefactus; Abyſſi*
Divitius Monſtrumque novum: Tibi flumina Betis
Nil æquale vident, Rodanuſve *capacibus undis,*
Aut ſeptem-gemini navalia barbara Nili
Alite digna Ratis qui te, glaudente volatu,
Mæoniòque canens tollat ſuper Æthera verſu.
Digna tuo Domino, cujus Freta-clauſa *coronæ*
Parent: Injuſtis quæ ſi quis liberat Armis,
Uni jam tantum tibi fas conſidere litem.
Grandis in Oceano jam pandes carbaſa parvo,
Carbaſa quæ priſci Sæclum meruere Noachi,
Cum mundus fuit Oceanus, cùm cuncta creata
Sulcavere Fretum, Navi contenta minore.
Quis te jactat Avus? Quæ ſacræ Robora ſylvæ
In tantum crevere latus? ſpoliiſve triumphas
Multorum

On His MAJESTIES great Ship lying almoſt finiſht in *Woolwich* Dock, *Anno Domini* 1637. and afterwards called *The Sovereign of the Seas.*

Eſcurial of the Sea: which art (now grown
After long practice, to perfection)
Made for her ages comfort, and doats more
On thee alone, than all ſhe built before.
Fairer than all which the rich Billows keep
From greedy eyes; New wonder of the deep.
For which the *French Garoon*, *Nyle*'s ſev'nfold ſtreams,
The *Spaniſh Betis*, do envy the *Thames*.
Worthy a better quill thy worth to raiſe,
Worthy that King whom ſo much Sea obeys,
On whoſe force only he might reſt that plea,
For which the Ocean's but a narrow Sea:
Which hadſt deſerv'd (for larger ſcope and ſway)
Thy pompous Sails, and Streamers to diſplay
In *Noah*'s age, when the whole world was main,
And a leſs Ship all creatures did contain.
What Pedigree doth boaſt thee? From what wood,
Whoſe ſacred Oaks ſo long uncoucht had ſtood,

Multorum memorum? Genuit tam fortia mala
Anglia? vel Dani montes? vel Suevia, *duras*
Erudiens tolerare nives puerilibus annis,
Et sævos Boreæ flatus mollire gemendo,
Ut tandem æquoreas superent assueta Procellas?

Quis Titulus te deinde manet? Quæ nomina magna
Æqua rei? Tu Navis eris? sive insula Deli
Errans per tumidum vulsis radicibus æquor?
Quis Titulus formamque tuam, Palmasque futuras
Paucis litterulis (vates) comprendet in auro?
* Nomina Navium primæ magnitudinis. Princeps *esse velis? sed quantum* * Principe *major?*
Serviet ille tibi, solitus non ferre priorem.
Regis nomen aves? sed jam tibi Carolus *illud*
Præripuit, Magnus *poteris tu* Carolus *esse.*
* Apud Anglos. *An tua vis* Prisco *deberi nomina Regi*
Qui vinctum terræ pelagus, Sceptroque tridentem,
Noluit avelli, gladio tutatus utrumque?
Vix equidem dubito; celsâ tu nam conspice Prora
Ut micat auratis fortissimus Edgar *in armis!*
Vendicat ense Fretum, & pedibus prostrata superbis
Agnoscunt Dominum septem Regalia colla.
* Monachus Anglus qui fabulose dicitur pigisse olim cum Diabolo uti Britanniam muro aheneo cingeret. *Inter vicinas O Insula clara coronas*
Quam Rex Classe sua circundedit ipse quot annis!
Nox tam tuta fores si Dæmonis arte * Baconus
Mœnia cærulea junxisset ahenea Fossæ.
Quantas & ille fuit septem qui remige Regum
Impulit exiguam, conducens ipse, Carinam
Fluminibusque intravit ovans Cestrensia Templa,
Jura mari dedit inde simul, normamque regendi
Imperiis quæ stare volunt; Quibus unda gubernat

Majestas

Sprung thy huge Maſts? Or was't from more than one?
Did *Britiſh* Foreſts yield theſe Ribs alone?
Or *Denmark* or cold *Norway* bring them forth,
Inur'd betimes to Tempeſts of the North,
And then at length allow'd to be a Ship
When they had ſerv'd a ſtormy Prentiſhip?
Then tell me, thou, that ſeem'ſt a floating Iſle,
What name doſt thou aſpire to, what great ſtile,
Which in a few gold Letters may comprize
All beauty, and preſage thee Victories?
Since thou art ſo much greater than the *Prince*
Which to thee only ſays, I ſerve, and ſince
The meaner *Charles* takes the Kings name in vain.
What canſt thou be, except *The Charlemaign*?
Or will thy Royal Maſter Chriſten thee
The Edgar, to revive his memorie
Who ſo long ſince o'r Land and Ocean raign'd,
Scepter and Trident (join'd) with Sword maintain'd;
Upon thy gorgeous Beak when I behold
That warlike King completely arm'd in Gold,
Whil'ſt at his feet ſev'n Vaſſal Kings do throw
Their crowned heads, methinks it muſt be ſo (ſtand,
How bright 'mongſt neighb'ring Crowns did *Britain*
When once a year her King ſail'd round the Land,
Which with that wooden Wall ſecurer was
Than if it had been girdled in with Braſs?
And what a brave Proceſſion muſt that be,
When to proclaim his Empire o'r the Sea,
Steering the Gally which thoſe Kings did row,
To *Cheſter* Church in triumph he did go?
It did both ſeal his claim, and repreſent
The image of a perfect Government,

Majestas, lentant magnates Remige, Miles
Belica, Sacra sacri, tractant Fabrilia Fabri.
Aut nullo officio, nullo qui munere vitæ
Instituit fungi, dormit super æquora vector
Ægrotans, Patriæque incumbit inutile pondus.
Sed Navis *nos ipsa vocat: quam* Rector *aquarum*
Deperit, infandam volvens sub pectore curam.
Fervet avens, totisque petit Te fluctibus; Ipse
Rauca voce rogat properes, Zephyrusque susurro,
Bisque die indulget lachrymis, mandataque Amantis
Fertque refertque æstus, Thamesis *quæ per ostia curri,*
Scire jubet quæ forma Ratis est, Quæ causa morandi,
Quando venire velit, quando velit agmina mitti
Undarum Domino Sponsam *ductura potenti,*
Fluctuat expectans, positæque in montibus altis
Adventum speculantur aquæ Rectricis Aquarum.
Ecce venit! cælum splendens ut Regia virgo!
Anchora pendet iners, Crux Anglica *purpurat auras.*
Albam pone stolam (Regum de more vetusto)
Excipit ancillans turgenti flamine ventus,
Tu magnis opibus, magnoque superbe decore,
Incedis leneo passu Regina Profundi,
Eximiumque decus Formæ, motusque venustos,
In speculo componis aquæ placitura Marito.
Amens sed Thamesis *tanta lætatus Alumna*
Nunquam tam tumido curreret flumine, nulla
Oceano Patri *cantum dedit unda tributum.*

Agmine

Where, sitting at the helm the Monarch steers,
The Oars are labour'd by the active Peers,
And all the People distributed are
To other offices of Peace and War.
Whil'st he that in the Commonwealth doth bear
No calling, is the Sea-sick Passenger.
But to our Ship, for which loud *Neptune* raves,
And seems too long to dance her on his waves.
Toyling with love, he sends Gale after Gale,
To sigh into her shrowds his amorous Tale.
Twice every day into *Thames* Channel run
His watry Posts to know when she'll be done,
And when he may dispatch a full Spring-tide,
To wed as (Proxy) his betrothed Bride,
And bring her where from hills of Frost on green,
The Seas look out to spie their coming *Queen*.
Behold she comes, deckt like a Royal Maid!
Her Anchors are tuckt up, her Flags display'd,
Which fan the Air, and offer in a scorn,
Waves to the River, Purple to the Morn,
Her chaste white Sail is born up by the wind,
Which, like a nimble Page, waits close behind.
She mixing her much beauty with due state,
Moves soberly with a Majestick gate,
And o'r the chrystal stream, her Lord to please,
A thousand graceful gestures practises.
Nor frantick *Thames* never so proudly ran,
Nor never River pay the *Ocean*
So great a Tribute. The old Sea-gods throng
In scaly flocks to wait on her along,
And froathing a high Circuit round about,
Their grey curl'd heads above the waves thrust out.

O, wel-

Agmine jam nitido Proceres glomerantur Aquarum
Undique ſtipantes Dominam, *canoſque capillos*
Exeruere ſenes latè ſpumantibus undis.
Progrederis, placidiſque volans illaberis undis.
Sic ratis at vitreum ſemper venias elementum.
Seu tu Bella geras, atque horrida fulmina mittas,
Roboreum complens armato milite ventrem,
Ut Trojanus equus trepidos ruiturus in hoſtes:
Mollibus aut ſpoliis Paciſque dicata Triumphis,
Angliacas *mittare* Roſas *aliena per arva*
Spargendum, lachrymis quæ creſcant undique noſtris:
Sive magis latis velis ventoque ſecundo
Regali puero *Parilem ductura Maritam.*
At, Mare per multos poſtquam bene rexeris annos,
Cum vitæ tibi Portus adeſt, Requieſque laborum
Ultima, non pereas infelix Naufraga Puppis,
Nec te jam fractam Pelago, ſeraque ſenectâ,
Hoſtibus imbellis prodat jactantibus ætas;
Lenta nec ignavo conſumant otia Portu,
Nec Theſea Ratis *partes renovata per omnes,*
Illudas Fato, Fato ludibria fias:
Sed tu ſidereas Nova Conſtellatio ſedes
Aſcendas dono divum (felicia Nautis
Numina fluctivagis) & Cœlo naviga in Alto.

MAIUS

O! welcome to the chryſtal Element!
To *Neptune* alwayes welcome! whether bent
To Martial proofs thou pour on hoſtile Lands
As from *Troy*'s wooden Horſe) bright armed Bands,
And thund'ring with thy hoarſe Artillery
Againſt their Caſtles like a Caſtle lie;
Or giv'n to ſofter Triumphs of fair Peace,
Thou plant in Foreign Soils the ſweet increaſe
Of Englands *Royal Roſes*, when they go
Dew'd with the Subjects tears to make them grow;
Or that with gladder Sails and fuller pride,
Thou fetch for our young Prince a Princely Bride.

When running in the *Ocean* thy laſt ſtage,
Being then to end thy watry pilgrimage,
Let it not be by wrack; nor, feeble grown
With years, by any Foe be overthrown;
(Too proud a Victory!) Nor pine away
Of ſlow conſumption in inglorious Bay;
Nor like patcht *Theſeus* Ship (whereof the name
Of what it was only remain'd the ſame)
By mending ſtill, and by that fallacy
Effect a periſhing eternity;
But, lodg'd b' a happy ſtorm upon ſome ſphere,
Be launcht *a ſailing Conſtellation* there.
And thence (as *Am'ral of the World*) hang forth
A brighter ſtar than that which from the North
Lights the benighted Seaman through the Mayn,
So *Charles* his ſhip ſhall quite eclipſe his *Wayn*.

Written

Maius Lucanizans.

Vivis (Io!) Lucane *sacra revocantur ab urna*
Purpurei manes, & noto major Imago:
Cesareo turgent exhaustæ crimine venæ,
Dum melior Cæsar *Capitolia, vindice versu,*
Conspergit moriens, ipsumque cruore Tonantem.
Hoc tu Maie facis, divini pectoris hæres,
Linguarumque potens; * *Patrio seu carmine reddis*
Quæ peregrina suis cantavit Musa Quirinis;
Seu, Duce jam rapto procedere longius audes,
Angliacæque ferens victricia signa Camænæ
Quà Romanæ jacent, * *ceptis ingentibus addis:*
Sive, * *tui Interpres, quæ paucis auribus ante*
Bella canebantur, Romæ Romana remittis.
Nota vacillantem describit Lingua Catonem,
Qui moritur toto Mundi spectante Theatro.
Authorem, teque exuperas & utroque potitus
Culmine Parnassi, Doctis Plebique legeris,
Quò recinente feros variata voce triumphos
Ad fluvium Thamesis, *ripas tuba verberat amba,*
Hinc Romana *sonans, respondens inde* Britanna:
Angli Lucanum *jactant,* Maiumque Latini.
O nobis, O plura refer! Quot Prælia *restant*
Exornanda tibi? Quos Musa sepultat Amores?
Heu! quantas pateris non semper vivere Mortes?

Plebe

* Versio Lucani in Linguam Anglicanam.

* Supplementum ejusdem in Lingua Anglicana.

* Supplementi versio in Linguam Latinam.

Plebem *iracundam*, & Bruti *miserabile lethum*,
Uxorisque *fidem*, meritam non morte probari;
Heu nimium sociata viro! nimium amula Patris!
Atque ipsum dira proscriptum lege Senatum,
Et Ciceronem *ipsum*, *Libertatisque* (*Tyrannis*
Iam tribus oppressæ) *supremam audire querelam*,
Illè recitante juvat. Prima Cleopatra *Camæna*
Dicta tibi, summe poscit jam carmine dici,
Nondum tota micat, media plus parte laborat
Luminis, & privata mori, Regina *veretur*,
Altisono properes nisi tu succurrere versu
Exaequesque animos dictis, angueſque ministres.
Formam pinge Ducum *victricem*; *Haud tempore victam*
Pinge Ducem, *molli vinctam fera colla cathena*:
Actiacas acies; *Tyroni ubi gloria cana*
Cessit. Sæpe Virum *retrahebat conscia virtus*
Factorum veterum, Martisque *innata Cupido*,
Navali sed enim pugna plus posse probavit
Æquoream Venerem. *Fugiens quam vincere posset*,
Victricem sequitur fugientem: Et parte recedens
Imperii. laxas Augusto *tradit habenas.*
Hic suspende Tubas. Hic cum Nasone Maronem,
Et Flaccum, *dulcesque choros agnosce* Tuorum.
Egregius Victor *pacato carmine Mundo*
Insultat, totamque Hederis *indulgeat* Olivam.
Emeritus vates agat otia grata sub illo.

Ex

Written by Mr T. C. *of His Majesties Bed-Chamber.*

1.

TEll me, *Eutresia*, since my Fate,
And thy more powerful Form decrees
My heart an Immolation at thy Shrine,
Where it is ever to incline,
How I must love, and at what rate,
And by what steps, and what degrees
I shall my hopes enlarge, and my desires confine?

A.

First when thy flames begin,
See they burn all within,
And so, as lookers on may not descry
Smoke in a sigh, or sparkle in an eye,
I'de have thy love a good while there
Ere thine own heart should be aware,
And I my self would choose to know it,
First by thy care and cunning not to shew it.

2.

When my flame thine own way is thus betray'd,
Must it be still afraid?
May it not be sharp-sighted too as well,
And know thou know'st that which it dares not tell.
And by that knowledge find it may
Tell it self o'r a louder way?

Let

Ex Lingua Anglicana,
Methodus Amandi.

1.

Dic (quoniam Fatumq; meum, tuaq; optima Forma
Fato omni major, cor hoc tibi deſtinat olim
Im extingnendis carpendum (ut victima) Flammis)
Quomodo amare decet, quantumque indulgeam amori?
Quid ſperare jubes, vel deſperare? quibuſque
Una ſpei laxem gradibus, ponamve Furori?

A.

Cum nata eſt nova Flamma tibi, tota ardeat intus:
Num indicium det ſpectatoribus ullum
Scintillante oculo, vel dum ſuſpiria fumant.
Nam ipſe inſolitos ignoret pectoris æſtus,
Dictumque diu proprium; monſtretque latentem
Cæca meis oculis ars ipſa & cura tegendi.

2.

Ore modoque tuo cum ſic mea prodita flamma eſt,
Num trepidabit adhuc? oculos ſibi ſumere quondam,
Nec & amor poterit? nec te ſcire hoc ſciet ille
Quod narrare pudor vetat? audaciterque vel inde
Debit fari, tacitus quod dixerat ante?

Paulùm

B.

Let me alone awhile,
For ſo thou maiſt beguile
My heart to a conſent
Long ere it meant.
For whil'ſt I dare not diſapprove,
Leſt that betray a knowledge of thy love,
I ſhall be ſo accuſtom'd to allow,
That I ſhall not know how
To be diſpleas'd, when thou ſhalt it avow.

3.

When by loves powerful ſecret ſympathy
Our Souls are got thus nigh,
And that by one another ſeen,
There needs no breath to go between,
Though in the main agreement of our Breaſts,
Our *Hearts* ſubſcribe as *Intereſts*,
Will it not need
The tongues ſign too as *Witneſs* to the deed?

C.

Speak then, but when you tell the tale
Of what you ayle,
Let it be ſo diſorder'd, that I may
Gueſs only thence what you would ſay,
Then to ſpeak ſence
Were an offence,
And 'twill thy paſſion tell the ſubtleſt way
Not to know what to ſay.

B.

Paulùm conticeas: sic illaqueata gradatim
Quam vellem citius concedam forsan amorem:
Quippe tacere & ego nimio persuasa pudore,
Nec culpare tuam, videar ne noscere Flammam:
Post ubi jam constet, jam concecisse videbor,
Spemque pudore datam non confirmare pudebit.

3.

Cùm propè se nostræ, Magnete potentis Amoris,
Contigerint Animæ:
Voce nec indigeant, vanoque Interprete (vento)
Jam conspecta sibi per hiantia vulnera, corda
Quamvis alternis rata sint & inusta medullis
Fœdera, non Linguas teltes (de more) vocemus?

C.

Fare agedùm: sed cùm trepido depinxeris ore
Penam animi, tam abruptus eat, sine & ordine sermo,
Ut vix eliceam dictis quid dicere velles.
Hic foret eloquium malesani crimen Amoris,
Et nil posse loqui facundia major Amantis.

By Mr. T. C. likewiſe.

FArewell fair Saint, let not the Seas and wind
Swell like the eyes and hearts you leave behind.
But ſmooth and gentle as the looks you bear
Smile in your face, and whiſper in your ear.
May no bold Billow venture to ariſe
That it may nearer gaze upon your eyes,
Leſt wind and waves enamor'd of your form,
Should croud and throng themſelves into a ſtorm.
But if it be your fate (vaſt Seas) to love,
Of my becalmed breaſt learn how to move.
Move then, but in a gentle Lovers pace,
No wrinckle nor no furrow in your face.
And you (fierce winds) ſee that you tell your tale
In ſuch a breath as may but fill her Sail.
So whil'ſt you court her each your ſeveral way,
You may her ſafely to her Port convey,
And loſe her by the nobleſt way of wooing,
Whil'ſt both contribute to your own undoing.

Dominæ Navigaturæ

Ex Lingua Anglicana.

O Diva, O Formosa, vale: non ventus & Æquor
Cordibus intumeant, oculisque simillima nostris.
Sed vultus imitata tuos, pectusque serenum,
Mulceat Aura Aures, blandumque arrideat Æquor.
Nulla procax insurgat aquis audacibus unda,
Ut sic nempe tuos propriùs miretur Ocellos.
Ne forma vesana tua ventusque Fretumque
In rapidam sese impellant glomerentque procellam.
Sed si Fata volunt ut ametis vos (Freta Vasta)
Discite Frænatos nostro de pectore motus.
Ergo movete (sinam) sed Amantum more movete,
Non sulcus sit Fronte minax, nec ruga senilis.
Et Tu (Vente ferox) nimio ne Flamine Flammam
Suspires moneo, sed tantum ut vela tumescant.
Sic dum fletis Aquæ, dum Venti flatis Amorem,
Ille petet Portum Fluctu Flatuque secundis:
Dumque aliena salus propria sic empta ruina est,
Nobiliore modo Vos *amittetis* Amatam.

A CANTO OF THE *Progreſs of* LEARNING.

TEll me, O Muſe, and tell me *Spencers* Ghoſt,
What may have bred in knowledge ſuch decay,
Since ancient times, that we can hardly boaſt
We underſtand thoſe grounds they then did lay?
Much I impute to th' ſhortning of the day,
(Our life which was a ſtride, being ſhrunk t' a ſpan)
Yet ſure there are beſides ſome rubs i'th' way,
Say then how *Learnings* Sun to ſhine began?
And by what dark degrees it did go back in man?

Then thus when ſeeds of all things (from the womb
Of pregnant *Chaos* ſprung) were perfected;
Another *Chaos* (yet to be orecome)
Out of the Reliques of the former bred,
With ignorance this infant world oreſpred:
And having drown'd Reaſons diviner Ray
In the dull lump of fleſh, made men (the head)
Companions of their ſlaves: The Beaſts and they
Promiſcuouſly fed, promiſcuouſly lay.

As now they are, things were not ſorted then;
Nor by diviſion of the parts did breed
The public harmony. For how ſhould men (weed?
Manure the Ground, their minds being choakt with
Or add the laſt hand, which themſelves did need?
Woods yet unto the Mountains did not paſs,
Nor Herds beneath in graſſie Meadows feed,

Nor

Nor Corn inrich the middle grounds; but Graſs,
And woods, and ſtifled corn, were ſhuffled in one maſs.

When thus ſad Nature did her caſe deplore;
Why is the beſt of Creatures poor whil'ſt I
Abound in wealth: or what avails my ſtore
Heapt in a common field? O Jove deny
Thy fruitleſs gifts, or elſe clear reaſons eye:
And grant that they poſſeſs thoſe gifts alone,
In whom that Reaſon moſt ſhall fructifie,
For till for worth ſome difference be ſhown (none.
'Twixt man and man, 'twixt man and beaſt there will be

Jove heard: nor choſe to blame her murm'ring pray'r,
But remedy the cauſe, by ſending *Wit*
(Which is the uſe of Reaſon.) To his care
Th'unpoliſht mind of man he did commit,
As with a Diamonds point to faſhion it.
Bidding him gently glide into his heart
By ſuch convenient means as he could get,
And that as Sovereign Lord he ſhould impart
Kingdoms and Provinces to them that took his part.

"A pregnant ſpirit ſhort inſtructions ſerve
" So buckling to his task he did ſurvey
" All Creatures in this world, and might obſerve
" To break from *Womans* eye a brighter day
Than that which riſing *Phœbus* did diſplay.
" On this frail Baſis the great work begun:
" The leſſer World which yet in darkneſs lay,
" With weeds and brambles wildly over-run,
" To purge that ſecond *Chaos* found this ſecond *Sun.*

For whil'ſt man gaz'd on the bewitching light,
An unknown paſſion entred at his eye,
Which, ſtrugling with his reaſon, did excite
Her languiſht ſpark through ſecret ſympathy
Of flames that were ingendred mutually.
His narrow Soul grew larger with her Gueſt,
And furniſht to enſhrine a Deity:
Who now with language his new love expreſt,
And now with thouſand tropes his ſmoother language reſt.

"*Love* is that fire which wiſe *Prometheus* caught
"From Heav'n itſelf to forge mans Soul anew,
"(Which fevers with it, and dead paleneſs brought
"Inſtead of health) repoſe, and lively hew
"When all theſe Goods out of the Basket flew,
"*Hope* only to the bottom did remove.
"Yet had we rather th s ſweet Hope purſue
"Than have our former ſtate. And ſome approve
"With loſs of all thoſe Goods even a hopeleſs Love.

Say you by whom this kindly flame's reprov'd,
Who laid the firſt ſtone of civility?
Whil'ſt men ſought ſweet converſe with them they lov'd,
And for advice in the new malady,
With others too, which let in *Amity*;
Who did the Organs firſt for reaſon fit,
As by experience to this day we ſee:
"For properly *Love* ripens the *Fools* Wit;
"But turns ſome wiſe men fools by over-rip'ning it.

Men thus converſing, ſoon the *Arts* were made,
And, that which all included, *Poetry*:

Under

Under whose veil were mistickly convey'd
The solid Grounds of all *Philosophy*,
Ev'n to the homely Rules of *Husbandry*,
Which with such sugred Eloquence were dress't,
And coucht in such delightful Harmony,
That they who could not crabbed Texts digest,
To hear those flowing numbers, without number press.

And now had *Wit* his noble task perform'd:
For what could more for Mortals be desir'd,
Than to be decently sustain'd, and form'd
With all the ornaments their minds requir'd?
So to his Contemplations he retir'd,
Leaving the Countries in propriety
To such as were by him for Rule inspir'd,
Who us'd them with a *Liberality*
That little differ'd from the old Community.

But *Nature* was not so content, whose thought
Is vast, and ever covetous of more:
For though to such a rare perfection brought,
She held all nothing that was done before.
And therefore farther to improve her store,
Her wily head a counterfeit did frame,
Who in like looks *Wits* perfect likeness bore,
And by that stolen title dar'd to claim [name.
The Government of things. But *Craft* was his right

So well could he his subtile Pick-locks file,
That in most minds his entrance he had made,
Partly deceiv'd with his pretended stile,
And partly from their due *Allegiance* swaid

With *Gifts* of a ſtrange force before them laid,
Which in the Oceans unknown waves did lie,
(Now ſail'd and div'd into) which *earth* diſplay'd
Forc't by a thouſand tortures to deſcry, [eye.
Where her bright gold was hid from *Phœbus* envious

His precepts are, *From every thing to get:*
And each from other. But with legal ſhow.
(For that, he ſaith, is living by his wit)
But the true *Wit* which all theſe things did owe,
From his juſt right he wrongfully did throw.
That only Title hath a ſolid Plea
Which he confirms, if he did not beſtow
He is Lord Paramount of Land and Sea,
And all the World is held of *Craft* in *Capite*.

O Wit! *next* Jove *Creator of Mankind,*
Where doſt thou now in ſecret corner ſit,
Counting the ſtars with avaricious mind,
Or brooding ſome immortal work of wit,
Whereby thou maiſt affected glory get,
Whilſt thy poor Clients, outed of their right,
For nobler Sciences are made unfit,
"*Since Lamps that have no oyl can give no light,*
"*And folly 'twere to ſhine when men have loſt their ſight?*

Thus ſome, who well affected did remain,
To the old learned age. Yet each of theſe
Had learnt a *Craft* his livelihood to gain;
And learnt withall the liberal Sciences,
Forct to give half obedience for his eaſe,
To the new Government. But if his ſoul

(Not

(Not needing the dull world) herſelf might pleaſe,
She then would paſs directly to her Gole,
nd ſpurn the golden apples that before her rowl.

heſe Cryes fetcht *Wit* from the retired ſhade
Of a delightful ſolitary Grove;
Who (wondring) ſaw what ſpoil his Foe had made
Of the moſt precious goods. He cry'd to *Jove*,
On *Nature* cry'd, that could ſuch change approve.
Then learnt he firſt to be Satyrical,
(Whoſe bitter'ſt argument before was Love)
And let ſome words of hard conſtruction fall,
nd ev'ry drop of Ink was mingled with ſome gall.

laſt demands the Law. And he will try
By publick Juſtice before *Natures* Bar,
To whom the world pertains moſt rightfully.
Craft, (though poſſeſſion were his ſurer far)
His plea of Merit would not ſeem to marr,
But nam'd a day his title to abet;
On it the Creatures all aſſembled are,
Ranged by *Natures* Marſhal as they met,
nd all on the ſucceſs their expectation ſet.

irſt *Wit* with copious Language did dilate
Thoſe benefits which Man to him did owe,
Whom from a poor diſhonourable ſtate,
He made with bleſſings of all ſorts to flow.
He ſaid, whom he made Rulers firſt did know
To rule themſelves. And if the world new clad
With a few glitt'ring trifles, (but for ſhow)
Which *Crafts* with damage of true goods did add,
em'd now to have more wealth, it then more honor
(had.

Here

Here ceas'd his ſpeech. Then *Craft* reply'd to all
With ſuch a boldneſs as not bluſht to ſlight
Th'immortal works of *Wit*, which he did call
Chymera's of the fancy, vain and light,
And urg'd the *Learned* had renounct their right
In earthly things, as he could repreſent
By divers Inſtruments themſelves did write,
Knowing they were unfit for Government,
As wholly unto idle Contemplations bent.

But that they did not truly Gold contemn
(Which all that have their eys muſt needs admire)
Only in boaſting Writings did condemn
The thing which in their hearts they moſt deſire,
Nor could the World his perfect State acquire,
Whilſt not a Metal was in earth ſuppreſt,
But a fifth Element more bright than fire,
Which Poets ev'n denying had confeſt,
Stiling the *Golden Age* what they would have *the beſt*

That he found out; *And Gems* of wond'rous price,
Like which their Miſtreſs eyes, teeth, lips, they feign
As things which have moſt virtue to entice.
Philoſophers Stone. And laſt, ſaid he, *'Tis hamm'ring in this brain,*
To turn all things I touch to golden vein.
This clos'd his ſpeech, but left ſuch ſtings behind
In Nature, biting greedily at Gain,
That (ſeeming firſt to ſpoil it in her mind) [fin'd
She judg'd the World to *Craft*, which *Wiſdom* the de

Her over-partial doom, ſhe colour'd ore
With this pretext, that the Worlds rule (now grown
More

More intricate through its encreaſed ſtore)
Requir'd a *Drudge* to tend that work alone,
But *Wit* had many things to ſtudy on.
Then ended with a ſmooth-fac'd Complement,
How *Him* ſhe held in high opinion,
Whom breaking up the Court, ſhe from her ſent
infinitely prais'd, as not a jot content.

For his ſtout heart felt deep diſgraces wound,
And hardly could diſſemble injury,
Who, having long ſurvey'd the creatures round,
Leapt lightly on an *Eagle* perching by,
And cry'd, *the earth to me ſhe may deny,*
But not the Heav'n. So, without making plain,
Directs his flight to fair *Eternity.*
(The Muſes Horſe his nimble joints doth ſtrain,
When he is ſpur'd with Love, or netled with diſdain.)

Exactive Circles crown *Sols* glorious Sphere:
Heav'n op'ning ſtill new beauties to his eye
As he gets up, whil'ſt earth doth leſs appear,
Where ſome preſage his fall to *Poverty,*
The heighth will turn his brain, ſome others cry;
Some few in judging ears his raptures poiſe,
(Who like a Lark doth ſinging mount the skies]
They bear him up with their applauſive noiſe,
Which in ſecret heart he not a little joyes.

But the faint *Bird* is not relieved ſo,
Although her Rider cheer'd her what he might,
To whom the whole terreſtrial Globe below,
Seem'd a mean Quarry to debaſe his flight,

Yet

Yet forct ere long for a ſmall bait to light,
The hunger of his *Animal* to ſtay,
Though oft he cuffs it firſt, and oft doth ſlight.
But need commands, and fleſh muſt needs obey,
So at the laſt he ſtoops and ſeizes the ſcorn'd prey.

As in a Torch we ſee the bating flame
Unto its heav'nly Countrey doth aſpire,
But the Wax ſoftly ſhrinking from the ſame,
Makes it for food from Heaven to retire,
And tend to earthward with deſcending fire:
So *wit* is forct (ſome maintenance to get)
To ſtoop to earth againſt his own deſire;
But ſoon again the fruitful earth doth quit,
To ſoar in empty air: (Heav'n ſend me better wit

Yet when this Eagle ſhall have caſt her Bill,
And mew'd her mortal plumes, ſome think that
Shall then attain the top of Heavens hill,
And coeternal with his Writings be,
Taking peculiar felicity
In penning Hymns of his Creators praiſe;
(That is the genuine uſe of *Poetry*)
And for reward of thoſe Celeſtial Lays
That hov'ring Cherubins ſhall crown him with freſh ba
— Non eſt mortale quod opt
Cum ſis mortalis. —

The Ruby.

HAil! whom the Diamonds proclaim their Kin
Crowning as Peers, as Guards environing;
Hai

Hail! whom the riſing Sun where thou wert born,
veſted in the purple of the Morn,
nd his own beams, whilſt thee my Verſe diſplays
hou ſwell'ſt at once, and bluſheſt at thy praiſe.
Like a red Sea thy trembling Mount of blood
tands off 'th' air, and threats a crimſon flood
Over the golden banks, whilſt our dimm'd ſight
Miſtakes for flowing waves thy floating light.
Or as in wine the ſubtile ſpirits move,
laking ev'n Temperance her ſelf in love;
o rowles thy fiery and bewitching eye,
ble to ſhake a vow of Poverty.
But oh! how like my cruel fair thou art?
hy panting ſtone is her obdurate heart
eg'd in with Diamonds: or ſignifies
er lip, ſeverely guarded by her eyes.

A Friends Wedding.

THis day my friend is ty'd
With pleaſing chains to a ſweet Bride:
o well the Turtle Loves,
So well are coupled *Venus* Doves;
hich her blithe Son hath broke
With rods of Mirtle to her yoke.
ut of thy lazy Bed,
Get up my Muſe, and lay thy head
ith thy fair friend the Morn,
This happy Marriage to adorn.
hy art thou yet ſo dull,
When thou ſhouldſt quaff *Caſtalia* full

To

To th' health of the fair *BRIDE*;
In which her *LOVERS* is impli'd;
Nor yet? Then fetch the Sack;
I'll put thee to the gentle wrack.
Find me a way to ſhow
What happineſs I wiſh theſe two.
Of *PORCIAS* Love relate,
How conſtant ſhe was to her Mate,
And hearing *Brutus* death,
By ſtopping it expir'd her breath:
And then of *ORPHEUS* tell,
And of a Husband that lov'd well;
Through Heav'n, Hell, Earth and Sea,
He cry'd his loſt *Euridice*,
That the Rocks groan'd again,
Helping the Widower to complain,
And Hell it ſelf lamented,
And fates their cruelty repented.
Then wiſh this couple here
May prove as faithful as they were,
But never their fate prove,
And only imitate their Love.
Not yet? Is this a day
For ſilence? Or doth ſilence ſay,
"Deep ſtreams run without noiſe,
And thoſe that ſound are hollow joyes!

A Rich Fool.

THee, ſenſleſs Stock, becauſe th' art richly gilt,
The blinded people without cauſe admire,

And

And Superſtition impiouſly hath built
Altars to that which ſhould have been the fire.

Where ſhall my tongue conſent to worſhip thee,
Since all's not Gold that gliſters and is fair;
Carving but makes an Image of a Tree:
But Gods of Images are made by Prayer.

Sabean *Incenſe* in a fragrant Cloud
Illuſtriouſly ſuſpended o'r thy Crown
Like a Kings Canopy, makes thee allow'd
For more than man. But let them take thee down,
And thy true value be once underſtood,
Thy dull Idolaters will find th' art wood.

Hope.

TO hope is good, but with ſuch wild applauſe
Each promiſe *Fabius* thou doſt entertain;
As if decreed thee by fates certain Laws,
Or in poſſeſſion *now* it did remain.

Wiſdom is arm'd againſt all that can ſucceed,
Times changes and his ſtratagems: for ſuch
His nature is, that when his wings we need,
He will come creeping on his halting Crutch.

Do not, if wiſe, then to thy ſelf aſſure
The future, nor on preſent goods rely,
Or think there's any time from time ſecure:
For then when patience ſees her Harveſt nigh,
That mocking *Tyrant* in an inſtant rears
A wall between the ſicle and the ears.

Conſtancy.

Cloris i'th' Sun proyning her Locks, did ſit
With lilly hand and comb of Ivory,
But ſcarce could you diſcern the comb in *it*,
Nor ſee the Sun, Eclips'd when *thoſe* were by.

Whilſt the rich fleece about her ſhoulders playes,
And the pure Brook (whoſe Margent is her Bed)
Sucks from her two bright Suns delicious rayes
Through clouds of Gold with which they're ſha(dowed)

Thus *Corydon* (chiding the flying hours,
With ſuch a voice as made them faſter flie)
Invokt the pow'r which doth ſubdue all pow'rs:
In vain (O Love) is my felicity.

If the ſweet flames, thy feathered ſhafts began,
To kindle, thy wings feathers do not fan.

The Fall.

THe bloody trunk of him who did poſſeſs
Above the reſt a hapleſs happy ſtate,
This little ſtone doth ſeal, but not depreſs,
And ſcarce can ſtop the rowling of his fate.

Braſs Tombs which juſtice hath deny'd t' his fault,
The common pity to his virtues payes,
Adorning on imaginary Vault,
Which from our minds time ſtrives in vain to raze.
Tet

Ten years the world upon him falſly ſmil'd,
Sheathing in fawning looks the deadly Knife
Long aimed at his head; that ſo beguil'd
It more ſecurely might bereave his life:
Then threw him to a Scaffold from a Throne,
Much Doctrine lies under this little Stone.

A Roſe.

BLown in the morning, thou ſhalt fade ere noon:
What boots a life which in ſuch haſt forſakes thee?
Th'art wond'rous frolick being to dye ſo ſoon:
And paſſing proud a little colour makes thee.
If thee thy brittle beauty ſo deceives,
Know then the thing that ſwells thee is thy bane;
For the ſame beauty doth in bloody Leaves
The ſentence of thy early death contain.
Some clowns coarſe lungs will poyſon thy ſweet flow'r
If by the careleſs Plow thou ſhalt be torn:
And many *Herods* lie in wait each hour
To murther thee as ſoon as thou art born:
Nay, force thy bud to blow; their tyrant breath
Anticipating life, to haſten Death.

A Picture.

BEhold how *Marius* from *Minturnian* Lake,
Flying through *Africk* late by him orethrown,
A pitiful compariſon doth make
Between high *Carthage* ruines and his own!

Thy Prides juſt fall which thou muſt one day mourn,
In this dumb Picture *Celia* thou haſt read,
For ſo doth age, Loves Empire too oreturn,
And pull down thrones in hearts eſtabliſhed.
[Grace,
Thy Glaſs, where oft thou whetſt each wounding
Will ſhew thee better far the Hiſtory
Of *Marius*, and raz'd *Carthage*, in thy face:
And *then*, one trophy of times victory,

Shalt then confeſs, to equal ſcorns expos'd,
Thy beauty was a tyrant ſoon depos'd.

Sonnets Tranſlated out of Spaniſh.

A River.

THou clearer Honour of the chryſtal Main,
Sweet Rivulet, compos'd of liquid Plate,
Whoſe waters glide through this enamel'd Plain
With ſound harmonious, with ſtately gate;

Since *ſhe* is ſtanding on thy happy brim,
Who both enflameth and congeals my blood,
Whil'ſt Love with admirable skill doth Lim
Her Portract on thy ſmooth and quiet flood;

Move on thus gently ſtill, and do not ſlack
The waving Reins unto the foaming Bitt
VVith which thou now art pleaſed to pull back
Thy head-ſtrong current: For it is not fit

Neptune with all the treaſures he doth hold,
Should ſo much beauty in his arms inſold.

A

A Nightingale.

VVIth ſuch variety and dainty skill
Yon'd Nightingale divides her mournful ſong,
As if ten thouſand of them through one Bill
Did ſing in parts the ſtory of their wrong.

Nay ſhe accuſes with ſuch vehemence
Her Raviſher, I think ſhe would incline
The conſcious Grove thereof to have a ſence,
And print it on the Leaves of that tall Pine.

Yet happy *ſhe*, who may her pain declare
In moving notes, and wand'ring through the woods
VVith uncut wings, by change divert her care!
But let *Him* melt away in ſilent floods,

VVhom his *Meduſa* turn'd into a ſtone,
That he might neither change, nor make his moan.

A Cupid of Diamonds preſented.

BAniſht from Life to ſeek out Death I go,
VVhich through the world ſo long I will purſue,
Till deſp'rate Grief at leaſt have made men know
My ſoul fears no divorcement but from you.

To think to mollifie you now were vain,
For if my preſent ſervices could not
VVork the leaſt feeling in your cold diſdain,
VVhat ſhould I hope for abſent and forgot?

Yet take this Gem, which, as my melting eye
My ſoft *affection* did at parting prove,
May cipher to you now my *Conſtancy*.
Wear't in your boſom, 'tis the *God of Love*.

And once I'll try, if (as in Goldſmiths art)
A Diamond Love can cut *a Diamond Heart*.

The Spring.

THoſe whiter Lillies which the early Morn
Seems to have newly woven of ſleav'd Silk,
To which (on banks of wealthy *Tagus* born)
Gold was their Cradle, liquid Pearl their Milk:

Theſe bluſhing Roſes, with whoſe Virgin Leaves
The wanton wind to ſport himſelf preſumes,
Whil'ſt from their rifled wardrobe he receives
For his wings purple, for his breath perfumes.

Both thoſe, and theſe, my *Celia's* pretty foot
Trod up. But if ſhe ſhould her face diſplay,
And fragrant breaſt, they'd dry again to th' root,
(As with the blaſting of the mid-dayes ray)

And this ſoft wind which both perfumes and cools,
Paſs like the unregarded breath of fools.

THE

THE FOURTH BOOK OF *VIRGIL's ÆNEIS*

On the Loves of DIDO *and* ÆNEAS.

The Argument of the three preceding Books, By way of Introduction.

ÆNeas bound for *Italy*, is toſt
By raging Seas to *Lybia's* guarded Coaſt,
VVhere *Dido* builds fair *Carthage* with that wealth
She with her ſelf convey'd from *Tyre* by ſtealth;
For *which Pigmalion* her dear *Husband* ſlew,
And for *the ſame* ſought *her* deſtruction too.
Pious Æneas, and his valiant train,
The Royal widow there doth entertain. [ſtood,
VVho, though Graſs grows where *conquer'd Troy* had
Makes it her pride to come of *Trojan* blood.
Yet thoughtful *Venus*, who the *punic faith*
and *Rival walls* in great ſuſpition hath,
Fearing a change from *Intereſt of State*,
Or ſome *new Plot* from *Juno's ancient hate*
To thoſe of *Troy*, which made *her* raiſe that ſtorm:
Sends *Cupid*, maſkt in young *Aſcanius* form,

To ſeize the *Fortreſs Royal* (the *Queen*'s breſt)
And make *Her* firſt a Priſoner to her *Gueſt*.
She with a hundred queſtions ſtrait began
Of *Troy*: Then asks the ſtory of *the Man*
From firſt to laſt. *He* paints his *Town's* ſad *fall*
(Beſieg'd ten years:) *His own flight* (*laſt* of all,)
On his broad ſhoulders bearing through the *fire*
His *vanquiſht Gods*, and his *decrepid Sire*:
His poor *Wife* tripping after, and his *Boy*
With ſhorter ſteps (the growing *Hope* of *Troy*)
She miſt; how *back* amongſt the *Swords* he flies,
And in the *flames* his *loſt* Creuſa *cryes*:
Not found; reſum'd his venerable *Load*
With heavier cheer, and *forward* (weeping) trod.
Then tells his ſev'n years *Travels*; in which *He*
Was *toſt* no leſs upon the *Land* than *Sea*:
Meeting his greedy Auditors. But how
It wrought with *Dido*, this next Book will ſhow.

THE

THE FOURTH BOOK OF *VIRGIL's ÆNEIS*

On the Loves of DIDO *and* ÆNEAS.

BUt she *who* Love *long since had swallowed down,*
Melts with hid fire; her wounds doth inward weep:
The Mans *much worth, his* Nations *much* Renown
Runs in her mind: His looks and words are deep
Fixt in her breast: Care weans her eyes from sleep;
The Morn *with* Phœbus *lamp the* earth *surveyd*
And drew heav'ns *vail through which moist stars did creep;*
When thus to her dear sister (sick) she said
Anna *what frightful dreams my wavering soul invade!*

WHo is this Man *that visits our Abodes?*
How wise! how valiant! what a face he has!
Well may he be descended from the gods.
Fear shews ignoble minds: *But he (alas)*
Tost with what fates! through what wars did he pass!
Were I not well resolv'd never to wed
Since my first Love *by death bereft me was:*
Did I not loath the Nuptial torch and bed,
To this one fault perchance, perchance I might be led.

For since my poor Sicheus's fatal hour
(Our houshold gods besmear'd by brothers steel)
This onely man (I must confess) had power
To shake my constant faith, and make it reel:
The footsteps of that ancient flame I feel.
But first earth swallow me, or (thunder slain)
Jove nail me to the shades, pale shades of Hell,
And everlasting night, before I stain
Thee (holy Chastity) or thy fair Rites profane.

He took my love with him (and let him keep't
Cold in his Grave) to whom I first was ty'd.
This said, her bosome full of tears she wept.
O dearer than my life! (Anna reply'd.)
Wilt thou for ever live a dead mans Bride?
Nor pretty Babes (Rewards of Venus) know?
Are Ghosts appeas'd, or Ashes satisfi'd
With this think'st thou? What if before (thy woe
Yet green and fresh) no husbands down with thee would go?

Not Lybia's King (Jarbas) scorn'd in Tyre
Before, with other Chiefs whom Africk high
In mettle, breeds? Wilt thou quench Loves sweet fire?
Nor yet consider whom thou'rt planted nigh?
Here (a fierce people) the Getulians lie,
Bitless Numidian Horse, and Quicksands dire;
There mad Barceans block thee up, and dry
Desarts. What speak I of the bloodier ire [Tyre!
A Wolf turn'd brother breaths, and gathering clouds from

Auspicious Heav'ns, and Juno's care of thee,
The Trojan Navy hither (doubtless) led.
O (sister) what a City will this be!
How shalt thou see thy Scepter flourish! wed
To Troy, how will the punic glory spread!

but Heav'ns leave, thy Gueſt then (feaſting) keep,
Pretending 'tis unſafe to ſail in winter,
When ſhips are toſt, and *Pleiades* do weep,
And ominous skies forbid on Seas to venter.
Theſe words blew love t' a flame; for doubts hope
And ſtancht her bluſhes: firſt in ſolemn wiſe (lent her
To *Phœbus*, *Bacchus*, *Ceres* (Laws Inventer)
Selected Lambs i'th' Fane they ſacrifice,
Juno moſt atone who favors Nuptial tyes.

e Queen herſelf (more beauteous in thoſe Rites)
Between the Creſcent of a milk white Cow
The Liquor pours: or paſſing in their ſights,
Into the Gods with rev'rend Grace doth bow,
Conſults the panting Lites, and payes her vow.
Alas, vain myſteries! blind Prieſts aread,
Which is the Sacrifice is offer'd now!
oft flames upon the Offrers marrow feed,
Her concealed wound doth freſhly inward bleed.

Dido burns, and ſtung with reſtleſs Love,
Runs raving to and fro through every ſtreet,
Runs like a Hind, which in ſome covert Grove
Where ſhe ſecurely Graz'd in fruitful *Crete*,
A Woodman ſhooting at far diſtance hit;
Drunk in her veins the feather'd Iron lies,
For he who made the wound doth know of it;
She through *Dictean* woods, and paſtures highs,
Carries in her ſide the arrow which ſhe flies.

Makes *Æneas* with her up and down, (*Tyre*,
And ſhews him the vaſt wealth ſhe brought from
The goodly ſtreets and bulwarks of her Towns,
No leſs a thouſand times did ſhe deſire

To

To ſhew unto him too her am'rous fire;
And oft began, but ſhame repreſt her tongue.
At night unto their banquets they retire;
And *Troy*'s ſad fall again ſhe muſt have ſung,
And at his charming lips again ſhe fondly hung.

When every one was parted to his reſt,
And the dim Moon trod on the heels of day,
And ſetting ſtars ſhew'd it high time to reſt,
She in the empty houſe languiſht away,
And on the Couch, which he had preſſed, lay
Abſent ſhe ſees *him* whom her thoughts admire,
Him abſent hears, or on her Lap doth ſtay
Aſcanius the true Picture of his Sire,
As if ſhe ſo could cheat her impotent deſire.

All works are at a ſtand; the youth for war
Provide no forts, nor training exerciſe;
Huge beams, and arches, which half finiſht are,
Hang doubtful in the air, to fall, or riſe,
And Tow'rs do threat at once both earth and ſk
Whom when as *Jove* her dear wife perceivd ſo dro
In witchcrafts, and that *fame*, with loudeſt cry
Could not awake her from the pleaſing ſwound
She thus accoſted Venus, and her mind did ſound.

Great Glory ſure, and goodly ſpoils ye gain
You and your Boy: a doughty enterprize
Ye have atchiev'd, and worthy to remain
In laſting marble, if two *Deities*
By ſubtlety one woman do ſurprize.
Nor am I ignorant, that to defend
Your Race from fear of future enemies,
Y' are jealous of my walls. But to what end
Should ſo near friends as we eternally contend?

ay rather let us knit eternal Love,
And bind the Peace more ſtrong with *Hymens* cord.
Ye have the thing for which ſo much ye ſtrove,
Eliza with Loves fi'ry ſhaft is goar'd;
Then rule we this joint Town with one accord,
And who ſhall aid it moſt be now our ſtrife.
Once let a Queen obey a *Trojan* Lord,
And *Tyrians* (to preſerve a Lovers life)
all thee their Patroneſs, as dowry of his wife.

ius (who ſaw her drift was to tranſlate
To *Carthaginians* thoſe Imperial dues
Which were reſerv'd for *Italy* by *fate*)
Made this reply. Who madly would refuſe
So advantageous match, and rather chooſe
To war with you. If but the fair event
According to your wiſe forecaſt enſues.
But fates I fear me, nor *Jove* will conſent
hat *Tyrians* and *Trojans* in one Town be pent.

nd yet perchance, you lying in his breaſt,
With a wives Rhet'rick may his counſels ſway;
Then break the Ice, I'll ſecond the Requeſt.
Leave that to me (ſaid ſhe) and for a way
T'effect our wiſhes, mark my plot I pray.
To morrow, when the Sun ſhall be deſcry'd
To Gild the mountains with his early'ſt ray,
Æneas and the Love-ſick Queen provide
o have a ſolemn Hunting in the foreſt wide.

ow I, when here they beat the Coppice, there
The Horſemen flutter, on their Heads will pour
A pitchy cloud, and Heaven with thunder tear.
Their followers, for ſhelter from the ſhowr,

By

By ſeveral paths along the Plain ſhall ſcowr;
Maskt in dark night, unto one Cave they two
Shall come: there I will be, and (add your pow'r)
Tye ſuch a Knot as only Fates undo,
I'll ſeal her his. Good *Hymen* ſhall be preſent too.
Venus ſeems nodding, to conſent, and ſmiles
To ſee Dame *Juno*'s craft. Mean while the Morn
Aroſe: and the choice youth, with ſubtle toyles,
Sharp hunting Spears, fleet Steeds in *Barbry* bor
And ſure-nos'd Hounds tun'd to the Bugle-horn
Are gone before. The Lords at door expect
Whil'ſt the Queen ſtayes within her ſelf t' adorn
Her Palfrey ſtands with Gold and Skarlet deckt,
And champs the foaming bit, as ſcorning to be chec
At length ſhe comes, with a huge troop, her Gow
Of *Tyrian* dye, bordred with flow'rs of Gold:
A Quiver by her comely ſide hung down,
Gold Ribining her brighter hair enroll'd,
Gold Buttons did her purple veſture hold.
The *Trojans* too, and blithe *Julus* went
Above the reſt, far goodlieſt to behold;
Æneas ſelf his gladding preſence lent,
And with his darkned train did *Dido*'s train augmen
As when *Apollo* leaves his winter ſeats
Of *Lycia* and *Xanthus* floods, to ſee
His Countrey *Delos*, and his feaſt repeats;
About his altars hum confuſedly
Creets, *Dryopes*, and ruddy Nymphs: but he
On *Cynthus* rides, and pleating doth enlace
His flowing hair with Gold, and his lov'd tree:
His ſhafts ſhog at his back. With no leſs Grac
Æneas marcht. Such rayes diſplay'd his lovely face
Wh

hen in the mountains now engag'd they were
*A*nd pathleſs woods, lo Goats from Summits caſt
Run tumbling through the buſhes: Herds of Deer
*A*nother way come hurrying down as faſt,
*A*nd raiſe a cloud as through the duſt they haſte;
Hot-ſpur *Julus* on his mettl'd Horſe
Out-cracking all, now theſe, now thoſe men paſt,
And wiſht 'mong thoſe faint beaſts, & without force,
neLyon, or tuskt Boar would croſs him in his courſe.

an while loud thunder Heav'ns pavilion tears,
Making a paſſage for th' enſuing rain:
The *Trojan* youth, and *Tyrian* followers,
And *Venus* Dardan-Grandchild through the Plain
Seek ſev'ral ſhelters: Rivers, like a Main,
Ruſh from the mountains round: one cave that Lord
Of *Troy*, and ſhe who did in *Carthage* raign,
Lighted upon. Earth gives the ſignal word,
d *Juno*, Queen of Marriage, doth their hands accord.

e guilty Heav'ns, as bluſhing to have been
n inſtrument this meeting to fulfill,
ith flaſhing lightning ſhone: the Nimphs were ſeen
o weep with all their ſtreams, and from each Hill
ere heard to murmur the preſaged Ill.
hat day did uſher Death, and *Dido*'s ſhame:
or now ſhe's arm'd, let men ſay what they will,
or ſeeks, as erſt, to hide her am'rous flame:
alls it wedlock, gives her fault an honeſt name.

e ſtrait through *Lybias* goodly towns doth poſt,
me a fleet evil, which none can outflie;
oſt ſtrong ſhe is when ſhe hath travel'd moſt,
ſt ſmall through fear, but grown ſo inſtantly,

That

That ſtanding on the Ground ſhe'll reach the ſky,
She was the laſt birth Mother earth did bring,
When her proud anger did the Gods defie,
The Giants ſiſter, ſwift of foot and wing;
A huger never was, nor a more monſtrous thing.

Moſt ſtrange! there's not a plume her body bears,
But under it a watching eye doth peep,
As many tatling tongues, and liſtning ears.
By night 'tween earth and Heaven ſhe doth ſwe
Skreeching, nor ſhuts her Lids with balmy ſleep.
And all the day time upon Caſtle Gates,
Or Steeple-tops, ſhe doth ſtrict watches keep,
And frights great Cities with her ſudden baits,
And with one confidence both truths and lyes relate

She, glad of ſuch a prey whereon to plume, (ſe
Through peoples minds truths mixt with falſho
How one *Æneas* came from *Troy*, with whom
Fair *Dido* deign'd to wed; and now they ſpent
In Revels the long winter, wholly bent
On brutiſh Love, drowning affairs of State:
Theſe things ſhe ſow'd in mens rank mouths: t
To King *Iarbas*, and did irritate (w
His mind with tales, and his old wrath exaſperate.

An hundred temples built to *Jove* had he,
(Who unto *Hammon* forc't *Gramantis* bore)
An hundred Altars burning conſtantly,
(The Gods eternal Centinels) each floor
Painted with blood of beaſts, with flowr's each d
Who mad with Love, and with the bitter news,
Before the Altars, and the Gods before,
Kneeling, with hand upheav'd to *Jove*, doth uſ
Great ſupplications, and in this manner ſues.

...to whom Moors rich wine on Carpets drink,
Seest this? or when thy arm doth Lightning shake
Giv'st thou false fire t' a cloud to make fools wink?
And, when it thunders, dost thou onely make
A rumbling o'r our heads, at which we quake?
Astray, to whom our self (being hither fled)
Hir'd a small barren Plat, for pity sake
With some restraints, refus'd with us to wed,
...*Don Æneas* takes unto her Crown and Bed.

...now this *Paris*, with a quose to stay
His Beard and powdred Locks, and's Beaver train
Of she-men, Gluts himself upon the Prey;
Whil'st we with Gifts on Gifts enrich thy Fane,
And make our person glorious in vain.
Th' all-pow'rful heard these pray'rs, and cast his eye
On the new walls where th' am'rous pair remain
Careless how desp'rate sick their fame doth lie,
...spake, and gave this charge to winged *Mercury*.

Son, as swift as winds in *Carthage* light,
Tell *Venus* Son, whom loitring there thou't see
Unworthy of that fate which he doth slight,
That his fair Mother painted him to me
Another man; and therefore twice did free
From *Grecian* swords; one, who with steddy rein
Should manage proud and warlike *Italy*,
And prove himself of *Teucers* haughty strain,
...the triumphed world under his Laws maintain.

...ot at all *this* him with Glory fires,
Nor care of his own Greatness he doth show,
Why should he grudge his Son the *Roman* Spires?
What makes he here? what seeks he from a foe?

Latium

Latium, and them who there expect to grow
From him, let him regard. Let him away.
This is th' effect, from me this let him know.
At once *Jove* ended, and the ſon of *May*
His greater Sires commands prepar'd himſelf t' obey.
Firſt golden wings unto his feet he binds,
Which over Lands, and over Seas that ſwell,
Bear him aloft, as ſpeedy as the winds.
Then takes his rod. With this he calls from Hell
Pale Ghoſts, ſends others in ſad ſhades to dwell,
Gives ſleep, and takes it from the drowzy brain,
And ſeals up eyes with death. He doth repel
By pow'r of this the Heav'ns which part in twain.
And through the watry clouds he ſails as throw a Main.
He ſoaring the lank ſides, and Crown diſclos'd
Of craggy *Atlas*, whoſe neck props the ſky,
Atlas, whoſe piney head to ſtorms expos'd,
Is bound about with clouds continually.
Thick on his aged back the Snow doth lie,
And down his dravel'd chin pour plenteous ſprings
His beard in *Icycles* grows horridly.
Here lights the God pois'd on his hov'ring wings
Towards the Sea from hence his body headlong flings
Like to a Bird, which round the ſhores doth glide,
And fiſhy rocks, ſkimming along the Bay;
So flies 'tween earth and heaven, and doth divide
The wind and ſandy Coaſt of *Lybia*,
Leaving his mothers Sire, the Son of *May*:
Who landing where the Sheep-coats lately were,
Sees how *Æneas* doth the works ſurvey,
Here building Tow'rs, and alt'ring Turrets there.
He by his ſide a Sword all ſtar'd with Gems did wear.
Upon

Upon his ſhoulder to the Air diſplayd
A Robe of *Tyrian* purple ſeem'd to flame,
Which *Dido* with her own fair hands had made,
And edg'd the ſeams with gold. Here you do frame
(Said *Hermes*) hindring your own crown and fame,
High Towers of *Carthage*, and, uxorious, raiſe
Fair Walls, whereof another bears the name:
Mark now what *Jove* himſelf, whom Heav'n obays,
And earth, by his wing'd meſſenger unto you ſays.

What make you here loytring in *Lybia?*
If Glory of great Actions fire not *you*,
Nor your own intereſt, nor fame you weigh;
Seek your *Heirs* good, *Julus* hopes purſue,
To whom the *Latian* Crown and *Rome* is due.
This having ſaid, *Cyllenius* vaniſht quite
From mortal eyes, and back to Heaven flew.
Æneas at the viſion ſhakes with fright, [right.
His tongue cleaves to his jaws, his hair ſtands bolt up-

He is on fire to go, and flie that Land
Of ſweet enchantments, being skar'd away
By no leſs warning than the Gods command.
But (ah!) what ſhall he do? How dare t'aſſay
With words the am'rous Queen? what ſhould he ſay
For Introduction? His ſwift-beating thought
In doubtful balance thouſand things did lay,
And this way caſt them, and then that way wrought,
At laſt this ſeemd the beſt when all ways he had ſought.

He call'd *Sergeſtus*, *Mneſteus*, and the ſtout
Cloanthus, bids them fit immediately
Their Fleet, and draw their Companies about
The Port, their Arms prepar'd, not telling why;

Mean while himself (when no least jealousie
To the good Queen should thought of breach betray
In so great Loves) an entrance would espy,
The season of soft speech, and dextrous way,
With readiness and joy they do him all obey.

But *Dido* found their Plot (what's hid from Lovers?)
Herself, who doubts ev'n safe things, first doth see't:
And the same tatling *fame* to her discovers,
That *Trojans* are departing with their Fleet.
She's mad, stark mad, and runs through ev'ry street,
Like *Bacchas* She-Priests, when the God is in,
And they to do him furious Homage meet,
Citheron yelling with their midnight din:
Then thus t' *Æneas* speaks, nor stays till he begin.

Didst thou hope too by stealth to leave my Land,
And that such treason could be unbetray'd?
Nor should my Love, nor thy late plighted hand,
Nor *Dido*, who would dye, thy flight have staid?
Must too this Voyage be in Winter made?
Through storms? O! cruel to thy self, and me,
Didst thou not hunt strange Lands, and Scepters
By others, if old *Troy* reviv'd should be, [sway'd
Should *Troy* it self be sought throw a tempestous Sea?

Me fly'st thou? By these tears, and thy right hand,
(Since this is all's now left to wretched me)
By marriages *new* joyes, and sacred band,
If ought I did could meritorious be,
If ever ought of mine were sweet to thee;
Pity our House, which must with my decay
Give early period to its soveraignty;

And

And put, I do beſeech thee, far away
This cruel mind, if cruel minds hear them that pray.
For *thee* the *Lybian* Nations me defie,
The Kings of *Scythia* hate me, and my *Tyre*:
For *thee* I loſt my ſhame, and that, whereby
Alone I might unto the ſtars expire
The chaſter fame which I did once acquire.
To whom my Gueſt [for Husbands out of date]
Doſt thou commit me ready to expire?
Why ſtay I? Till *Pigmalion* waſt my ſtate?
Or on *Jarbas* Wheels, a captive Queen, to wait?
Yet if before thou fledſt out of this place,
Some Child at leaſt I unto thee had born;
If in my Court reſembling but thy face,
Some young *Æneas* plaid, I ſhould not mourn
As one ſo quite deluded, or forelorn.
Here ceaſed *ſhe*. But *he* whom *Jove* had ty'd
With ſtrict commands, his eyes did no way turn,
But ſtoutly did his Grief ſuppreſs, and hide
Under his ſecret heart. Then thus in ſhort reply'd:
For me, O Queen, I never will deny
But that I owe you more than you can ſay,
Nor ſhall I ſtick to bear in memory
Eliza's name, whil'ſt breath theſe limbs doth ſway;
But to the point. I never did intend
[Pray charge me not with that] to ſteal away:
And much leſs did I Wedlock Bands pretend,
Neither to ſuch a Treaty ever condeſcend.
Would Fates permit me mine own way to take,
And pleaſe my ſelf in chooſing of a Land,
Ilium out of her aſhes I would rake,

And glean my earths ſweet reliqus, *Troy* ſhould ſtand
(The vanquiſht Troops replanted, by my hand)
And *Priam*'s Towers again to Heav'n aſpire.
But now have I the Oracles command
To ſeek great *Italy*; The ſame require
The Deſtinies. My Country's this; This my deſire.

If you of *Tyre* with *Carthage* Towers are took,
Why ſhould our ſeeking *Latian* fields offend?
May not the *Trojans* too new manſions look?
As oft as night moiſt ſhadows doth extend
Over the earth, and golden ſtars aſcend,
My Fathers chiding Ghoſt affrights my ſleep:
My Son, on whom the Realm is to deſcend,
And thoſe dear eyes do freſhly ſeem to weep;
Complaining that from him his deſtind crown I keep.

And now *Joves* Son (by both their heads I ſwear)
Was ſent to me, my ſelf the god did ſee
In open day, and with theſe ears did hear:
Then vex not with complaints your ſelf and me,
I go againſt my will to *Italy*.
Whil'ſt thus he ſpake, ſhe lookt at him askew,
Rowling her lightning eyes continually,
And him from head to foot did ſilent view, [enſue.
When, being throughly heat, theſe thundring words

Nor goddeſs was thy mother, nor the ſource
Of thy high blood, renowned *Dardanus*,
But ſome *Hircanian Tygreſs* was thy Nource,
Out of the ſtony loyns of *Caucaſus*
Deſcended, cruel and perfidious.
For with what hopes ſhould I thy faults yet cover?
Did my tears make thee ſigh? Or bend, but thus,

Thine eyes? Or ſadneſs for my Grief diſcover?
Or if thou couldſt not love, to pity yet a Lover?

Whom firſt accuſe I ſince theſe Loves b gin?
Jove is unjuſt, *Juno* her charge gives o're;
Whom may a Woman truſt? I took this man
Homeleſs, a deſp'rate wrack upon my ſhore,
And fondly gave him half the Crown I wore:
His ſhips re-built, his men new Lives I lent,
And now the Fates, the Oracles, what more?
(It makes me mad) *Joves* ſon on purpoſe ſent,
Brings him forſooth a menace through the firmament:

As if the gods their bliſsful reſt did break
With thinking on thy voyages. But I
Nor ſtop you, nor confute the words you ſpeak.
Go, chaſe on rowling billows Realms that flie,
With fickle waves uncertain *Italy*.
Some courteous Rock (if Heaven juſt curſes hear)
Will be revenger of my injury:
When thou perceiving the ſad fate draw near,
Shalt *Dido*, *Dido*, call, who ſurely will be there.

For when cold death ſhall part with dreary ſwoon
My ſoul and fleſh; my Ghoſt where-e're thou be,
Shall haunt thee with dim torch, & light thee down
To thy dark conſcience: I'll be Hell to thee,
And this glad news will make Hell Heav'n to me.

Here, falling as far from him as ſhe might,
She fainted e're her Speech were finiſhed:
Leaving him toſſing in his tender ſpright
What he ſhould ſay to her, or leave unſed,

Her Maids conveigh her to her Iv'rie Bed.
But *good Æneas*, though he fain would prove
To 'swage her Grief, and leave her comforted,
Pierct to the Soul with her so ardent Love,
Yet goes to view his Fleet, obedient unto *Jove*.

I, now the *Trojans* fall to work for good,
And hale their Vessels down from all the shoars,
The chalkt ships are on flote, and from the Wood
They bring whole Oaks unwrought, and leavy Oars
For haste to flie away.
Through ev'ry Gate they pack and trudge amain:
As when the Emmets sally through earths pores
To sack, for hoard, some Barn full stuft with Grain,
Remembring barren Winter must return again;

The black troops march, and through the medows bear
The booty by a narrow path; some hale
The heavy Corns; others bring up the Rear,
And prick them forwards that begun to fail,
The busie Labourers ev'ry path engrail.
What sighs gav'st thou now *Dido*, looking out
From thy high Tower? How did thy senses quail
Seeing the shoars so swarm'd, and round about
Hearing confused shoutings of the *Nautick Rout*?

O Tyrant Love, how absolute thou art
In humane breasts! Again she's forct to fly
To tears and prayers, and bow her prostrate heart
To the subduing passion, glad to try
All Cures before the last, which is to die.
Sister, said she, thou seest they all repair
To th' Port, and only for a Wind do lie,

Invi-

Inviting it with ſtreamers wav'd i'th' air:
Had I but fear'd this blow, I ſhould not now deſpair.

Yet try for me this once: For only thee
That perjur'd Soul adores, to thee will ſhew
His ſecret thoughts: Thou, when his ſeaſons be,
And where the *Man's* acceſſible doſt know.
Go ſiſter, meekly ſpeak to the proud Foe.
I was not with the *Greeks* at *Aulis* ſworn
To raze the *Trojan* name, nor did I go
'Gainſt *Ilium* with my Fleet, neither have torn
Anchiſes aſhes up from his profaned Urn.

Why is he deaf to my intreaties? Whither
So faſt? It is a Lovers laſt deſire
That he would but forſake me in fair weather,
And a ſafe time. I do not now aſpire
To his broke Wedlock vow, neither require
He ſhould fair *Latium*, and a Scepter leave:
Poor time I beg, my paſſions to retire;
Truce to my Woe; Nor Pardon, but Reprieve;
Till Griefs, familiar grown, have taught me how to grieve.
For ſiſterhood, for ſenſe of my diſtreſs,
Let me this laſt boon, e're I dye, obtain.
This *Dido* ſpake. The ſad Ambaſſadreſs
Carries her tears, and brings them back again.
[As brackiſh Tydes poſt from and to the Main]
But not an Ocean of bitter tears
Can alter him, nor will he entertain
The flatt'ring force of words, he only hears
The Fates and *Joves* command, which dams up his mild ears.

As an old Oak (but yet not weak with Eld)
Which ſhowers and blaſts to overthrow contend,
It cracks, & (the trunk ſhook) leaves ſtrow the field,
That lies in rocks, whoſe roots tow'rds hell deſcend
As far as towards Heav'n the boughs aſcend:
So ſtands the *Heros*, beat with wind and rain,
His ſtout heart groans, and his affections bend;
Shook with their ſighs, but his reſolves remain
As unremov'd as rocks, tears rowl their waves in vain.

Then doth unhappy *Dido*, given ore
By her laſt hope, deſire to dye. The light
Is irkſom to her eyes. To confirm more
Her purpoſe to embrace eternal night,
Placing on th' Incenſe burning Altars bright
Her Gifts, the holy water ſhe beheld
Converted to black Ink (portentous ſight!)
And the pour'd wine to roaping blood congeal'd;
This thing to none, not to her ſiſter, ſhe reveal'd.

A Marble Fane too in the Houſe ſhe had
Where lay her firſt Lords aſhes, kept among
Her moſt adored Reliques. 'twas with ſad
Dark Yew-tree, and the whiteſt fleeces hung
Hence in the night ſhe heard her Husbands tongue
Call her, ſhe thought. And oft the boading Owl
Alone on the Houſe-top harſh dirges ſung,
And with long notes quav'rd a doleful howl,
Beſides old Propheſies, which terrifie her Soul.

Cruel *Æneas* ev'n her ſleeps torments:
And ſtill ſhe dreams ſhe's wandring all alone
Through a long way with ſleep and dark deſcents,
Calling her *Tyrians* in a Land, where none

But

But ſome pain'd Ghoſt eccho's her with a Groan.
As when mad *Pentheus* Troops of furies fright,
Who ſees a twofold *Thebes*, and double Sun:
Or when *Oreſtes* flies his mothers ſight, [light.
Hunting his bloody track with Hell-hounds by Torch-

Sunk then with Grief, poſſeſt with Furies, bent
On death, ſhe plots the means, and in her Eye
A feign'd hope ſpringing, hiding her intent,
Accoſts ſad *Anne*. Partake thy ſiſters joy,
I've found a way to make him burn as I,
Or turn me cold like him. Near *Phœbus* ſet
At the Lands end doth *Æthiopia* lie,
Where on great *Atlas* neck, the Heav'n thick ſet
With glorious Diamond-ſtars hangs like a Carkanet.

Of a great Sorcereſs I have been told
There born, who did th' *Heſperian* Temple keep,
The Dragon fed, and ſacred fruit of Gold
Watcht on the Tree which ſhe for dew did ſteep
In Honey, and moiſt Poppy cauſing ſleep.
She undertakes to cure the Love-ſick breaſt,
And whom ſhe liſt to plunge in Love as deep,
The waters courſe in Rivers to arreſt, [from reſt.
And call down Stars from Heav'n, and call up Ghoſts

Under her tread thou ſhalt perceive earth Groan,
And Oaks skip from the Hills; I ſwear to thee
(Calling the gods to record, and thine own
Sweet head) that forc't to theſe black Arts I flee.
Thou on ſome Tow'r a Stack build ſecretly,
Lay on it the mans Cloaths, and Sword which lies
Within, and, that which prov'd a Grave to me,

My

My Wedding Bed. So doth the Witch adviſe,
Ev'n that I blot out all the Traytors memories.

This ſaid, grew pale. Yet thinks not *Anne* that ſhe
With theſe new Rites her Funeral doth ſhade,
Nor fears ſuch Monſters, or worſe extaſie
Than at *Sycheus* death; Therefore obey'd.
But *Dido*, a great Pile of Wood being made,
The place with flow'rs, and fatal Cypreſs crown'd,
There on his cloaths and ſword bequeathed laid,
His Picture on the Bed, the myſtick Ground
Known only to herſelf. Altars are placed round.

With hair diſpread like a black falling ſtorm,
Th' Inchantreſs thunders out three hundred names,
Orchus, and *Chaos*, *Hecate*-triform,
Which Virgin *Dian's* triple-pow'r enſeams,
She ſprinkled too *Avernus* fabulous ſtreams:
And herbs were ſougt for, ſprouting forth ripe bane
With brazen ſickles, cropt in the Moons beams;
And puld from new born colt, that lump, which ta'ne
From the Dams mouth, no Love t' her Iſſue doth re-
[main.

Herſelf in a looſe Veſt, one Foot unſhod,
With Meal in pious hands near th'Altar drew,
Witneſs ye guilty Stars, and every God,
(Saith ſhe) I'm forc't to dye. Invokes them too
Who care of Lovers take (if any do)
Unequally. 'Twas night, and conqu'ring ſleep,
With weari'd bodies the whole earth did ſtrew;
When Woods are quiet, and the cruel deep,
When Stars are half way down, when fields ſtill ſilence
[keep,
And

nd Beasts and painted Birds, which liquid Springs
Inhabit, or which bushy Lands contain,
Nuzling their cares beneath sleeps downy wings,
Do bury the past dayes forgotten pain;
All but the hapless Queen, she doth refrain
From rest, nor takes it at her eyes or heart.
After long seeming dead, Love rose again
And fought with wrath as when 2 Tides do thwart,
hil'st thus her big thoughts roll and wallow to each
[part.

hat shall I do? Shall I a Suitor be
To my old Suitors, scorned by the new,
And wooe those Kings so oft despis'd by me?
What then? shall I the *Ilian* Fleet pursue,
And share all this mans fates? Yes, he doth shew
Such sense of my first aids: Or, say I wou'd,
Whom he hath mockt, will not his proud ships tro
Reject? Ah Fool, by whom the perjur'd brood
f false *Laomedon* is not yet understood!

ant they'd admit me, shall I flie alone
With Mariners! Or chace him with the power
O'th' emptied Town, and Servants of mine own,
And whom I scare from *Tyre* by the roots up tore,
Compel to plow the horrid Seas once more?
No, dye as thou deserv'st, cure woes with woe.
Thou sister, first, when I my tears did showre
To quench these rising flames, thou didst them blow
d out of cruel pity sold'st me to the Foe.

hy might not I (alas!) have mourn'd away
My widow'd youth, as well as Turtles do?
Nor twice have made my self misfortunes prey,
Or to *Sichæus* ashes prov'd untrue? These

These words with sighs out of her bosom flew.
Æneas slept aboord, all things prepared.
To whom again *Joves* Son with the same hew
Divine, so silver voic'd, so golden hair'd,
So strait and lovely shapt, thus rousing him appear'd.

O goddess born, now dost thou sleep? nor know
How many dangers watch to compass thee?
Nor hear this good wind whispering thee to go?
Purpos'd to dye, great plots and dire broods she,
Who boils with rage like a high going Sea,
Flie whil'st thou maist flie. If the morning find
Thee napping here, the Sea will cover'd be
With ships, the shore with flames, fly with the wind
Trust that, but do not trust a womans fickle mind.

This said, he mixt himself with night: But then
Æneas at these Visions sore agast,
Starts out of sleep, and cryes, Up, up, O men,
Hoise up your Sails, flie to your Oars, Row fast
Behold, a God from Heav'n again bids haste,
Cutting the wreathed Cable. O, who ere
We follow thee, obey'd as late thou wast
Most gladly. Aid what thou command'st, and see
With prosp'rous stars bespoke as thou fly'st through
[their sphere

This said, whipt out his lightning Sword, and strook
The fastning ropes. Like zeal his pattern bred
In all. They snatcht, they ran, the shores forsook
Their Sails like wings over the waves were spred
They comb'd with oars gray *Neptunes* curled head
And now *Aurora* scattered rosie light
Upon the earth from *Tython*'s purple Bed.

Who

Whom *Dido*, having ſcouted all the night, [white.
Diſcover'd from the Watch-Tower by her Enſigns

eeing the Fleet ſail ſmoothly on, ſhe knocks
Three or four times her breaſt of Ivory,
And tearing piteouſly her amber Locks;
O *Jove*, but ſhall he then be gone, ſaid ſhe,
And ſhall a ſtranger mock my Realm and me?
Shall not my powers purſue him from the ſhore,
And my tall Gallies man'd out inſtantly?
Arm, Arm, ye men of *Tyre*, bring fire-balls ſtore,
Hoiſe in a trice the Sails, tug ſtoutly at the Oar.

What talk I? Or, where am I? Do I rave?
Poor *Dido*, now you ſee his heart; before
Could you not ſee it, when your Crown you gave
To his diſpoſe? Behold the faith he ſwore
Who ſav'd his gods, and his old father bore?
I'll ſtrow him on the waves, his men firſt kill'd,
And ſpitted upon ſwords, and ſawc't in gore,
Aſcanius to him his laſt meal ſhall yield,
The fathers yearning bowels with his bowels fill'd.

But this would be a doubtful Battel. Be't,
What ſhould ſhe fear, whoſe wiſhes are to die?
I will blow up the Hatches, burn the Fleet,
Son, Sire, and Nation, in one Bonfire fry,
And my ſelf laſt to crown the Tragedy.
O *Sol*, the Index of whoſe purging light,
Doth all the works of skilful Nature try;
And *Juno*, cauſe of this my woful plight, [night.
And *Proſerpine*, cry'd through the Towns in dead of

And

And your revenging pow'rs, Gods which pertain
To dying *Dido*; All of you incline
Your Deities to this my prayer; both deign
Gently to hear, and lend me your Divine
Assistance, due to such high wrongs as mine.
If one so clog'd with Perjuries as he,
Must needs attain the Port he doth design,
And swim to shore, because his Destiny
So wills, and such is *Joves* immutable decree:

Yet vext b' a warlike people, forc't to flie,
Torn and divorc't from his dear Sons imbrace,
Let him beg foreign aid, see his men dye
For crimes not theirs: And let him, when a Peace
Shall be concluded by him with disgrace,
Enjoy nor Crown, nor Life (then seeming good)
Bnt be cut off in middle of his Race,
And un-interr'd float on the restless Flood:
Thus pray I, these last words I pour out with my blood.

Then you, *O Tyrians*, breed your Children in
Successive hate, so shall my wrong'd Ghost rest;
Let Peace or Faith with these be held a sin,
Some one of ours with Fire and Sword infest,
The proud *Æneiades* where-e'r they nest, [drive;
And through the World once more the straglers
Now or hereafter, when your strength serves best;
Be shores oppos'd to shores, let our Tydes strive
With theirs, and our late sons keep endless War alive.

This said, she cast to flie dayes loathed beams,
And calls *Sicheus* Nurse (her own was dead.)
Good Nurse, go bid my sister, dasht with streams,
Come straight, and bring the Beasts I ordered

For

For Sacrifice: Do thou too bind thy head
With holy Fillet, I will conſummate
Rites well begun, to *Dis*, and fire the Bed
Where the mans Portraict's laid, t'annihilate
All care; ſo ſhe did Gallop at an old Wives rate.

But *Dido*, fearing what ſhe wiſht, ſad doom,
Rowling her blood-ſhot eyes, and in her face,
The paleneſs of the death which was to come,
With trembling ſpots, ruſht to that ſecret place,
And climbing the high Pile with furious pace,
The *Dardan* Sword, not therefore given, unſheath'd
Spying the cloaths, and well-known Bed, a ſpace
She paus'd, till ſome few tears ſhe had bequeath'd,
And leaning on that Bed her lateſt ſpeech ſhe breath'd.

Sweet pledges, whil'ſt the Fates and *Jove* ſo will'd,
Receive this Soul, and free me from this woe,
I liv'd, and my good Fortunes circle fill'd:
And now my great Ghoſt to *Elizium* go;
I built a famous City, ſaw it grow
To the perfection which it boaſts this day;
Reveng'd my Husband on his Brother-foe:
My too much happineſs had lackt allay,
Iliums wandring Fleet had never paſt this way.

Then groveling on the Bed, but ſhall I die,
And not reveng'd? Yes, die; what, ſo preſent
My ſelf to *Dis*? Even ſo. Drink with thine eye
Fierce *Trojan* this flames Comet-like portent,
And let my death bode thee a dire event.
Here her Maids ſaw her with ſpread hands fall down
Upon the reeking blade; A ſhrill cry went

To

To the high roofs, and through th' aſtoniſht Town,
Swift as a Thunderbolt the raging news was blown.

With ſighs, laments, ſhreeks, and a female yell
Earth ſounds, & Heavens high battlements reſound,
As if, the Foe let in, all *Carthage* fell,
Or mother walls of *Tyre* were brought to ground,
And Fanes and Houſes one flame did confound.
Her frighted ſiſter hears the baleful noiſe:
She thumps her boſom, and with nails doth wound
Her face, diſtracted through the preſs ſhe flies,
And *Dido*, *Dido*, O my ſiſter *Dido*, cryes.

Was *this* the buſineſs? Wouldſt thou cozen me?
Thoſe Fires, Piles, Altars, hid they this beneath?
Scorn'dſt thou in Fate thy ſiſters company?
I might have been invited to thy death,
One ſword, & one hour ſhould have reft our breath
Muſt I too build the Pile, and Heaven invoke
For this? Thy cruel hand extinguiſheth
Thy ſelf, and me, Senate and common folk, [ſtroke
And thy new raiſed Town, with one all-murth'ring

Tears bathe her wounds, ſuck her laſt breath my lips,
If any about hers yet hov'ring ſtays.
This ſaid, ſhe paſſes the high ſtairs, and clips
Her half-dead ſiſter, whom ſhe foſtring lays
To her warm breaſts, and as the breath decays,
Sighs new, the Gore-blood with her Garment dri'd
She, ſtriving her eyes heavy lids to raiſe,
Fainted again, her wounds mouth gaping wide [ſide
Vents by a nearer way her hearts Groans through her

Thric

Thrice on her arm she did her body stay,
Thrice tumbled backward, and with rowling eyes
Groapt for, and sigh'd to find the glaring day.
Then *Juno* pitying her long agonies,
And pangs of death, sent *Iris* from the skies,
Her wrestling Soul from twisting Limbs t' untwine.
For since of age nor malady she dies,
But by despair nipt early, *Proserpine*
Had not yet cut her Hair, and said, *This head is mine.*

So *Iris* her great Mistriss Will obeys,
Descending to the earth immediately
On curious Wings, which the Suns oblique rayes
With Water-colours, painted variously;
And standing right over her head (said she)
As I am bid, these vowed Locks I bear
To Hells black Prince, and do pronounce thee free
From bodies bonds. This said, cut off her Hair,
Heat left her, and th' uncaged soul flew through the [air.

FINIS.

LIB. 10. EPIGR: 47.

Ad Julium Martialem.

Vitam quæ faciunt beatiorem,
Jucundissime Martialis, hæc sunt:
Res non parta labore sed relicta;
Non ingratus ager; focus perennis:
Lis nunquam; toga rara; mens quieta;
Vires ingenuæ; salubre corpus;
Prudens simplicitas; pares amici;
Convictus facilis; sine arte mensa;
Nox non ebria, sed soluta curis;
Non tristis torus & tamen pudicus;
Somnus qui faciat breves tenebras;
Quod sis, esse velis, nihilque malis:
Summum nec metuas diem, nec optes.

A HAP-

A HAPPY LIFE
Out of MARTIAL.

THE things that makes a life to pleaſe
(Sweeteſt *Martial*) they are theſe:
Eſtate *inherited*, not *got*:
A *thankful* Field, *Hearth* alwayes hot:
City *ſeldom*, Law-ſuits *never*:
Equal Friends agreeing *ever*:
Health of *Body*, *Peace* of *Mind*:
Sleeps that till the morning bind:
Wiſe Simplicity, *Plain* Fare:
Not *drunken* Nights, yet *loos'd* from *Care*:
A *Sober*, not a *Sullen* Spouſe:
Clean ſtrength, not ſuch as *his* that Plows:
Wiſh onely what thou *art*, to *be*;
Death neither *wiſh*, nor *fear* to *ſee*.

On the Earl of
STRAFFORD's TRYAL.

THE Earl yet made a gallant ſtand, to be
Judg'd by *one* Kingdom, and *arraign'd* by *three*.
He might have fled at firſt, or made his skreen
A Royal Maſter, or a Gracious Queen;
But this had been the *Touch-ſtone* to decline,
T' ingage in Mortals quarrels, Powers Divine.
As artleſs Poets *Jove* or *Juno* uſe,
To play the Midwife to their labouring Muſe.
No, he affects a labour'd Scene, and not
To *cut*, but to *untie* the Gordian knot.
Then if 'twill prove no *Comedy*, at leaſt
To make it of all *Tragedies* the beſt.
And that he'll do, I know not what paſt fact,
May ſpeak him leſs, but for his lifes *laſt act*,
Times ſhall admiring read it, and *this age*,
Though now it *hiſs*, *claps* when he leaves the Stage;
So *ſtand* or *fall*, none *ſtood* ſo, or ſo *fell*:
This far fam'd *Tryal* hath no parallel.

But if 'th *Senate*, *Cæſar*, had been *try'd*,
As he was *ſtab'd*, whil'ſt with their hands faſt ty'd,
The Armies had lookt on, and left *the Cauſe*
Of *Rome* to *Tully* only, and the *Laws*,
Thus had great *Julius* ſpoke, and lookt; diſtill'd
Pharſalia, *Munda*, *Thapſus* hard-fought Field

All

All into Speeches; and free *Cato* mov'd,
(Though he could never fear) yet then t' have *lov'd*,
And *pitied* him: for mixt of *Peace* and *War*,
He was a *Soldier* and an *Orator*.

A *Cæsar?* Or a *Strafford? He* resolv'd,
T' abide no *Trial*: *This*, to be *absolv'd*,
Or *dye*. Herein more like to *Otho* far,
Who gave his blood to quench a *Civil war*.

Nor shall he die, unless these broyles t'assuage
A yet *more Civil war* himself shall wage,
Turn (what he us'd so well for his defence)
Against *himself*, his conquering *Eloquence*.
Spend his whole stock of favour too, to bring
To the *three Kingdoms*, a *fourth* power, *the King*:
A *fourth Estate* add to the *Parliament*:
And to the *Royal* give his *own assent*.

So fell great *Rome* her self, oppress at length
By the united *worlds*, and her *own* strength.

The Earls pathetical Letter to the King, which is to be seen in Print, wherein he begs of His Majesty, to pass theBill for his death, to quiet the Kingdoms.

Two Odes
OUT OF
HORACE,
Relating unto the
Civil Wars of ROME,
Againſt Covetous Rich Men,

Carm. Lib. III. Ode 24.

THough richer than unpoll'd
Arabian wealth, and *Indian* Gold,
Thou with thy works ſhouldſt drain
The *Tyrrhene* and whole Pontick Main;
Thou couldſt not, when Death layes
On *thee* his *A*damantine Mace,
Thy *Mind* from *terror* free,
Nor *Body* from *Mortality*.
Wiſer the *Scythians*,
Whoſe Houſes run on wheels like Wains,
*A*nd frozen *Getes*, whoſe field
Unbounded doth free *Ceres* yield:

Nor

Nor is't the cuſtom there,
To ſowe a Land above a year:
And when that Crop is born,
The reſt relieve it each by turn,
There Women mingle not,
For Son-in-laws a poyſon'd Pot:
Nor *Govern:* on their Dow'r
Preſuming, or Adult'rers pow'r.
Their Dow'rs *to be well bred:*
And *Chaſtity* flying the Bed
Of others, their own truſt
Perſuading, and the price of Luſt.
Oh! he that would aſſuage
Our bloodſhed and inteſtine rage:
If he would written have,
His Countries Father on his Grave:
Let him not fear t' oppoſe
Unbridled Licence to the Noſe:
So ſhall he gain great praiſe
In after-times; ſince (woe the dayes!)
We envy living worth,
But miſs it when 'tis laid in earth;
For what do our Laws ſtand,
If puniſhment weed not the Land?
What ſerves vain Preaching for,
Which cannot cure our Lives? If not
Thoſe Lands which flames embrace;
Nor where the Neighb'ring *Boreas*,
Shuts up the Ports with cold,
And Snows faſt nail'd to the Free-hold,
The Mariner repell:
If crafty Merchants learn to quell

The horrid'ſt Seas? the fear
Of that crime (*Want*) making them bear,
And do all things, and balk
Severer virtues narrow walk.
Would Heaven wee'd carry all
Our wealth into the Capital!
O! in the next Sea duck
Our Jewels and pernicious muck,
Fuel of all that's naught!
If we repent us as we ought,
Strike at the root of ills;
And mould we our too pliant wills
To rougher arts: the Child
Of Noble Linage cannot wield
A bounding Horſe of War,
Nay fears to him more skill'd by far,
To ſtride off the Greek bowle,
Or the forbidden Dice to trowle,
The whil'ſt his perjur'd Father
Deceives his Partners truſt, to gather
For one that hath no wit.
So ill got wealth grows faſt, and yet
Something ſtill ſhort doth come,
To make it up *an even Sum.*

TO

TO THE PEOPLE *of* ROME,

EPOD. 16.

Commiſerating the Commonwealth, in reſpect of the Civil Wars.

NOw Civil Wars a ſecond age conſume,
And *Romes* own ſword deſtroys poor *Rome*,
What neither neighbouring *Marſians* could devour,
Nor fear'd *Porſenas Thuſcan* pow'r;
Nor *Capua*'s Rival Valor, Mutinies
Of *Bond-ſlaves*, treachery of *Allies*;
Nor *Germany* (blew-ey'd *Bellona*'s Nurſe)
Nor *Hannibal* (the Mothers curſe)
We (a blood-thirſty age) our ſelves deface,
And VVolves ſhall repoſſeſs this place.
The barb'rous Foe will trample on our dead,
The ſteel-ſhod Horſe our Courts will tread;
And *Romulus* duſt (clos'd in Religious *Urn*
From Sun and tempeſt) proudly ſpurn.
All, or the ſounder part, perchance would know,
How to avoid this *coming blow*.

'*T*were

'Twere best I think (like to the *Phoceans*,
Who left their execrated Lands,
'And Houses, and the Houses of their Gods,
To Wolves and Bears for their abodes ;)
T' abandon all, and go where our *feet*
Bear us by *Land*, by *Sea* our *Fleet*.
'Can any man better advice afford ?
If not, in name of Heav'n *Aboard!*
But you must swear first to return again,
When loosned Rocks float on the Main,
And be content to see your Mother-town,
When *Betis* washes the *Alpes* Crown ;
Or *Appennine* into the Ocean flies,
Or new Lust weds Antipathies,
Making the Hind stoop to the Tygers Love,
The ravenous Kite Cuckold the Dove ;
And credulous Herds, t' affect the Lyons side,
And Goats the salt Sea to abide.
This, and what else may stop our wisht return,
When all, or the good part have sworn,
Fly hence! Let *him* whose smooth and unfledg'd breast
Misgives him, keep the rifled Neast.
You that are Men, unmanly Grief give o're,
And sail along the *Thuscan* shore,
To the wide Ocean. Let us seek those Isles
Which swim in plenty, the blest Soils :
Where the earths Virgin-womb plow'd is fruitful,
And the unproined *vine* still youthful :
The *Olive tree* makes no abortion there,
And *Figs* hang dangling in the Air ;
Honey distills from Oaks, and *Water* hops
With creaking feet from mountain tops.

The

The gen'rous Goats without the *Milkmaids* call,
Of their full Bags are prodigal.
No evening Wolf with hoarſe alarms wakes
The flocks, nor breeds the up-land Snakes.
And farther (to invite us) the plump Grain,
Is neither drunk with too much Rain,
Nor yet for want of mod'rate wat'ring dry:
Such the bleſt *temper* of the ſky.
Never did *Jaſon* to thoſe Iſlands guide
His Pyrateſhip, and whoriſh Bride.
Sydonian Cadmus never toucht theſe ſhoars,
Nor falſe *Ulyſſes* weary Oars.
No murrain rots the *Sheep*, no ſtar doth ſcorch
The *Cattel* with his burning torch.
When *Jove* with Braſs the Golden age infected,
Theſe Iſles he for the pure extracted.
Now Iron reigns, I like a Statue ſtand,
To point *good Men* to a *good Land*.

A Sum-

A Summary Discourse of the Civil Wars of Rome, *extracted out of the best Latine Writers in Prose and Verse.*

To the Prince his Highness, upon occasion of the preceding ODES.

Most excellent Prince,

WHen by the subversion of *Carthage*, *Rome* had lost her two spurs, *Emulation* and *Fear*, she sunk presently in her virtue, I mean all her virtues except her Fortitude; there was but too much of that left still to do her self mischief withall: yet upon no unreasonable presumption that this also might languish with her much ease, and dissolving herself in pleasures, an *insurrection* there was in the neighboring Province of *Spain*; but this *abroad*, though manag'd with so contrary fortune to the *Romans*, that two of her Generals, one after another, were forced to condescend to most dishonorable *Pacifications*, would have done her little hurt, had it not been the accidental occasion of those factions and divisions *at home* that were not so easily extinguished, as either the *Firebrand* that kindled them (*T. Gracchus* the Tribune) by *Scipio Nasica*, or as the occasion it self (the potent City of *Numantia*) was by that other *Scipio*, who had done as much before to *Carthage*, of which unhappy *Divisions*, thus *Paterculus*. *Hoc*

T. Gracchus.

Hoc initium in urbe Roma *civilis ſanguinis, gladiorumque impunitatis fuit*, &c. Patere. Franc. Impreſ. p. 18.

This was the beginning of Civil War, and impunity of Swords in the City of Rome, *thenceforth Might overcame Right, and the moſt powerful was held the beſt man; and the diſcords of the Citizens, uſed to be healed by* Accommodations, *were decided by the* Sword; *and Wars were entred into, not for the* Cauſe, *but according to the* Pay: *which is not to be wondred at, for examples do not ſtop where they began, but though they* get in *at a* little cranny, *make themſelves a* wide breach *to* come out *at. And when once* the Rule *is forſaken, we run amain down the hill; nor doth any man think that* diſhoneſt *in* him, *which hath been* profitable *to* another.

In purſuance of this fury, about ten years after, *Caius Gracchus* ſtept into *action* (as the *Iriſh* call it) to play the ſecond part of his *Brother*; *equal* in *virtues*, *equal* in *error*, *equal* in *puniſhment*, in *wit* and *eloquence* far *ſuperior*; of both which Brothers it is ſaid, that if any moderate things could have contented them, they might have had thoſe *honours caſt upon them* in a *quiet State*, which they *fiſht for* in a *troubled*. The next that came upon the Stage *from contrary doors*, were *Cynna* and *Marius*, theſe were rough Gameſters (it was now grown paſt the power of the Pulpit (though from thence the firſt fire was flung abroad) to do either good or harm in the matter) originally they had been of *oppoſite Factions*, but being *expelled* the City for *ſeveral cauſes*, they united their Forces to *enter* it (as they did immediately one after the other) upon a *joint deſign*, to feaſt there at once their *ſpleen* and *avarice*, the latter of which was by them then made *the vice of the times*. C. Gracchum. *Cynna* and *Marius*.

Omnia

Pat. p. 32. *Omnia erant præcipitia in repub. nec tamen adhuc quisquam inveniebatur*, &c.

All things were in extreme in the Commonwealth, neither yet was any man found, that either durst give, *or had the face to* ask *the goods of a* Roman *Citizen; afterwards that also was added, that* Covetousness *should minister fuel to* Cruelty, *and that the proportion of mens* offences *should rise to the proportion of their* money, *so that whosoever was* rich, *should consequently be guilty, and every one become the price of his own danger, nor any thing seem dishonest that was gainful.*

Sylla. By this means *the Game* play'd it self alone into the hands of *Sylla*, who having begun *a Set* with *Marius* some years before, and left it off when he had much the better of it, to prosecute a foreign War in *Asia*, and having been never to be withdrawn from that, to play out his first Game, and mingle in the *Civil broils*, until he had happily finished the *foreign War*, found the hearts of men thereby, (whether as an argument of the *goodness*, or of the *greatness* of his mind) wonderfully prepared to receive him, whom they now look upon.

Pat. p. 34. *Non ut Belli vindicem, sed Pacis Autorem.*

Not as a *part of the War*, but as an *Author of Peace.*

Being himself a *Nobleman* and the Favorite of the *Common People.* VVhich opinion of him, his quiet march, with a singular care of the Fruits, Corn, Men and Cities, and his endeavor to *compose* things by *just Laws* and *equal conditions*, looking with *one eye* upon *the Nobility*, and with *the other eye* upon the Commonalty, did exceedingly confirm.

Creset-

Creſcebat interim indies Sullæ exercitus,
Confluentibus ad eum optimo quoque & ſaniſſimo.

By which means the Army of Sylla *increaſed daily, through the confluence of the beſt and ſoundeſt-hearted men unto him.* Ibid.

But *He*, who was never *unhappy* till he aſſumed the ſirname of *Happy*, that is, till he had overcome.

Ex ſucceſſu animum ſumens,
(Changing his mind upon ſucceſs.) *Pat.* p. 28.

Began to exerciſe thoſe execrable *cruelties* and *oppreſſions* which are not to be parallel'd in any ſtory, either before or ſince that time, for the greatneſs and generality of them; his new invented horror of *proſcriptions*, not diſtinguiſhing betwixt *turbulent* and *quiet* ſpirits, nor ſcarcely betwixt *friend* and *enemy*; which if he could have forborn, and *managed* his unlimited power with the ſame arts of *moderation* by which he got it, he might have both *kept* it to himſelf, and alſo have *cut off* a long tail of miſchiefs that were to come on his Countrey.

Videbantur finita Belli civilis mala, cum Sullæ *crudelitate aucta ſunt.* *Pat.* p. 35.

The miſchiefs of civil War ſeem'd ended, when by the cruelty of Sylla *they were increaſed.*

If Your Highneſs demand the iſſue; this was *too hot to hold:* his power *burnt his fingers*, and he was glad of himſelf to let it go, finding it more ſafe to live a *private man*, and diſarm'd amongſt thoſe very men whom he had ſo highly provoked (obliging them now with that volun-

voluntary resignation of his exorbitant power) than with it to go on still hated and fear'd in the midst of his Legions.

For brevity sake, I skip over that which they call'd *Bellum Italicum*, as an external *Association*; that of the Bond-slaves, as a *Mutiny*; and that of *Cataline*, as a *Conspiracy*, rather than properly *Civil wars*: and come to what is of a piece with the former.

Cæsar and *Pompey.* *Pat.* p. 52.

Amongst the *proscribed* of *Sylla* was *Julius Cæsar*, then very young, who escaped that *Inquisition*, to act afterwards the longest and greatest part in the *Tragedy* of these *Civil wars* against *Pompey* and his *Sons*. The *Father* and *he* were *at Daggers drawing* long before they came to *blows*; for notwithstanding that there was *ambition* enough *in the best of them*, to have engaged them sooner: *The one not enduring an equal, nor the other a superior*; yet *the worst of them* had *love* and *piety* enough *to his Country*, and *good nature* enough to his *Ally*, at least whilst the Bond lasted (they were *Father* and *Son-in law*) to come unwillingly to that work: To which may be added, that though *both* were enough *conscious*, and *confident* too enough, of their own *valor* and *conduct*, yet *neither* of them found any thing to despise in his *Adversary*: But,

Cum justissimus quisquis & à Cæsare, *& à* Pompeio *vellet dimitti exercitus.*

When every good man would have had both Cæsar *and* Pompey *to have disbanded their Armies.*

C. Curio.

C. *Curio tribunis pl. subjecit facem, vir,* &c.

C. Curio

C Curio *a Tribune of the people gave fire, a man,* &c. Describing a third *Gracchus*. *Ad ultimum ſalubertimas & coaleſcentis conditiones pacis, quas &* Cæſar *juſtiſſimo animo poſtulabat, &* Pompeius *æquo recipiebat, diſcuſſit, ac rupit unicè cavente* Cicerone *concordiæ publicæ.* Ibid.

In fine, thoſe moſt wholſom and healing Conditions of Peace, which both Cæſar *juſtly* demanded, *and* Pompey *as* fairly entertained, *this* Curio *ſhook in pieces, and broke off, not a man, but* Cicero, *labouring for* Peace.

The concluſion of this War is ſufficiently known, having crown'd *Cæſar* with that abſolute Victory, which *he* uſing with a clemency and moderation, that *Sylla* could not light on, made *Rome* for a time very happy, and the name of *Cæſar* to this day an *Imperial Title*; although it is true that he miſcarried in *his own perſon*, by the conſpiracy of a few men, ſome out of a *good* intention, and ſome out of a *bad*, when the *people* in general were now at the laſt infinitely ſatisfied with his Government, which opened the ſluces to a new *civil war*. This was the conjuncture in which *Horace* (living in that age) thought it high time for him, and all that lov'd their Countrey, to cry, *Fire, fire,* and bring every one his Bucket to quench it. *Hor. Carm. Lib. I. Ode* 14. To the Common-wealth renewing the Civil War.

(1) *What again to Sea?* (quoth he in his allegorical alluſion, to a ſhip newly eſcaped from wrack:) (2) *What a Gods Name doſt thou mean?* (Art thou mad?) (3) *Hug thy Port*, (make much of the Peace thou enjoyeſt:) (4) *Doeſt not thou ſee how thy*

(1) *O navis referent in mare te novi fluctus.*
(2) *O quid agis.*
(3) *Fortiter occupa Portum.*
(4) *Nonne*

Oarmen are waſht from the Decks? (the number of the Soldiers impaired?) (5) *Thy Main-maſt ſpent?* (Great *Pompey* ſlain?) (6) *Thy Top-ſail ſhot down?* (*Cæſar* himſelf ſtab'd?) (7) *And that without Ropes?* (without money, the nerves of War?) *Thou canſt not poſſibly live in ſo high a Sea?* with more to the ſame purpoſe: And wilt thou that art a *Merchantman*, drawing unto *thee* alone the Trade and Wealth of the whole World, turn *Man of war* again, to rob upon thy *own coaſt*? (8) *Be not, be not over-confident of the thickneſs of thy ſides* (thy walls or frontiers) *to bear out all ſtorms.* (9) *If thou haſt not a longing to be made a Tennis-ball to the winds* (if thou haſt not a mind neighbouring Nations ſhould laugh at thee, if the Devil do not owe thee a ſhame) *take heed,* (10) *take heed how thou embayeſt:* But all this will not ſerve the turn, *embayed* they are, and *embark'd* in a *new civil War: Brutus* and *Caſſius*, againſt *Octavius* and *Anthony*; which makes the Poet now *deſpair of the fortune of the Commonwealth* to that degree, as to think of nothing but going to a *Plantation* in the ſecond of the foregoing Odes; for why?

vides ut nudum remigiolatus?

(5) *Et malus celeri ſaucius Africo.*

(6) *Antennæque gemant?*

(7) *Ac ſine funibus vix durare carinæ poſſint impetioſius Æquor,* &c.

(8) *quamvis Pontica pinus,* &c.

(9) *Tu niſi ventis debes Ludibrium cave,* &c.

(10) *Interfuſa nitentes vites æquora Cycladas.* *Brutus* and *Caſſius.* Horat.

Ruſticus expectat dum defluat amnis, at ille,
Labitur & Labetur in omne volubilis ævum.

It was his own deſcription of *a fool that ſtood gaping by a River ſide, to ſee when the water would be all run out.* And *he* having ſeen and read how many *Ages* theſe miſerable Wars had laſted (with ſome Holy-dayes between) and how many fair *opportunities* and *overtures*, which promiſed an end to their calamities,

(eſ-

(especially this last) had proved ineffectual, resolved he would not prove such another fool himself. Yet though this War went on, and being determined by the Battel at *Philippi*, another as dismal sprang out of the ashes of it, between the Victors themselves; this same despairing *Horace* did live to see, and particularly to enjoy other very different *times*, when the Commonwealth, after the defeat of *Mark Anthony* at the Battel of *Actium*, *being now quite tired out with civil wars, submitted herself to the just and peaceful Scepter of the most Noble* Augustus.

Anthony. *Tacit. p.* 1. Qui cuncta discordiis civilibus fessa nomine principis sub imperium accepit.

Augustus. Virg. Æn. lib. 6. in the person of *Anchises* Ghost, shewing *Æneas* his future progeny.

Hic vir, hic est, tibi quem promitti sæpius audis,
Augustus Cæsar, divum genus, aurea condet
Sæcula, qui rursus Latio, regnata per arva
Saturno quondam, super & *Garamantas* & *Indos*
Proferet Imperium; jacet extra sidera Tellus,
Extra anni, solisque vias, ubi Cœlifer *Atlas*
Axem humero torquet stellis ardentibus aptum.
Hujus in adventum jam nunc & *Caspia* Regna
Responsis horrent divum, & *Mœotica tellus*,
Et Septem-Gemini turbant trepida ostia *Nili*.
Nec verò *Alcides* tantum te Iris obivit,
Fixerit Eripidem cervam licet, aut *Erymanthi*
Pluarit nemora, & *Lernam* tremescret arcu:
Nec qui *Pampineis* Victor juga flectit habenis,
Liber agens celso *Nysæ* de vertice Tigres.

This is that man of men Augustus, *he* [*thee*,
Whom (*sprung from heaven*) *heaven oft hath promis'd*
That man shall to Italy *restore*
The Golden Age *which* Saturn *gave before*,

And to the Parthians *and the* Ind's *extend*
His ſpacious Empire. At the worlds fag end,
Beyond the Ocean, and the ſtars beyond,
Out of the ſtars and the Suns way, a Land
Doth lie, where Heav'n on Atlas *neck thick ſet*
With Diamond ſtars, hangs like a Carkanet:
For fear of Him *the* Caſpian Fanes *reſound*
With horrid Oracles; the Pharian Ground,
And ſeven-fold Nile *now hides his frighted Head,*
Nor Hercules *ſo many ſtrands did tread,*
Although the Erymanthian *Boar he ſlew,*
The braſs-hoov'd Stag, and Lerna's *Monſter too;*
Nor Bacchus, *who deſcending* Nyſa *checks,*
With Vine-leaf-reins triumphing Tygers necks.

I muſt confeſs *Sir*, I am now where I would be, and from whence I would not be removed a great while, but for troubling Your Highneſs with unmannerly length; for this *Mirror of Princes* I have above all others ever admired, not for his *great Victories* at home or abroad (theſe in themſelves had been but *ſplendid Robberies*) but for *this*, that he directed all his *ſtudies* and *actions* to *uſe*, and not to *oſtentation* and *glory*; nor to his *own* uſe, but to the uſe and benefit of *mankind*; whom it was more his ambition to *civilize* and *make happy*, than to *ſubject* them to his authority. Hence it was, that when he could have been eaſily *the Prince of Roman Eloquence*, he affected a *plain ſtyle*, both in *ſpeaking* and *writing*, *and ſuch as became a Prince. Hence*, that when he could have reacht the top of *Military Glory*, yet *contenting* himſelf with ſo much *Soldiery* as was ſufficient to aſſert his ſucceſſion to the Empire

Empire against *his Fathers Conspirators*, and to tye the hands of a *potent mad people*, from *doing* farther mischief to themselves (for most of his *foreign* Conquests he made by his Lieutenants) he chose to be *inferior to* Julius *only* in *Martial Arts*, that *he only* might be *superior to* Julius in *Civil*. And *hence* it was, that he was heard often to deride the pride and folly of *Alexander the Great*, for enquiring after other Worlds to conquer, and such like expressions; as if it were not more honour and content to a truly great mind to *govern one*, or a little part of one well, and to the felicity and content of the Subjects, than to *subdue a hundred*. How dexterously and successfully *he* for his particular acted this part, having been but toucht upon in one word by *Virgil*, I must borrow Prose to explain:

Nihil deinde optare a diis homines, nihil &c. *Pat. p. 79.*

Thenceforth there was nothing that men could desire from the Gods, nothing that the Gods can bestow upon men; nothing that can be conceived by our wishes, nothing that can be consummated with happiness; which Augustus (after his return to the City) *did not bring to the people of* Rome, *and to the whole world. In the* 20th *year the civil wars were ended, forreign buried, the fury of Arms everywhere laid asleep; Force restored to the Laws, Authority to the Judges, Majesty to the Senate; the power of the Magistrate reduced to the former channel, (only to the eight Pretors, two more added) the old and ancient form of Government recalled, Culture returned to the Fields, Honour to things and persons sacred, Security to mens persons, to every one a certain possession of his* The publick happiness under *Augustus*.

Eſtate, Laws profitably amended, wholeſomely made; Election of Senators without rigidneſs, not without gravity; Perſons of quality, and ſuch as had been honoured with Triumphs, and gone through eminent commands, by the Prince himſelf were invited to be ornaments to the City.

When I reflect upon all theſe things, methinks that Character which the ſame *Virgil* beſtows a little after upon the *Roman Nation in general*, would have better fitted, and perchance alſo better pleaſed *Auguſtus*, than the former, as moſt *inſiſting* upon that excellency whereupon he valued himſelf *moſt*.

Excudent alii ſpirantia mollius Æra,
Credo equidem: Vivos ducent de Marmore vultus,
Orabunt cauſas melius, cælique meatus
Vir. Æn. lib. 6. *Deſcribent radio, & ſurgentia ſidera dicent.*
Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento,
(Hæ tibi erunt artes) pacique imponere morem,
Parcere ſubjectis, & debellare ſuperbos.

Which I paraphraſe to your Highneſs thus:

Others may breathing Metals ſofter grave,
Plead Cauſes better, and poor Clients ſave
From their Oppreſſors: with an Inſtrument
They may mete out the ſpacious Firmament,

And

And count the rising ſtars with greater skill,
Reyne the proud Steed, and break him of his will.
Better their Sword, *and better uſe their Pen.*
Breton remember thou to govern men,
(Be this thy trade) and to eſtabliſh Peace,
To ſpare the humble, and the proud depreſs.

The Prince of Peace protect Your Highneſs
moſt excellent Life.

FINIS.